May 23, 1936

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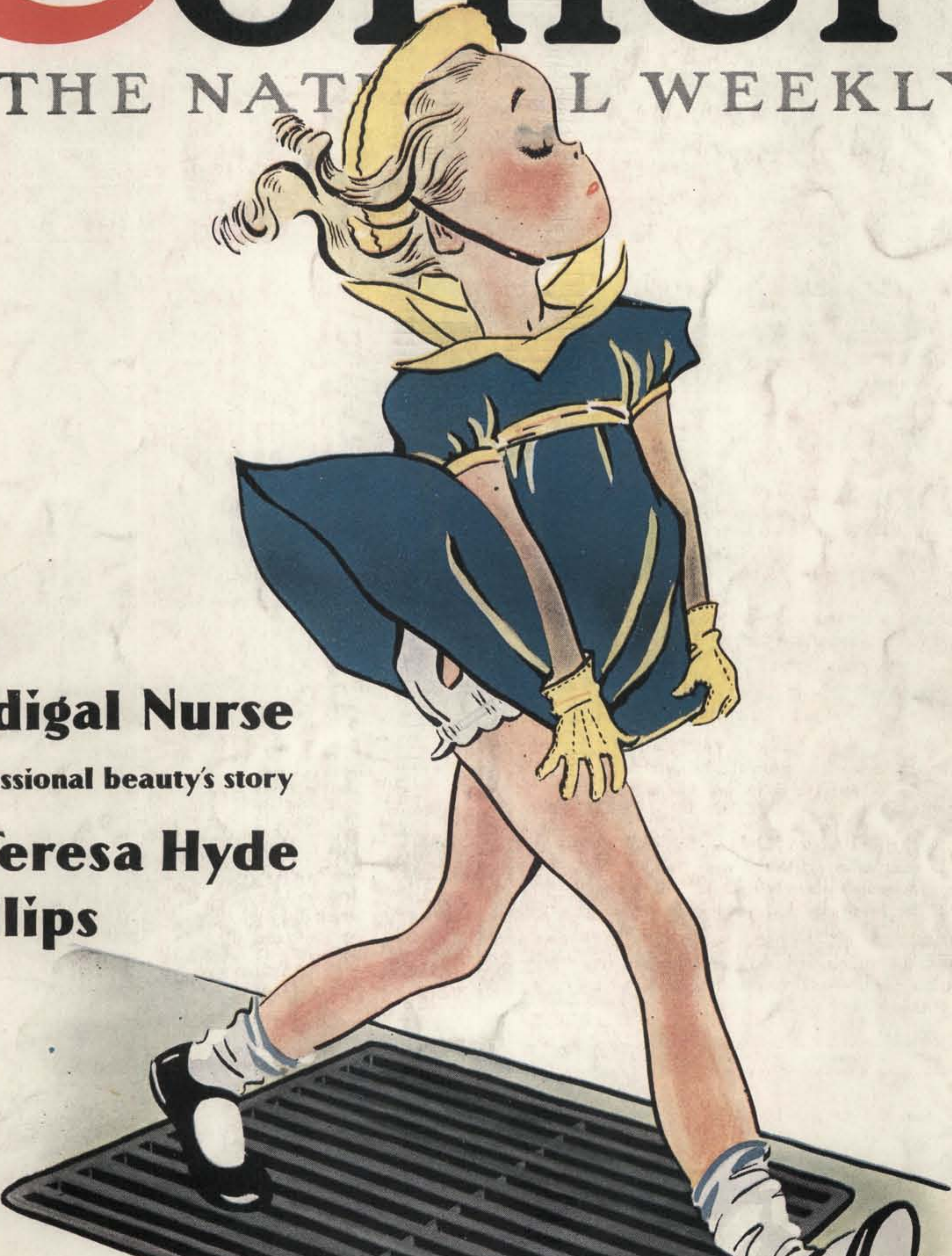

Beginning

The Prodigal Nurse

A professional beauty's story

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

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May 23 193

AS DIFFERENT
AS DAY AND NIGHT

How good a Judge of *RYE* are you?

There is one name which men will always mention, if they have an experienced taste for rye whiskey.

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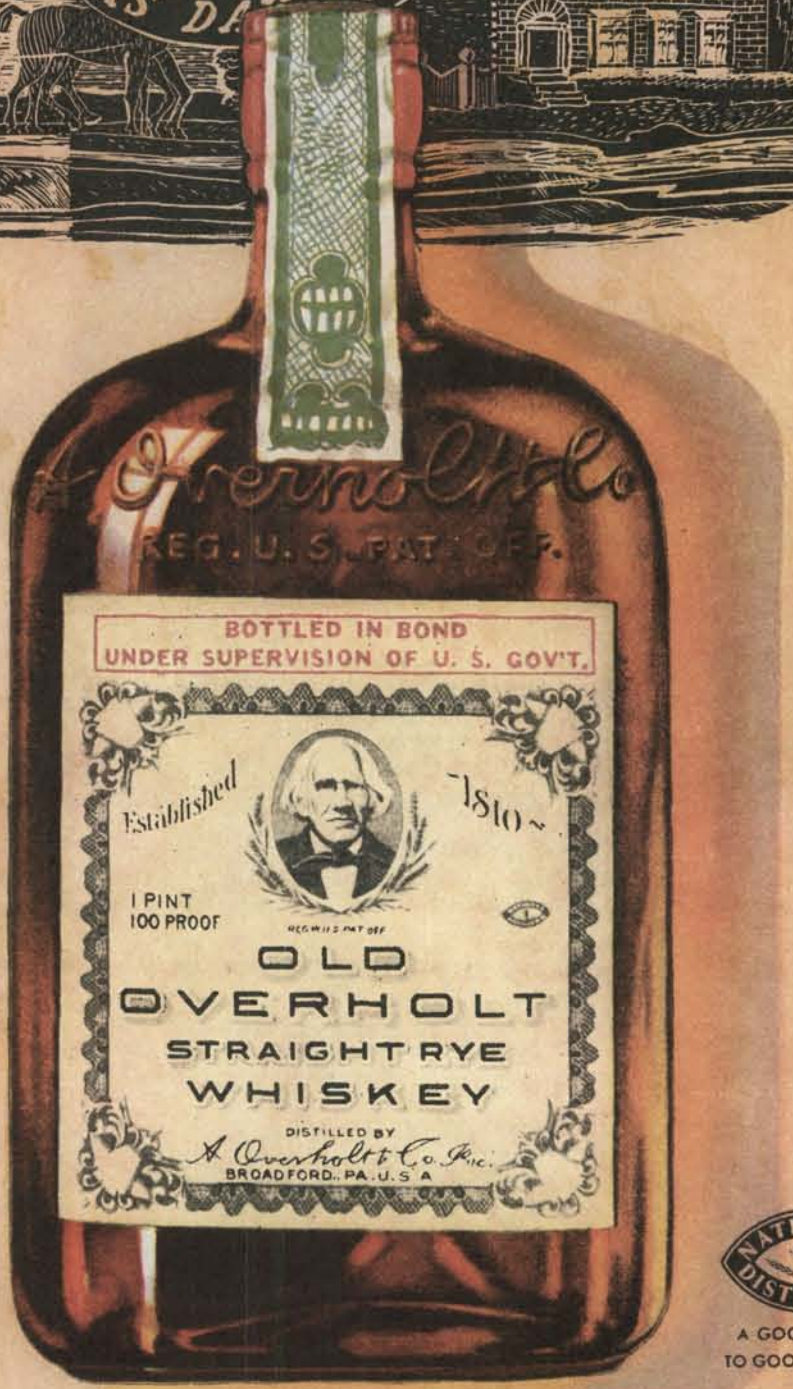
* *The U. S. Government has the most rigid bottled in bond act of any country in the world, the requirements of which* are full four years aging in barrels, freedom from addition of younger spirits, and bottling at full 100 proof.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TO GOOD WHISKEY

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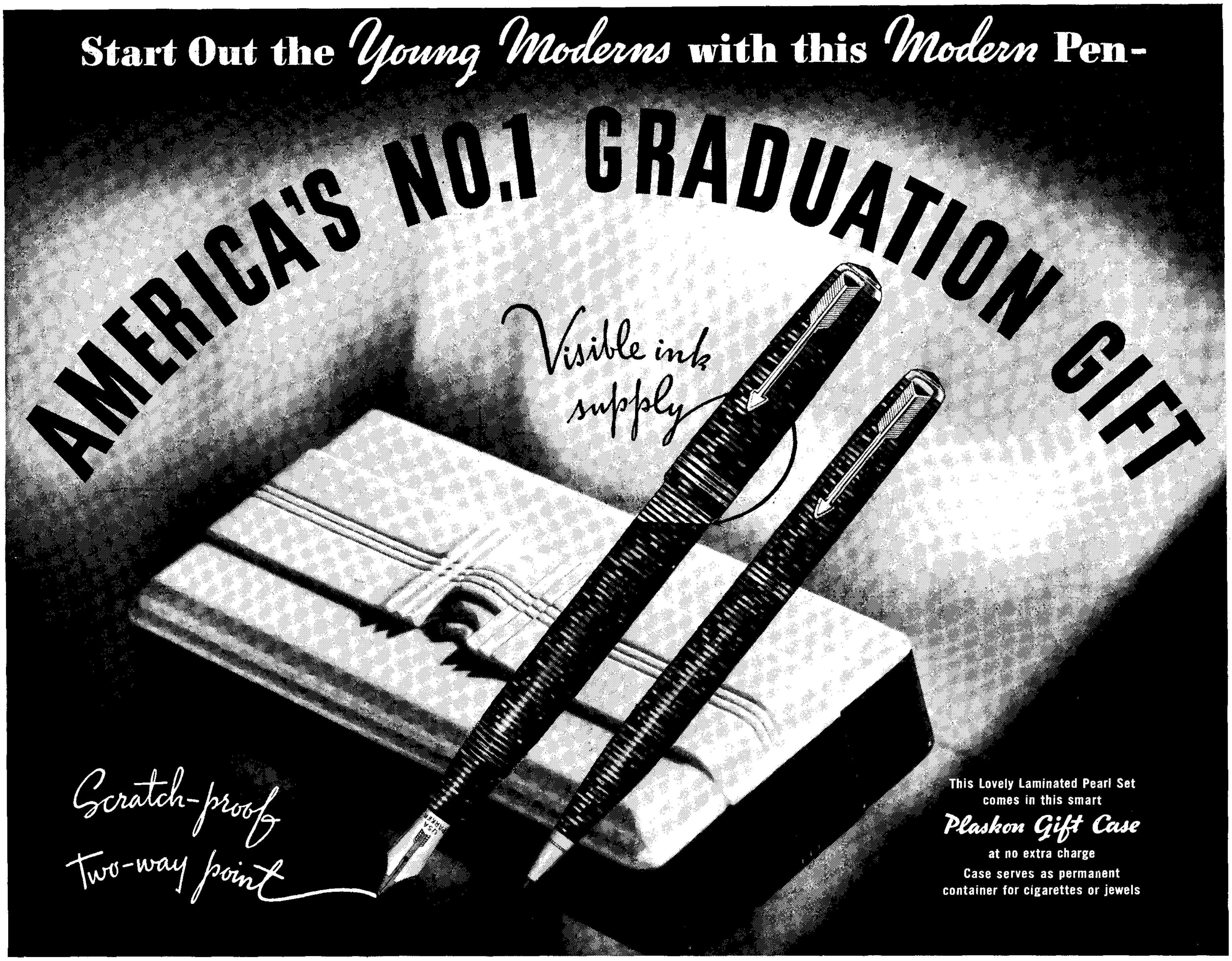
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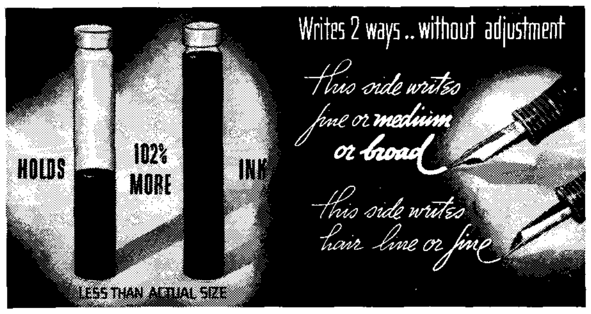
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***Based on numerous independent surveys, including university survey by Ross Federal Service for the magazine SALES MANAGEMENT, AMERICAN BOY MAGAZINE survey of subscribers, national pen census of Recording & Statistical Corp., Robert L. ("Believe It or Not") Ripley survey of college students, and others.**

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Associate Editors

Next Week

IT was the politicos who decided upon independence. "They know best what is good, what is evil," explained Resurrección Perez. But it is on Resurrección's brown shoulders and those of his fourteen million fellow Filipinos that the grave responsibilities of independence will rest.

He will have to pay taxes. If there is to be an army and a navy, it is Resurrección and his brothers who will have to provide and equip them. And Resurrección will have to decide how to meet the urbane and eager advances of Japan. Jim Marshall, Collier's staff writer in the Orient, reports in full upon Mr. Perez, who now feels "Freedom's Sting."

TIP BARRON was very much the worse for wear when Mary Kenison first saw him. A hilarious farewell binge in Boston, a trip by plane across the continent and another drenching series of parties in Seattle had rendered him thoroughly soluble. All Tip wanted was to forget and, if possible, dry out a bit. What Mary found for him was work. In "The Golden Spoon," a story of mining in Alaska, Corey Ford records the consequences.

THERE is one spinach farm in Texas that raises more spinach than the combined farms of any other state. That doesn't mean that when you go to the Texas Centennial spinach will be the sole fare—it just indicates the resources of the state that has invited you. Owen P. White, an unregenerated Texan, politely laying aside his six-shooter, explains the marvels of the Fair.

"INHALE," said the voice on the radio. "And now for our calisthenic exercises. Remember to flex the muscles vigorously." It's a winter day on the Grand Banks, with a hard, cold north wind blowing and the Cynthia wallowing in the swell. For a time it looked as if Lem Fowler had been right when he said such gear as a radio aboard a vessel was bad luck. But that's only the start of the story. James B. Connolly finishes it—superbly.

FROM the first minute that Donaldson met the girl, they were at "Cross Purposes." Each succeeding time it got worse until there was nothing left to do but— After all, though, this is Elisabeth Sanxay Holding's story. She tells it next week.

KYLE CRICHTON contributes the story of a baseball player who wrote pieces for the papers. Other stories and articles come from James Aswell, George Creel, John R. Tunis, Betty Thornley Stuart, George Agnew Chamberlain and others. This is fair warning.

This Week

●

May 23, 1936

Cover by Mary C. Highsmith

TERESA HYDE PHILLIPS
The Prodigal Nurse, Part I. Beginning the romance of a professional beauty. Page 7

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Web, by Denver Lindley. Page 10

T. R. YBARRA
Joy and Jitters. Steel helmets in the Rhineland. Page 11

LUCIAN CARY
Never Help a Woman. Act on that advice and see what it gets you. Page 12

WALTER DAVENPORT
Uncertain Party. Scattered and warring elements of the third party. Page 14

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
A Dame with Some Sense. Alfred the G-man intervenes. Page 16

WILL F. JENKINS
Between Moves. A rescue is just a rescue, but there's excitement in checkers. Page 18

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
Under Pressure, Part VII. Rifle practice. Page 20

ERNEST HAYCOX
Proud People. Means of grace in New Hope. Page 22

BILL CUNNINGHAM
The Colonel's Ladies. McCombs is his name; the ladies have made history. Page 28

KYLE CRICHTON
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JO H. CHAMBERLIN
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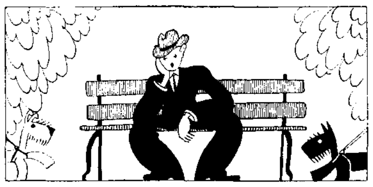
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. True improbabilities. Page 73

EDITORIAL
Consumers Are Voters, Too. Page 74

●

Any Week

THIS is a warning from Mr. Harry Kohlshies of Columbus, Ohio. Says he: "Keep away from park benches." Because it was spring Mr. Kohlshies found a park bench and to his subsequent regret plunged into meditation. "This is the result of my thinking," mourns Mr. Kohlshies. "Wars are made and peace treaties are written by the politicians, but the wars are fought by us, their constituents, the voters. Therefore, we are but the baloney in their sandwich. At first I thought this pretty fine thinking. But now that I've got it, what am I going to do with it?"



IF it weren't that it reminded us of a bit of sage advice handed out to a young woman by the late and great Ring Lardner, we wouldn't even try to answer Miss June McNoe of Jacksonville, Florida, in this department. But Miss McNoe asks: "How do you go about writing serials or continued stories?" To the young woman who asked him the same question, Mr. Lardner, who never wrote serials, replied: "You write and write until you're ashamed of yourself."

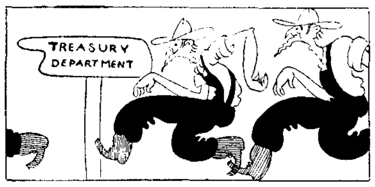
AS you know all too well, we don't deal in that sort of serials. But we do have our troubles occasionally with authors. For example, there was the earnest literary gentleman who, fixing us with an accusing and steady eye, demanded: "Do you honestly think you are giving your readers enough of me?" When we told him that we felt that our readers were bearing up rather well he said with fine solemnity: "Well, you know where to find me when they begin kicking."

BUT calling him would be of no help to Mr. T. Laubach of Pasadena, California. Mr. Laubach's kick is that we "are enterprising and progressive but not humanitarian." Goes on Mr. Laubach: "Remember, life is not all head. It is heart, too. I have seen plenty of evidence that you have brains but not that you have a heart. You are irreligious and at times even sacrilegious. Mere intelligence cannot make up for this."

AND we'd have to look elsewhere for help if we were to be of any assistance to Mrs. Lola F. Gibbon of Salem, Oregon. "Please tell me," writes she, "whether it is true that more Americans read the mail order catalogues than read the Bible."

MR. JOE BIRN of Little Rock, Arkansas, was listening to an aspiring orator who was bearing down pretty heavily on Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal. He said it was "worse than Moscow" and that something ought to be done about it. One of his audience interrupted him: "Say, Mister," he shouted, "ain't you the feller that was talking liberal a couple years ago?" The orator frowned darkly. "I am still a liberal, sir," he roared. "But a conservative one."

MISS KATHERINE N. LETTS of Washington, D. C., says she was at a dinner and before she knew it the conversation had turned to the subject of the United States of America. And presently a statesman produced this jewel: "If we really want to make this country a success we should turn it over to a firm of good corporation lawyers and have it incorporated under the laws of Delaware. Then the big fellows would know exactly how to handle it."



WE happened to be in Washington a few days ago noticing things. Among these noticings was one that overwhelmed us as we entered the great building of the Department of Agriculture. The place looked pretty deserted. There was, of course, the usual large number of clerks and thinkers but visitors were quite absent. We asked about it. "Oh," said our informant, "nobody comes around here any more. It used to be that as many as five hundred farmers and farm investigators dropped in every day. But if you want to see them now go on over to the Treasury Department. That's the only government agency they're interested in these days."

SOMEONE has sent us a copy of the late Huey Long's American Progress. It's still good reading but, we regret to report, it isn't the journal it used to be. Truth is that nothing that thrived beneath Mr. Long's virile hand is quite the same since his death. And that's not strange. Genius is one of the important things its owner may not bequeath. Nevertheless, there is an editorial in this issue which gives us a nasty thumping. Therein we are called several hard names, the mildest of which is that we are "a thing." Who knows? Maybe the writer of that indictment is right.

EVERY man a Thing.

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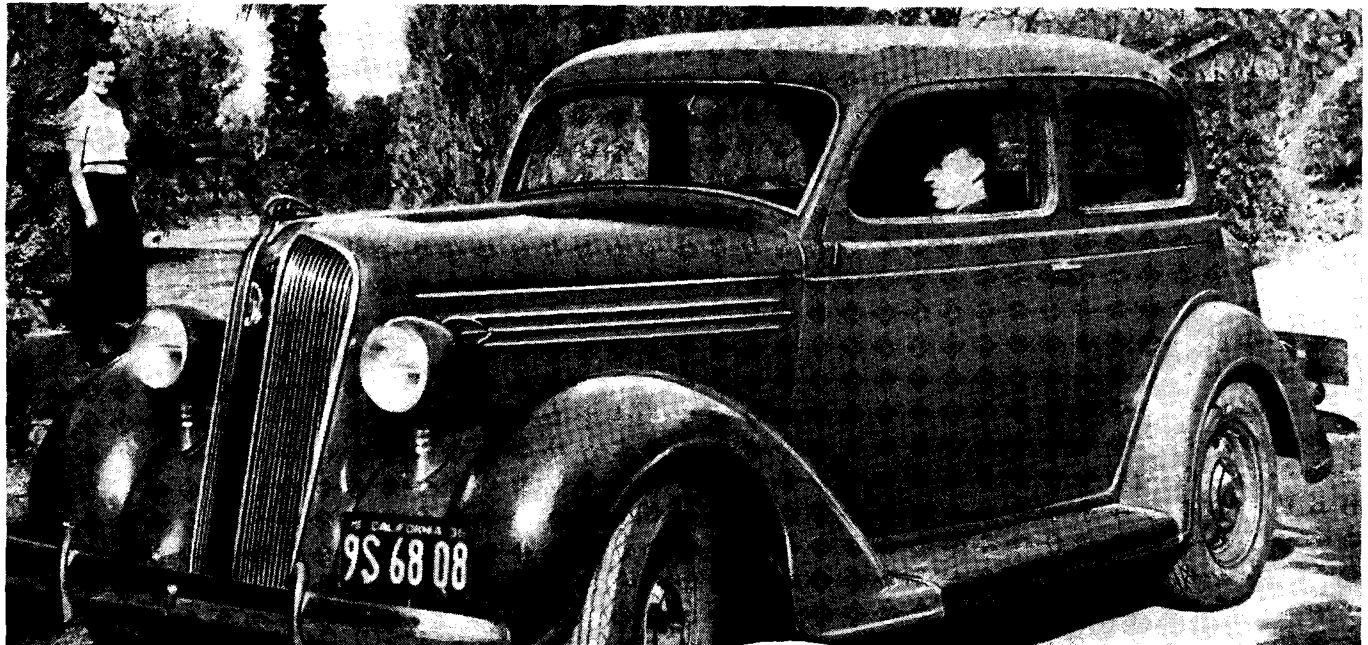

GARY EVANS, Arcadia, California, is an engineer and designer.

"I looked at 'All Three' low-priced cars this year," he says, "and when I found 'em priced so nearly the same, that settled it...I bought Plymouth.

"Only Plymouth offered the comfort ... room ... style and performance I wanted. And my first trip made me sure I picked right when I picked Plymouth. It's the car I wanted.

"I knew in advance from my friends about Plymouth's dependability...sensational gas and oil economy...and its double-action Hydraulic Brakes and Safety-Steel body. But it's even greater than they told me!"

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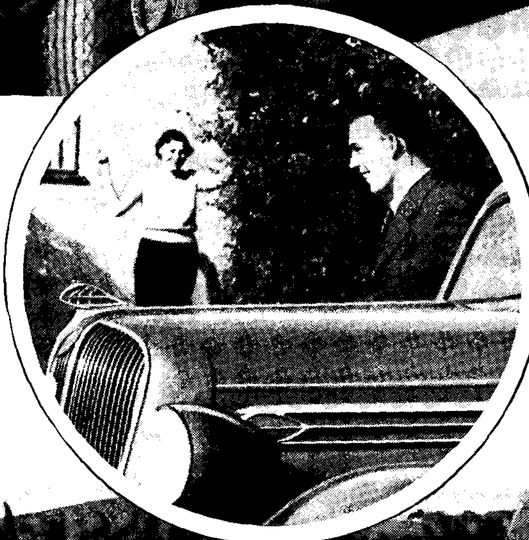

(*Top, left*) Mr. Evans is an engineer-designer of camping equipment.

(*Top, right*) "This big Plymouth is the only one of 'All Three' with the style, comfort, safety and performance I was looking for in my new car."

(*Left*) "A designer myself, I couldn't resist the beauty and smartness of this big, new Plymouth."

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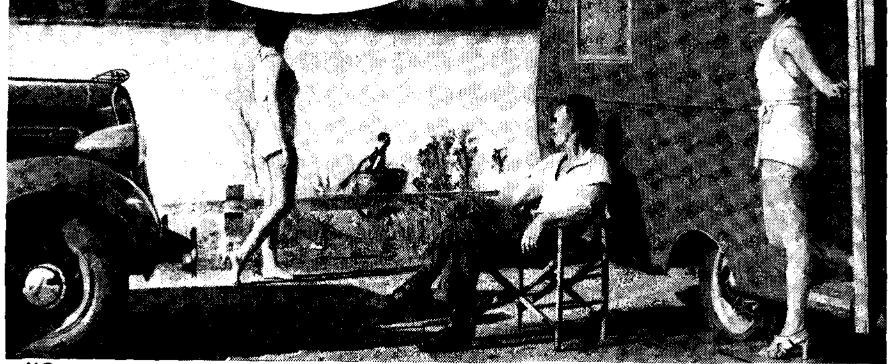

"ON LONG TRIPS we're certainly grateful for Plymouth's extra room...chair-height seats ...and the smooth comfort of the Floating Ride that gets us there fresh and rested."

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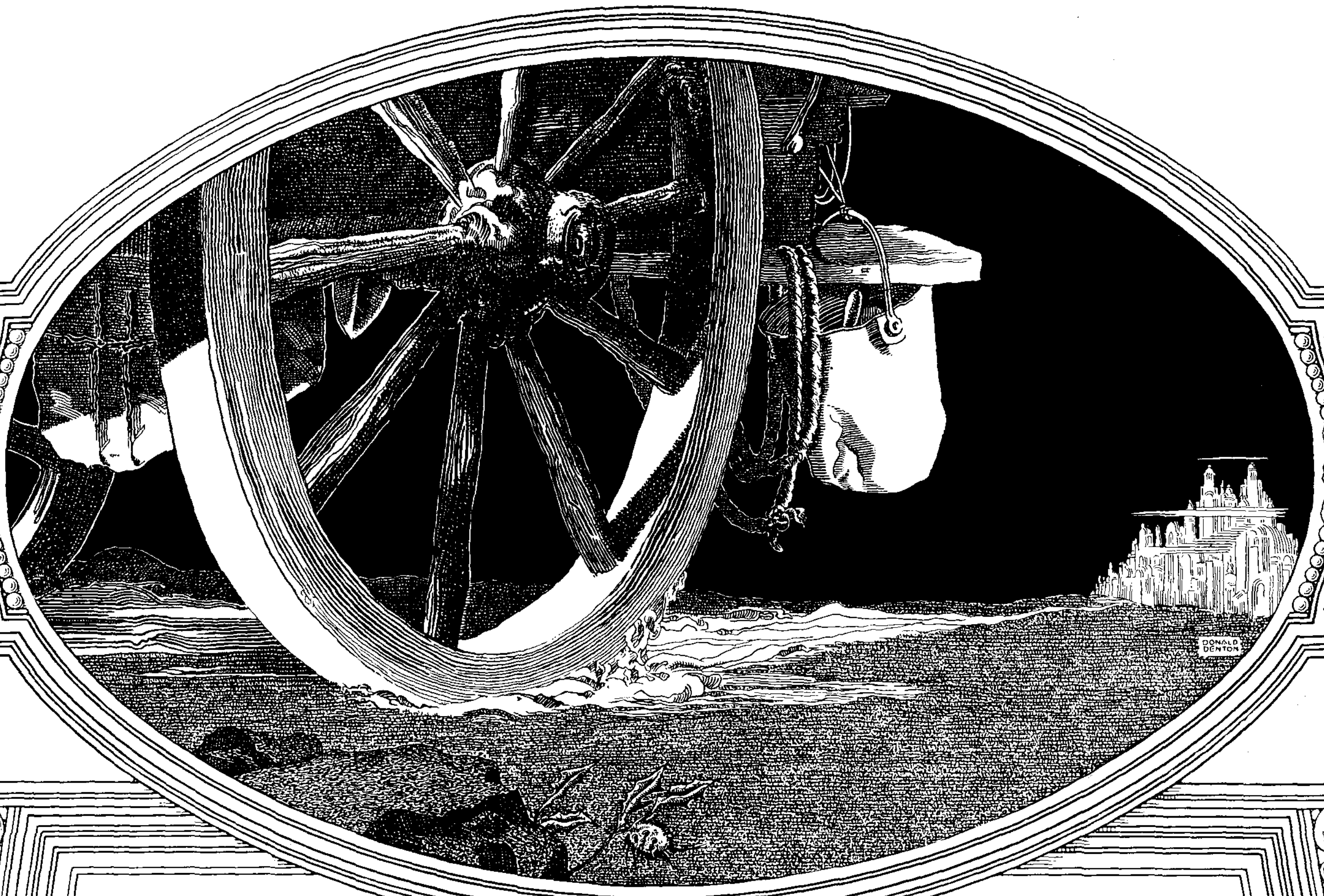
PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



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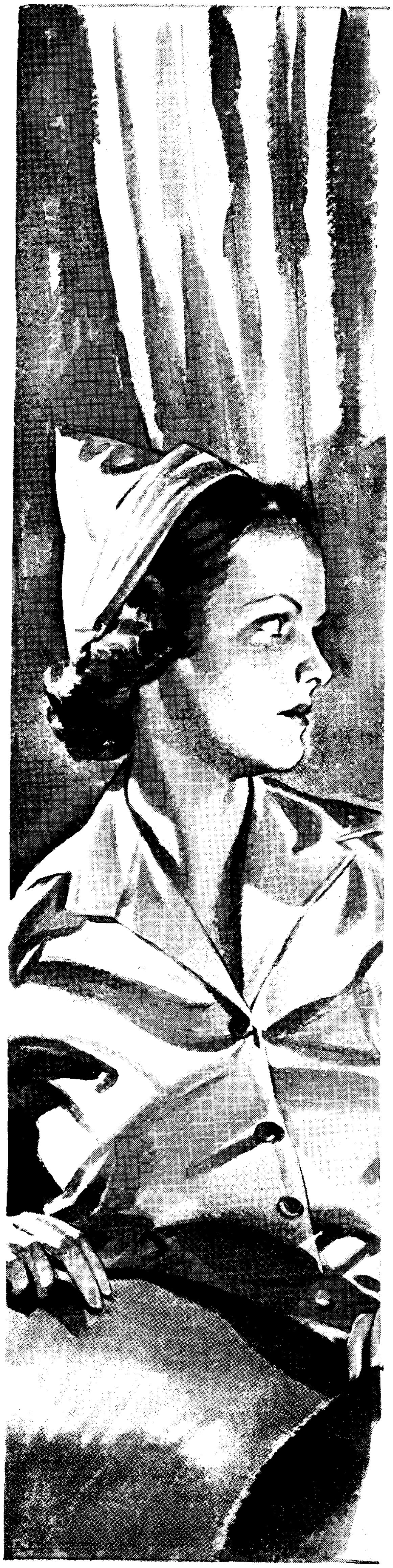
The National Weekly for May 23, 1936



The Prodigal Nurse

Beginning the romantic story of a professional beauty who thought the fun and glamor of life more important than love

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

CELIA LANDIS was ready, ready for life. In her bureau drawer was her three-hour-old diploma stating that she was now a Registered Nurse in New York State. For that oblong of parchment had she cried herself to sleep as a probationer, toiled as a junior and borne the harsh responsibilities of a senior. And now was she free of the hospital, free of discipline, free to do as she liked. Freedom! Twenty-one, beautiful and free!

And now, out of uniform, in the Grill-Room Bar of the Hotel Delphic, surrounded by chromium, cheered by laughter, she sat with mirrored walls reflecting her black faille dinner suit, her lovely face, her sculptured bronze head, and listened to Anthony Starr offering her the prison house of marriage, proffering the ball and chain.

She looked up and across at him. She was a small girl, lithe and quick, and she made him look even larger, even broader, even stronger and, at this moment, years older than he was.

"The point is this," she told him in her clear, pretty voice, that voice which said it had lovely things to say and so little time to say them, "I don't believe in marriage. I don't want to be tied down. I want to see things, to do things, to find out for myself. I want to be on my own."

HE GRINNED at her, and the effect of years which she had laid on him vanished. His blue eyes, which had been studying her, lost their touch of grimness and became mocking and provocative and yet tender too.

"Such a baby!" said the youngest Attending Surgeon of St. Martha's Hospital and his thirty years winged up within him and he laughed, laughed at this girl who thought she knew so much, who thought she knew what she wanted, and who, possibly, did.

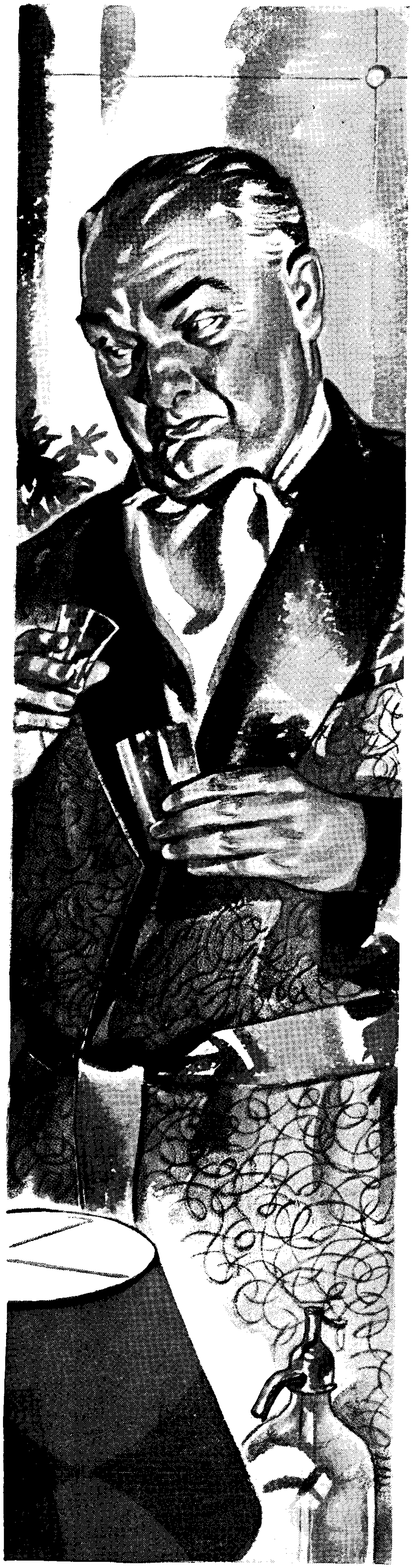
"Twenty-one," she retorted. "Not such an infant."

"And free," he reminded her, still mocking. "don't forget that—free." He who had bound himself to a life of service, who knew that only in bonds is there freedom. His blue eyes which could be so cold were warm now and gentle. He loved this girl; he wanted only the best for her. "Just what do you think you are free for? I'd like to help you to anything you want," he said. "You're my nominee for any office."

She reached out slim fingers and laid them for a second on his surgeon's hand.

"You're wonderful, Tony," she said.

"You're not so bad yourself, Miss Landis." He sipped his brandy. He grinned again at her, at his candidate who might, it was true, considering her



Finally she said with dignity, "Mr. Jepler, you do not seem to understand. I am here on duty. You are supposed to be ill"

views, be merely a candidate for folly. "The only thing wrong with you," he sighed, "is astigmatism. You seem unable to recognize your logical and perfect husband when you see him."

"Your most endearing trait, I think," she jeered, smiling at him softly, smiling because she liked him so much, "is modesty."

She ceased to smile. She did not want to hurt him but hurt she must. "I know you think I'm crazy," she said, "but I know now, I know down to my very toes that I can never be a doctor's wife."

No. Not ever the wife of a doctor. Three years ago when she had entered training school she had thought herself dedicated to a cause, had thought the care and the relief of illness the greatest thing in the world. But she had made a mistake. She was, to be sure, a nurse. She must go out into the world as a nurse, for that was the only means by which she could make a living. But she was not committed; there might, there must be avenues of escape from the darkened rooms, the horror and the pity, the drudgery and the unceasing self-sacrifice. Private cases, travel with convalescents, the possibility of work as a technician—that would be escape; anything but a life dedicated, as Anthony Starr's must be, as that of his wife must be, to illness.

He regarded her. "Why should that —being a doctor's wife—be so much worse than being a nurse?"

She told him, she tried to explain.

"I'll find some way out," she ended, in her beauty and her intense desire for life and in her pride.

"I understand," he said.

HE LOOKED at her so steadily, as if, now, he were a surgeon studying a patient. But he did not understand, not really, this man who was driving ahead with a furious singleness of purpose. This man who never vacillated in a welter of indecision, who was devoted to medicine, who was, purely and simply, a perfectionist, this idealist who wore, clinically speaking, vine leaves in his hair, who by nature shunned the soft way and took the hard way around.

"You chose to be a nurse," he said gently. "Nobody forced you into it." She was such a good nurse, the best he had known, skillful, courageous, tactful, resourceful.

"I know." Her eyes darkened; they went back into the past, into that past of three years ago which to her was a lifetime. Back to her freshman year in college when the double accident had happened which ended her father's life and, in the following months, her mother's. That had been her introduction to illness, to nursing, that watching of the family doctor easing her mother's pain, that association with the kindly, plain nurse who had made her mother's last days less dreadful.

"I'll be a nurse too," she had thought in her grief, in the first realization after all was over that there was almost no money and that college was no longer possible and, in fact, was no longer what she wanted. So she had left the small town of Redfield and had entered the New York training school. Now it was over, the training and the discipline and the grief, and here was this man who wanted her to go on with a life which she had chosen as a child and which as a woman she could not bear.

"I'm no good, Tony," she said aloud. "I'm just not up to it. I don't want always to fight." For to live beside him was to watch him fight, to face life shoulder to shoulder. "I'd let you down," she said. "I'm not tough. I want the beauty of life."

And she felt anguish because it was so and she could not look at him. She remembered his humor and his wit and she placed these things beside the fact that always, always, unceasingly, relentlessly, with all the knowledge his science could muster, his warfare went on—the battle for the betterment of humanity. He was under orders to fight to the death and she could not, would not go with him. She could not go with him even though he went always with a smile on his lips and came up smiling afterwards. She was different. Her exhilaration must come from swimming on the current of life, finding out a little more about her fellow swimmers, pursuing a happy course with a live-and-learn philosophy.

"I WANT the beauty and the fun," she said and she looked up defensively, expecting that he would scorn her. But his eyes were kind and his smile was gay. He lifted his glass.

"To fun for Celia Landis," said Dr. Anthony Starr, and the brandy shone and sparkled in the glass balloon, and the balloon was steady in his steady surgeon's hand. She stared at it. She lifted her own glass and smiled across at him. Everything was perfect again. The road to freedom lay ahead. She touched his glass with her own.

"You see?" she asked. "That's how it is. I want to see life. I want to have fun and it's always going to be like this between us. You're the best friend I ever had."

"Call it friendship if you must," said Anthony Starr, and gently he touched his lips to the glass where hers had touched it. "Good luck, my dear." And presently he took her back to the Nurses' Home which she would leave forever on the morrow. It did not occur to Celia that his heart ached as much for her as for himself. She did not suspect that anyone could feel sorry for a girl who was going to enjoy life so much as she—a girl who was twenty-one and beautiful and—free!

She was even a little surprised the next morning when she was about to leave the Nurses' Home forever, forever to shake the antiseptic dust of St. Martha's Hospital from her slender feet, to see that the Supervisor of Nurses, in her private office, looked at her with something of the same expression that had been on the face of Anthony Starr.

"Goodby, my dear," said Miss Cox, holding her hand, "you have been a credit and a comfort to us here. I hope all goes well with you."

"Thank you, Miss Cox," Celia said, "for everything."

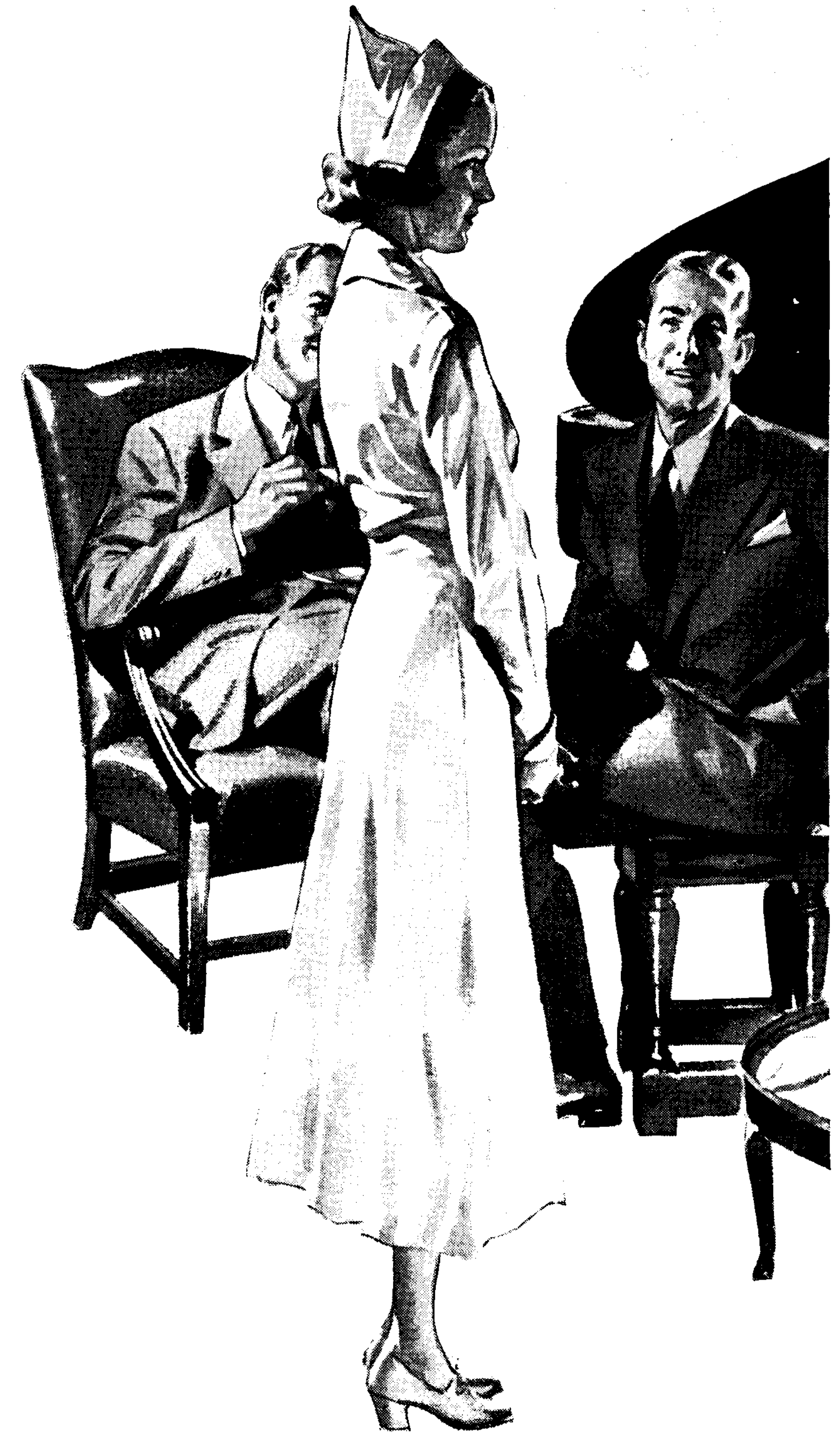
Now that training was over and the gates ajar she forgot all the bad times and felt for the hospital and its hardworking habitués only that tenderness with which one looks upon a dead past.

"You are an exceptionally good nurse," said Miss Cox, who had been turning raw material into nurses for twenty years and had come to know a real gift from a talent for living by one's wits. "If things go hard," she said, regarding that unusual face about which so many patients, so many visitors had been enthusiastic, "if anything worries you, remember that you may come to me."

"THANKS," said Celia gratefully. "But I can't think—"

"No," said the wise Miss Cox sadly. "You think everything will go well." She smiled, or at least her eyes looked kind. If for a moment she had a feeling that the tall attractive figure on the edge of life was something she once had been before she became her own tired, grown-up self, that sensation did not show on her face.

She sighed, almost frightened of Celia she seemed to be, and she tried to explain, thinking to herself what a funny game of cross-purposes all life seemed to be. "You are beautiful," she said, "and that is why it will be hard."



Celia did not think she was beautiful, or certainly not very beautiful—but she could not concern herself with that phase of Miss Cox's statement just now. What astounded her was that anyone should believe that beauty was not an open sesame. She said that. "It must be marvelous to be really beautiful," she cried.

Miss Cox moved and looked out at the traffic of the city. "Of course," she said, she who had garnered the wisdom of twenty bitter years, "that isn't true. People think it is, but it isn't. Beauty, I have often thought, is a curse. It is we plain women who have clear sailing through life. We don't think so and we grow bitter about beauty, for it is the fashion to say that everything is handed to lovely women on a silver platter."

Celia looked at her almost with pity. She thought she had never heard such nonsense in her life. The room was very still, very clean, very empty. Suddenly it chilled Celia and it was as if for a moment she were as old as Miss Cox and saw things as Miss Cox saw them and it was manifest to her for just a second that this stocky, harsh creature, who had for three years been only the irritating phenomenon known to her as The Supervisor, was a tired woman and a kindly one and one whom she liked.

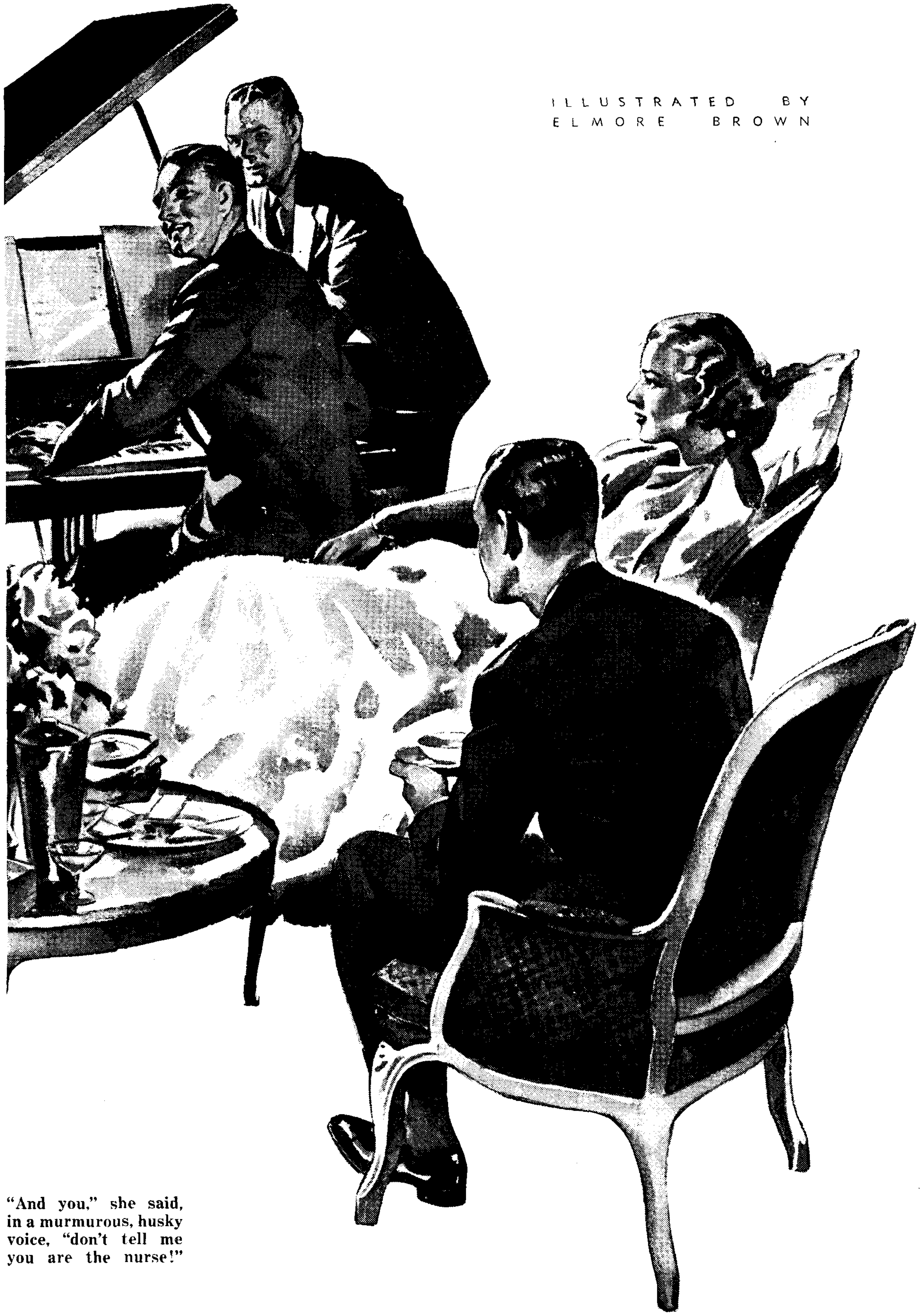
Miss Cox turned around, practical again, again Supervisor of the Training School of St. Martha's.

"You *will* register, of course," she said, "at Nurses Incorporated." All St. Martha's nurses registered there. "If I were you," said Miss Cox, "I should advise you at first to register against night duty and against men patients. I think it is usually sensible for young nurses to do that."

"YES, Miss Cox," said Celia. She didn't care much how she registered just so she got started and she was impatient now to be off.

"So goodby and good luck," said Miss Cox. And the last she saw was the bronze-haired Celia in the doorway, her hand raised jubilantly in a gesture of salute.

Celia went directly to Nurses Incorporated, selected a small room which looked enormous compared to the cell she had inhabited at St. Martha's and waited for a case. She waited some time, for the depression was not yet over for luxuries like trained nurses, and when she



ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

"And you," she said, in a murmurous, husky voice, "don't tell me you are the nurse!"

did get a case from the registrar, Miss Klapham, it was to learn that Miss Klapham was a law unto herself.

For in spite of the restrictions Celia had put up, her first case was for night duty and it was a man patient. His name was Jepler and he was practically recovered from an automobile accident, unfortunately, and his puffy eyes lighted greedily when he saw Celia. Some men might have eyed her more covertly and with less show of appraisal but Mr. Jepler was not a very subtle man. He would have said, had one asked him, that he didn't have to be, for it was one of Mr. Jepler's theories of life that it is only money that talks with women and Mr. Jepler had plenty of money. He had never given thought to the delicate art of placating a woman he wanted.

Celia had been a little disturbed in the first place by the day nurse who had changed into street dress in one of the bedrooms of the penthouse while she gave instructions to Celia and watched her get into uniform. The day nurse was one of those persons known to the profession as a battle-axe and she looked at Celia with undisguised astonishment.

"WHO in the world sent *you* here?" she demanded.

"Nurses Incorporated," said Celia with dignity.

"Klapham!" said Miss Miller. "I might have known. That old villain hasn't the sense she was born with!" She looked at Celia and shook her head. "My advice to you," she said, "unless you want a rough evening, is to get out and get out now. You don't want to have any truck with a man like this bird. I can handle him and, besides, he doesn't know that I'm alive. But you!" She looked at Celia's delightful figure and the blue veining under her clear skin and threw up her hands. "Good gosh!" she said.

"I don't understand," said Celia stiffly. "I'm a graduate nurse."

The Miller girl eyed her in amazement. She misunderstood Celia and thought her stiffness was a mask. "All right," she said; "I got you wrong. I thought you were a softie, just out of the hospital. But I see I don't have to talk to you. Come along and I'll introduce you. I want to watch Jepler when he sees what Santa Claus brought."

She led Celia to the patient's bedroom, thinking to herself that you could never tell about women. She had thought at first that Celia was all right but once more, she decided, she saw that it took these young ones to show you what was tough. But she wondered how Celia looked so young and fresh. She opened a door and said, "The new night nurse, Mr. Jepler—Miss Landis."

Mr. Jepler, in a brocade gown in a large chair beside a fire, turned and looked at Celia, and for the first time in her life Celia was afraid. Mr. Jepler was oldish and greasy and wicked and Celia wanted to leave. But it was not in her nature to show that she was afraid so she held herself proudly and remembered Miss Cox and her diploma and allowed Miss Miller to go.

AFTER all, she was, she told herself, three times seven, and she had behind her, like a fortress, St. Martha's and her professional standing, and she was, now, a Registered Nurse. Her uniform was her shield and her defense. She could retire behind that starch and regard Mr. Jepler merely as a patient. She had seen men patients before. She put behind her the frightened small thought that she had seen them only in the protection of the hospital.

"Miss Miller told me that you had not had much nourishment today," she began in her best professional manner. "Would you care for an eggnog?" She ignored the whisky tray and the half-filled glass beside him. Miss Miller had mentioned that Mr. Jepler had had a little stimulant.

Mr. Jepler looked up and grinned with his puffy eyes and his thick lips, then he rose. "What was that crack about an eggnog?" he wanted to know. "Don't you take yours straight?"

"No," said Celia, "I never drink. At least not on duty."

"Yes, well, you're not on duty tonight; we can forget all that."

It began like that and it went on for some time, growing no better. Celia began to long for Miss Miller; she thought, with affection, of Miss Cox. Things like this didn't occur, really. Not really. What had she thought once? That everything would be marvelous when she was free and out on her own, a Registered Nurse.

FINALLY she said with dignity, "Mr. Jepler, you do not seem to understand. I am here on duty. You are supposed to be ill. If you continue like this I shall have to leave."

"Leave!" she thought in horror. But she couldn't do that! You didn't leave a case without explanations to the Registry, without being given permission to go. All right, then, she would call Miss Klapham and say she could not stay. But in her mind she had a definite picture of Miss Klapham's sour, old-maidish visage and of the look of dislike in Miss Klapham's eyes when first she had seen Celia. No, Miss Klapham would never understand, never. She would have to swing this by herself. She pulled herself together but every time she tried to pull Mr. Jepler together he seemed more and more amused. "I suppose that's class," he commented, "good professional class, but let's cut it out now, shall we?"

After a time Celia saw that she must go. But Mr. Jepler had, she found, locked the door leading to the corridor and the elevator, and she could not reach the telephone because he was always in front of it. She felt herself turning cold with hatred of him and with deadly fear. She tried to check that fear but she couldn't. He kept on about her having to kiss him, to show him that he was not repulsive to her.

Once she said quite calmly: "If you do not let me out, I'll scream through the window."

Mr. Jepler shook with amusement over that. Mr. Jepler was the type that

(Continued on page 50)

The Web

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Denver Lindley

THE square of the hypotenuse of a right triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. Michel, the student of philosophy and mathematics, knew within inches the distance between the muzzle of his rifle and the intersection of Ragni Boulevard with Kronprinzens Gade where the Commander's car would slow up for an instant before making the turn. He had carefully measured the distance from the foot of the building where he lived to the intersection; he had dropped a lead line from the window sill of his eighth-floor room; and he had made allowance for the distance from the table where his gun rested (so that no telltale flash of sunlight would betray him) to the window.

The day was calm: there would be no windage. He had only to wait now, his hand steady and dry as befitted a philosopher and mathematician, while the Commander's face grew larger in the telescopic sight. His finger on the trigger was motionless as a steel bar.

He had been afraid that he would be impatient while the Commander's car rolled toward him up the Boulevard, that he would be tempted to apply too soon that final fraction of an ounce of pressure that was destined to alter his country's history. That fear proved groundless: he was absolutely cold, detached—an automaton carrying out the design that the philosopher in him had dictated and the mathematician planned. No factor of human weakness would mar this decisive and perfect deed.

The Commander's face below his sky-blue military cap looked gray and drawn. It hung in the cross wires of the sight like a fly caught in a spider's web, like the fly that even now was struggling futilely in one dusty corner of Michel's room. Both the fly and the Commander would die: fate was upon them with icy and relentless claws. The student Michel was not superstitious, but as a mathematician he knew the value of symbols and in the spider, weaving its web with patient geometric exactitude, he had seen a diminutive representation of his own plan. The little geometer was a fellow craftsman, projecting his designs into the future, successfully anticipating the event. Spinoza, who also was a philosopher and a mathematician, had delighted in watching spiders at their work. Perhaps he had seen in them a clear and simple proof of absolute determinism. . . . Michel's rifle rested on a pile of books: one of them was The Ethics of Spinoza.

BUT the spider's motive was a limited and selfish one. When he had completed his cautious advance upon his helpless captive, there would be one fly less in the world, and that was all. When he, Michel, applied the final fraction of an ounce of pressure to the trigger, his country would be freed of the man who had stripped her of her liberties and turned her people into slaves.

It was an act worth dying for, and Michel was prepared to die. But he preferred not to. He wanted to play the part of Destiny, suddenly reaching into the affairs of men—plucking a key man from the chessboard of life and leaving no trace behind. After the event, his countrymen—now blindly shouting the Commander's praise—would realize what a monster he had freed them from. He would go down in history as the anonymous savior of his nation.

Michel belonged to no secret society, had no confidants. No one in the world but he knew that at this instant a rifle was pointed at the Commander's head; that in a few seconds the firing pin would be released. Everything was prepared to conceal the authorship of the act. The rifle was equipped with a silencer; in one corner of the shabby room a fish was slowly frying over a gas ring. The smokeless powder would leave little smell, but what there was, together with the scent of gun oil, would be lost in the fumes from the fish. On Michel's bed lay a series of heavy strips of cloth cut from a blanket. As soon as the one necessary shot had been fired, the gun would be taken down and the parts wrapped separately and securely tied. There would be no need to hurry. The soldiers and police would not be able to locate with certainty the building from which the shot had come. Even if they did, it would take time to reach the eighth floor of a tenement that had no elevator. Meanwhile Michel would wrap and tie the pieces of his gun. He had found a place in a dark corner of the hallway where a hole had been made in the hollow wall. By careful soundings he had discovered that there was no obstruction for at least two floors below. Once dropped into that hole, his gun would not be found as long as the building stood.

EACH movement had been rehearsed again and again until he could perform them all with mechanical precision. He had gone over them once more that morning as he watched the spider build his web. When the first fly was caught, he had felt an anticipatory thrill. . . .

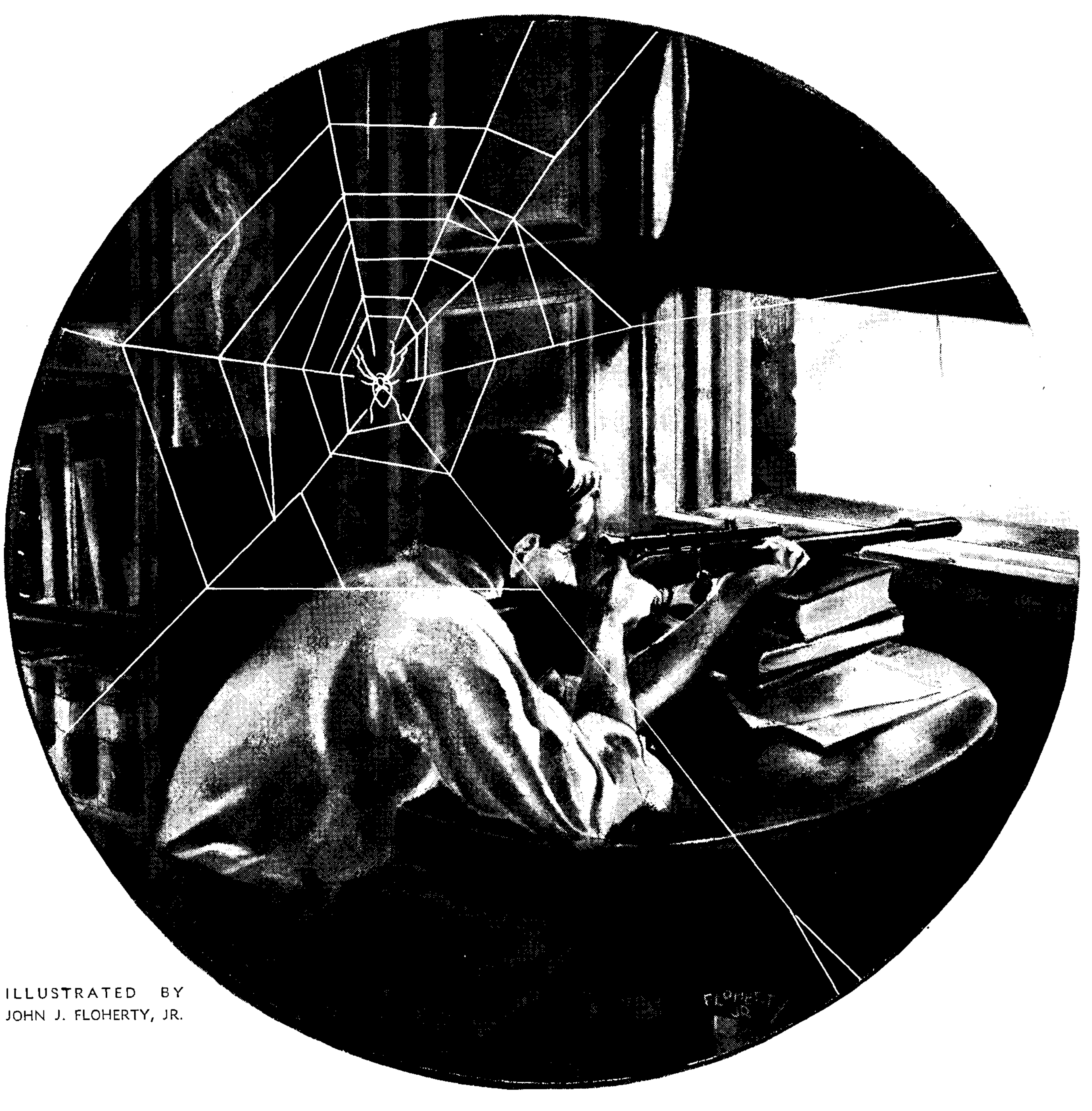
And now the Commander's face was before him, large in the telescopic sight, hung squarely in the cross wires. Even his expression was clear as he turned to speak to the Man of Business seated beside him. It was a strained expression on the haggard gray face, an expression of barely hidden helplessness and dread. It was the expression of one already hopelessly caught, bound hand and foot.

Suddenly the student Michel ceased to be an automaton executing a prearranged plan. His mind leaped forward to sharp and dismaying conclusions. The Commander was a fly, trapped and helpless; why should he pull the trigger? There would be one fly less in the world, and that was all.

And then, so tricky had the steel instrument of his mind become, he seemed to be peering into the other end of the telescopic sight, peering at himself, Michel, reduced to the size of a fly and caught helplessly on the cross wires, a prisoner in the grip of necessity, not a patriot freeing his country, not a philosopher putting into practice the conclusions of a rigorous dialectic, but a miserable slave of circumstance.

For an instant he thought there was no escape, he would have to apply that final fraction of an ounce of pressure. Then the car had turned and was gone up the cobbled length of Kronprinzens Gade.

With trembling hands Michel laid aside the gun. He got up and stumbled toward the spider web in the dusty corner of his room. It had suddenly become very important for him to get there before the spider reached the fly.


FLOHERTY JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.

The Commander's face hung in the cross wires of the sight like a fly caught in a spider's web

COLOGNE
KARLSRUHE
DÜSSELDORF
COBLENZ

Joy and Jitters

When German troops, in defiance of Versailles and Locarno, goose-stepped into the Rhineland, headlines startled the world. No less startled were the Rhinelanders—and the troops. Now they've had time to get used to Hitler's dramatic gesture, but not to settle down. Mr. Ybarra takes you on tour past big guns, barracks and barricades to see the Rhineland torn between patriotism and dread

By T. R. Ybarra

ONLY a few weeks had gone by since Adolf Hitler, in order to express his contempt for the Versailles and Locarno treaties, had suddenly marched German soldiers into the German Rhineland zone, which the said treaties had solemnly demilitarized, yet the beautiful old city of Freiburg-im-Breisgau, tucked away near the southern tip of that zone, didn't seem to be worrying itself over the possible direful significance of Adolf's move. I had come to Freiburg in the course of a trip which eventually led me from one end of the remilitarized Rhineland to the other. And thoughts of possible war, inspired by Adolf's now-what-are-you-going-to-do-about-it? tactics, were promptly swept from my mind.

In smiling friendliness, Freiburg nestled at the foot of green, wooded slopes; the spires of its grand medieval cathedral pointed proudly skyward; the Black Forest, to the eastward, lay bathed in shimmering afternoon haze; groups of tow-headed boys and girls, browned, dusty and frolicsome, were pouring homeward from excursions into the forest's glens and gorges.

"All that's needed to complete this peaceful picture is a glimpse of the king of German rivers," I said to myself.

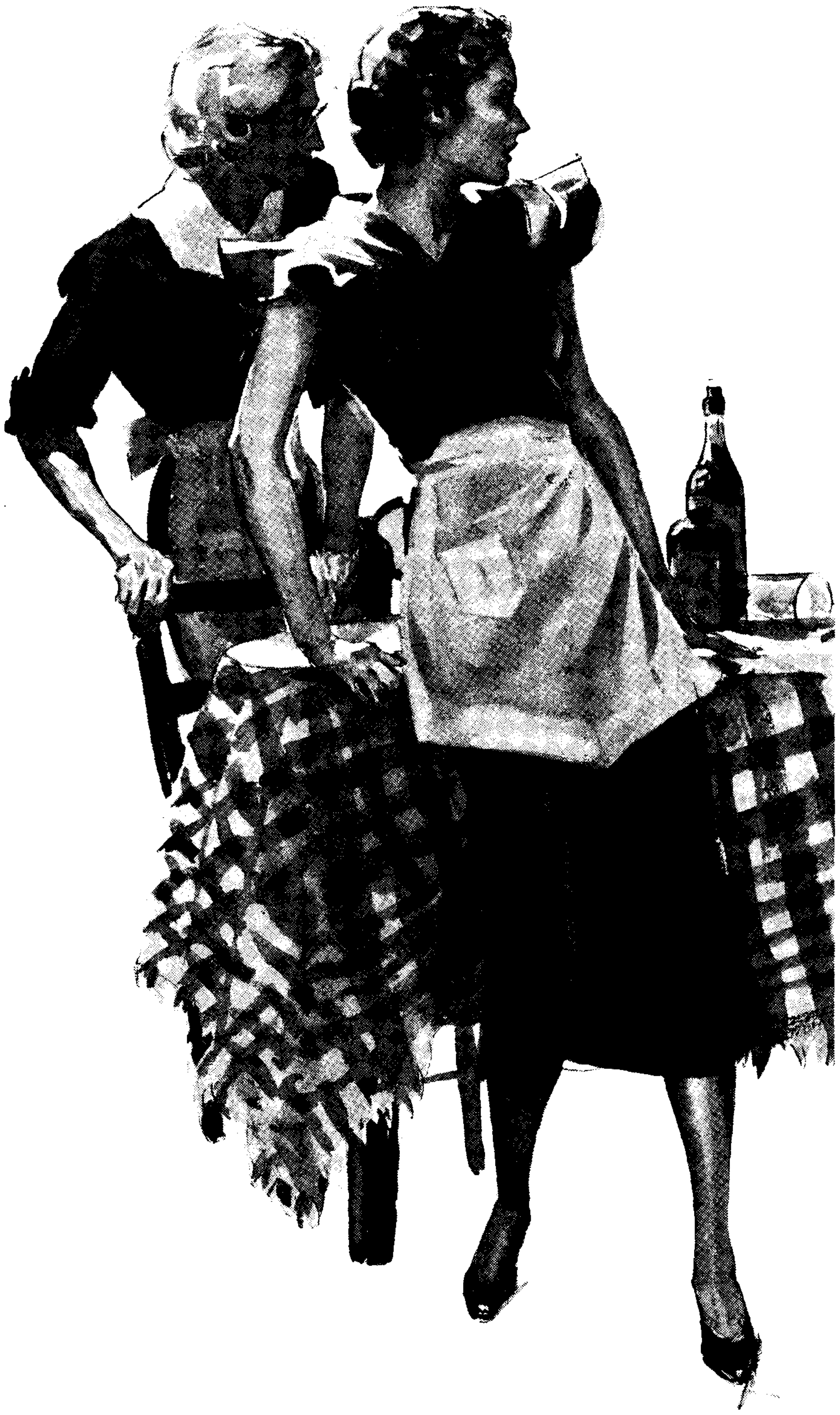
"How far away is the Rhine?" I asked a chauffeur who was waiting for customers,

(Continued on page 63)

Never Help a Woman

The story of a night-club girl and a hoofer who could laugh at the idea of falling in love

By Lucian Cary



JIMMY BANKS sat at the table reserved for performers in the floor show. He was partly hidden by a screen. He watched the new girl doing her stuff. She was slim and blond and pretty. She had a pleasant contralto voice. But her singing wasn't hot. She would never make good at Rich's.

It was three o'clock in the morning. Al Grempa and four or five of his gang were having dinner. Al Grempa usually had dinner at Rich's two or three times a week. Jimmy saw that Al Grempa was watching the new girl too. When she finished her song, Al Grempa asked her to come over to his table. She sat down beside him.

Jimmy jumped up. The orchestra began Honeysuckle Rose. Jimmy went into his dance. He did a workmanlike imitation of the great Bill Robinson, except that he danced with a dead pan. His thoughts followed the staccato of his racing feet.

His feet flew but his eyes were on Al Grempa and the girl. He saw that Al Grempa liked the girl. Jimmy Banks didn't like Al Grempa. He hated racketeers as bitterly as he hated policemen. He lived, like any other hoofer, in second-rate night clubs and roadhouses, on the edge of the underworld. He had been beaten up by racketeers so he wouldn't talk. He had been beaten up by policemen in the back rooms of station houses so he would talk.

Jimmy saw Al Grempa put his arm around the girl. He would have liked to poke Al Grempa. Not that he cared about the girl. He would merely have liked to smash Al Grempa's face so his nose bled all over that new light-gray suit he was wearing.

Jimmy finished his dance. The girl sang again. Al Grempa applauded her. His men applauded with him. Jimmy reflected that he had been mistaken. The girl had made good at Rich's. Rich would keep on any girl that Al Grempa liked. He had to. Jimmy thought the girl seemed too nice to stand for Al Grempa. But of course she would. She was a little tramp like all the others.

The girl came over and sat down beside Jimmy when she had acknowledged the applause. A boy of seventeen or eighteen came into the room and delivered a message to Al Grempa. Jimmy saw Al Grempa and his crowd get up. The waiter came rushing with their hats.

Al Grempa walked over to the table where Jimmy and the girl sat.

“So long, toots,” he said to the girl. “See you some other night.”

Jimmy walked home with the girl. She had a room in the same house where he was living, three or four blocks from Rich's. They were both tired. They walked fast, without talking, because they were tired. It was May. But the air was chilly just before dawn. Her name was Edna.

Jimmy was sitting beside her at the performers' table toward the end of the week. They had both done a night's work and they were having coffee and a sandwich before going on again after the usual lull toward two o'clock in the morning when the respectable people had gone home and the others had not yet come in.

Jimmy glanced sidewise at Edna. She had none of the hard, bright, artificial look of the girls he had known who worked in places like Rich's. If what she said about herself was true she never had sung professionally before. She came from Poplar Bluff, Iowa. He had been a small-town boy. If he had grown up into a small-town man he would have fallen for a girl like Edna. But he had been around.

He had sixty dollars in his pocket for the first time in three years and a week's pay coming on Saturday. He had a battered little roadster in the back yard of the rooming house. But he did not permit himself to feel elated because he was so well off. He knew you were a sap to let yourself think because you'd got one break you'd get another. It didn't happen.

IT WAS warm and misty outside Rich's roadhouse. Jimmy had pleasant memories of spring in an Indiana town. He remembered evenings in spring when he and all the other boys roamed the streets. They always ended at the square with the bandstand in front of the new high school. There was a boardwalk across the square. He had often done a clog dance on that boardwalk. The walk was like a sounding board to his flying feet. The floor of the bandstand was even better. He had been happy.

He knew better now. He had a dead pan. He had cultivated a dead pan so earnestly that now he seldom revealed anything he felt; even that he was afraid. He was almost always afraid. He was afraid, with reason, of not eating. He was afraid, with reason, of being beaten up.

Edna finished her sandwich. “Of course, Jimmy,” she said, “you think the world is a lot worse than it is. You think there aren't any nice people.”

She looked at him and for a moment his eyes met hers. He wanted to smile at her. He wanted to say, “Listen, kid—you're sweet.” But he kept his dead pan. He knew better than to make love to a girl Al Grempa had noticed. He knew better than to take any girl seriously. You fell for a girl and it was fine—until she met some guy with more money.

“Look at this place,” Edna said. “Could anybody have been nicer to me than Rich has been? He must know my singing's not so good for a night club. He could easily get somebody better. For the same money. But he's kind.”

Jimmy could have told her that Rich would have fired her the first night if Al Grempa hadn't liked her. He wondered if she could be so innocent as not to know that.

The waiter was taking away their coffee cups when Al Grempa came in with three other men.

“Oh,” Edna said to the waiter, “bring me another cup of coffee—please.”

She shrank back behind the screen.

“What's the matter, kid?” Jimmy Banks asked.

“That man,” she said.

Jimmy Banks looked over at Al Grempa. When he leaned forward a little he could see Al Grempa's plump, dark, smooth face with the thick black eyebrows that met over his nose. He was wearing a bright brown suit tonight.

“He's rich,” Jimmy said to Edna.

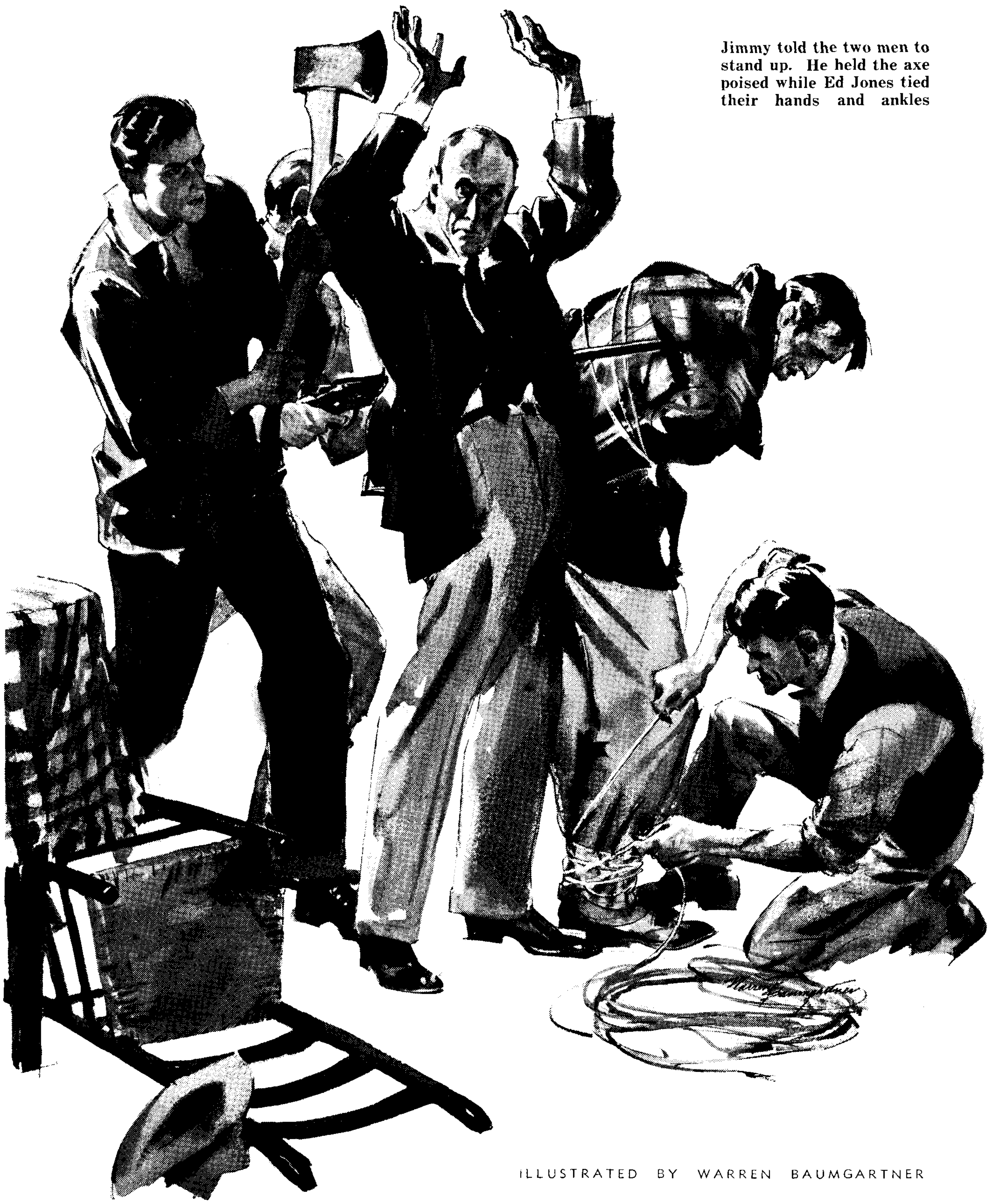
He did not learn what she thought of that. Three men came in just then. Jimmy Banks caught a glimpse of tommy-guns. And instantly the room was full of the sound of them. Jimmy dove for the floor and as he dove he took Edna with him. It was against his principles to bother about anybody else at a time like that. He did it without thinking.

HE HAD hardly got down on the floor, one hand on Edna's mouth so she couldn't scream, when the bursts of gunfire ceased. He heard the men getting out of the place. He heard the roar of a big car as it started away.

Jimmy Banks got up and dusted himself off and took one quick, unwilling look at the huddled body in the bright brown suit that lay on the floor a little apart from the others.

“We'd better be going,” he said.

He took Edna's hand and pulled her after him as he went through the kitchen and out the back door and across



Jimmy told the two men to stand up. He held the axe poised while Ed Jones tied their hands and ankles

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

the open parking space and over the board fence. Then he began to run, pulling at her hand so she had to run too.

"What are we running for?" she gasped.

He didn't answer. If she didn't know she was a sap. He told her to be quiet as they approached the rooming house. The place was dark but the front door was unlocked as usual.

Jimmy ran lightly upstairs to his room and got out of his dinner jacket and trousers and into his other suit. He dumped two bureau drawers into his suitcase. In three minutes he was on his way downstairs. He heard Edna behind him. His roadster was standing in front of a small garage. He threw his suitcase in and started the motor without turning on the lights. Edna struggled with a suitcase and a bag. She was still in her evening dress. Jimmy reached over and pulled his suitcase out of the way. If they ran into a cop she wouldn't know what to say. He was a sap to take her along.

He heard the shriek of a police siren as he drove down the street. He turned the first corner he came to and the next and the next, zigzagging his way along back streets but keeping north and west until he was clear of the town. There wasn't much gas in the tank. He would have to stop for gas soon and there wouldn't be any gas stations open at half past two in the morning except on a main highway. He hated to risk a main highway.

"WHAT are we running away from?" Edna asked again.

"The police," he said.

"But we haven't done anything," Edna protested.

"We're in a worse jam than the guys who did the shooting. The police won't do much about them. But they've got to make a showing. The Chicago papers will raise a howl. This is practically in Chicago. Rich can't make a getaway. He owns that place. They'll arrest him and anybody else who was there. Somebody will tell them about us and the landlady will tell them we skipped and they'll send out an alarm to all the police in the state to pick us up."

He let her think about that for a while.

"I've got to stop for gas," he said. "If anybody asks any questions we've been to a dance over at Carmody and we're on our way home to Belleville. My name is Weldon—Jimmy Weldon. Your name is Edna—no—make it Ethel. Ethel Green. You live on Main Street—there's always a Main Street."

"All right," Edna said, "I'll remember."

He reached the main highway running into Chicago and noted the signs and turned north, away from Chicago. He stopped for gas. The man who filled the tank paid no attention to them. After that Jimmy drove hard. He wanted to get out of Illinois.

It was four o'clock when they crossed the state line. Jimmy began to feel better. It would begin to be light in another hour or so. By that time they would be eighty or ninety miles from Rich's roadhouse, well out of the state.

"If you're going any farther with me," he said to Edna, "you've got to change your dress. It will attract attention as soon as there's light enough to see it by. People in the little towns will notice it and remember it."

"I could change my shoes and stockings while you're driving," she said. "When I'm all set you can stop long enough for me to change my dress."

She got her suitcase open on her lap and found the things she wanted. He drove on at a steady fifty miles an hour.

"All right," she said after ten minutes.

He stopped the car beside the road. She got out and took off her dress and put on a plain little suit. She did it quickly, standing so the car shielded her from passing headlights.

He drove on till broad daylight and stopped at the roadside for coffee and toast and eggs. He drove all morning and all afternoon. Toward dark he approached a small town. He stopped the car.

"This is where I leave you," he said. "There'll be a hotel. I'll drop you in front of it."

SHE looked at him gravely. When he looked into her eyes he did not want to leave her. But he had to. He couldn't take care of her.

He took two bills out of his pocket. "Here's ten dollars," he said.

"Can you afford to lend it to me?" she asked.

"Yes," he said.

"But how will I return it?" she asked. "I won't know where you are."

"How will you return it if you do know where I am?"

"I'm going to wire home for money," she said. "It ought to be here in two days at the most."

"I thought you said you had no home. I thought you said you were an orphan."

"Yes," she said. "But I still have a home town and friends there."

"But you'll have to use your right name if you wire."

"Yes," she said.

"And somebody up here may read the Chicago papers."

She smiled. "I wasn't using my real name at Rich's," she said. "I just took the name of Wintringham to use professionally. My real name is Edna Spofford."

"Listen," Jimmy Banks said. "This is Thursday night. I'll meet you in front of the post office in the town we're coming to on Saturday night at eight o'clock."

"Oh," she said, "will you?"

"Yes," he said, wondering at her anxiety to return his ten dollars.

He helped her out in front of the one hotel in the town, and carried her suitcase and her bag into the lobby and put them down.

"Thank you so much," she said, as if he were a casual acquaintance. She held out her hand. He took her hand in his. He looked into her eyes. "And," she said, "I'll count—" She did not finish the sentence. She knew that he knew she meant she would count on seeing him Saturday night.

Jimmy Banks drove up the street and stopped at a gas station and asked if there wasn't a hotel for fishermen on a lake somewhere near by.

"There's Jones' Camp," the boy at the gas pump said. "It's the place most city people go."

The boy gave him minute directions on how to get to Jones'. He said it was nine miles.

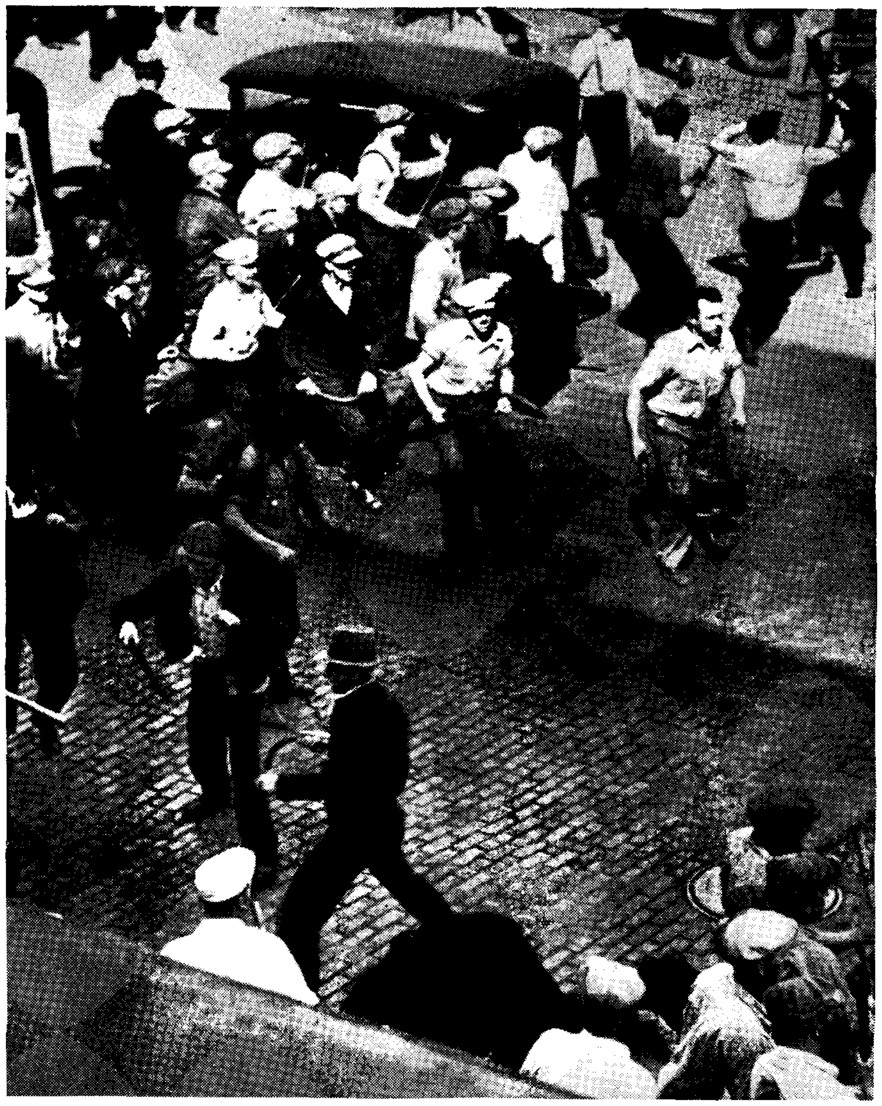
Jimmy found the place. It was built of logs with log cabins scattered about. Jimmy knocked on the door. A man with a sandy mustache and spectacles

(Continued on page 55)

An Uncertain Party

By Walter Davenport

What's become of the third party that was going to hold the balance of power in this year's election? If you look closely, you will find the makings, but they're volatile—and there's neither candidate nor platform to bring them together. Mr. Davenport, touring the country in search of the much-heralded movement, found a dozen potential third parties getting along together with all the suave amenity of Kilkenny cats


WIDE WORLD

Governor Olson's strength in Minnesota is more industrial than agricultural and given to action of a vigorous nature

WE MET this chap in Duluth. Almost immediately we established a bond of mutual interest. He was tramping around talking to people just as we were; but while we weren't caring much what people said, all sorts of opinion contributing to our objective, he was interested only when they agreed that a new national party was an immediate necessity and that they would vote for "a true new deal." His name was Trenton.

He had just been talking to Mr. Rudolph Harju, head man of the Finnish Workers Federation of St. Louis County, Minnesota. Mr. Harju, as we were to learn, was an intelligent and practical man given to looking at life with cold realism. Doubtless many efforts had been made to delude and otherwise bemuse Mr. Harju, all of them coming quickly and completely to naught. He was a man of very few illusions. His Federation is ruddily radical but is famous for minding its own business.

Mr. Trenton had likewise interviewed Mr. Robley D. Cramer, Mr. Carl Skoglund and the Dunne brothers—Vincent and Grant—in Minneapolis and had found them equally as hard-boiled as Mr. Harju and quite as aware of all the workaday tangibles. These gentlemen are prominent in the leadership of organized labor in Minneapolis, Mr. Skoglund and the Dunne brothers being deliberate and unemotional radicals who have much to say in the affairs of the locally celebrated General Truck Drivers Union, Local 574.

It was not a day warranted to display one at his physical best. Mr. Trenton was quite wet, chilled to the shudder stage and his morale was as thin as his long, warped legs. He drank ale with a dash of a fiery condiment which the proprietor of the tavern described as capable of making a dead man cheer for the undertaker. He was traveling about in a motorcar which shuddered even more than he did. His sponsor on this radical roundup seemed to us to be a bit vague, but he talked quite a lot about the new Farmer-Labor Progressive Federation of which the Honorable Philip Fox LaFollette, governor of Wisconsin, is the most prominent member if not exactly the boss. After leaving Mr. Trenton and indulging in a bit of investigation of our own in Wisconsin, we got the feeling that Mr. LaFollette has had moments when he could wish that there was no Farmer-Labor Progressive Federation. But we shall come to that in its order.

Mr. Trenton likewise made frequent mention of the Honorable Floyd Bjerstjerne Olson, governor of Minnesota, who was at the moment preparing to tell the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party that a third party and a completely new economic system were imperative if the United States is to be saved from hungry chaos. And with Mr. Olson's name he coupled The American Commonwealth Political Federation. The Federation was organized last July in Chicago with a view to the birth of a new third and radical party of national dimensions this year.

A great deal of loose gossip, unmanaged oratory and unhinged thinking has attached itself to the Federation, and not all of it by its friends. At the moment the Federation is not committing the error of overambition. Neither is Mr. Olson. The truth is that while the Federation is one of the more intelligent of all the thousand and one parties and cliques which have sought to insert themselves into our political haggis, it suffers from an apparently incurable naïveté which has drawn down the scorn of the Socialist, Communist and Workers Party hacks who have been running in minuscular circles for years and are extremely jealous of their right to continue their innocent avocation. Moreover the hacks are resentful of all attempts by newer and more sagacious organizations to absorb them into a common political putsch. In fact they won't absorb.

When Dissenters Get Together

It may come to pass that after the two old parties have had their nominating jamborees and the country has settled down to listen to Mr. Roosevelt and his opponent swap nasty compliments, that somebody, grown restive in obscurity, will hire a hall and fill it with ladies and gentlemen on whose bosoms will be badges proclaiming them to be delegates. In such event, a number of representatives of organized and unorganized dissent will be present. There will be representatives of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party, of Wisconsin's Farmer-Labor Progressive Federation, of the Non Partisan League of North Dakota, of the Farmer's Holiday Association, the Farmer's Union, Epic Democrats from California, Townsendeers, who have been told that the abundant life is to be achieved only through a Production for Use Party, and Coughlinites. And there will be Socialists, Communists, Technocrats, Social Crediteers, Share-Our-Wealthers, Anti-Fascisti Leaguers, Blue Blousers, beard-stroking Fabians, Free-Thinkers and Raw Vegetable Vigilantes. We've attended the obstetrical scrimmages of several third parties and, while we yearn to be proved wrong, we are not optimistic. Each group will be throat-cuttingly jealous of its neighbor. Each will be ready to demonstrate with graphs, statistics, philosophies and surveys that the other is merely wasting precious time. The Wisconsin Farmer-Labor Progressive Federation, which is much more interested in maintaining the LaFollette supremacy at home than in painting the White House red, will not get along amicably with the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota, which might better be called the Union Labor Party because its strength is not agricultural but industrial.

At any rate such a convention may be called. And we hope to be there because it will be vastly more entertaining than anything the Republicans or Democrats can think up.

It was almost educational to talk to Mr. Trenton about the prospects of such a forgathering. He was, he assured us, but one of a number of more or less volunteer intelligence scouts for a variety of liberal and radical groups that hope to enlist in (but best of all to lead) a movement toward "a new economic and social order in the United States." He admitted—and we were to hear many

ACME

Congressman Thomas R. Amlie of Wisconsin, a possible third-party candidate

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Governor Philip LaFollette of Wisconsin maintains his standoff attitude

others corroborate him—that Mr. Roosevelt had stolen much of the thunder of several of the more important potential contributors to such a movement—the right wing Socialists, for example, and advocates of public ownership and the confiscation of inheritances.

Like us, he had been bowling back and forth for days meeting the same large and interesting assortment of leaders, voices, prophets, advocates and outriders of dissension and change. And he was bearing up admirably under recurring discouragement. He had interviewed a far-flung variety of special interest tub-thumpers from assistant mahatmas and percentage promoters of the Townsend Plan to such magnificent fellows as Sir Brother Tranquil Succoth, Chief of Father Divine's jubileers in East St. Louis. And this was interesting because we had just come from the offices of a brigadier of the American Commonwealth Political Federation who had chosen as his assignment the direction of deft missionary work amongst the Townsendeers. Particularly the younger members who, while they may be a bit vague about the meaning of Production for Use, were for it if it included pensions. The Brigadier assured us that he didn't want to sound too dramatic but that the Socialists were already infiltrating the Townsend movement. He said that numbers of young radicals were enlisting in the larger clubs in California, biding their time until they were in control. Not that it's much of a secret.

Prominent among the reasons why many of Doctor Townsend's aides do their best to shove the old gentleman back into his chair every time he rises to threaten the Republicans and Democrats with a third party movement is that these gentlemen know that the identity of the organization would be lost in any third party movement. And for various reasons, chiefly financial, they don't want the Townsend movement to get lost in the shuffle. They know, too, that in their disappointed rage, egged on by the carpetbagger radicals, Townsend club after club might easily affiliate with a new party. More than fifty per cent of the membership of several of California's larger clubs are Mr. Upton Sinclair's followers—subscribers to the ancient Marxian theory of Production for Use and Not for Profit. The older members are entirely too engrossed in pensions for their declining days to worry about Karl Marx.

Why Stick Out Your Neck?

Just as the Townsend mahouts distrust any affiliation or coalescence with any other movement (and for much the same reason) so are the LaFollettes in Wisconsin and Mr. Olson in Minnesota most reluctant to throw their organizations into a national third party pot. Certainly they are not going to do it until they have some assurance that they are not going to lose local control.

Furthermore, the Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota is by no means a twin or even a first cousin of the Farmer-Labor Federation in Wisconsin although each was born of the same parent in Chicago in 1920. Whereas the Farmer-Labor Party in Wisconsin has a tendency toward intellectualism or, as a gentleman in Superior had it, strong-headedness, the Farmer-Labor crowd in Minnesota has gone rather strong-arm.

Without the harmonious co-operation of Mr. Olson's Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota and the Farmer-Labor Progressive Federation in Wisconsin (a LaFollette patent), no third party movement would get within sight of first base. And the likelihood of such co-operation is as remote as an alliance between Mr. Herbert Hoover and Professor Rexford Guy Tugwell.

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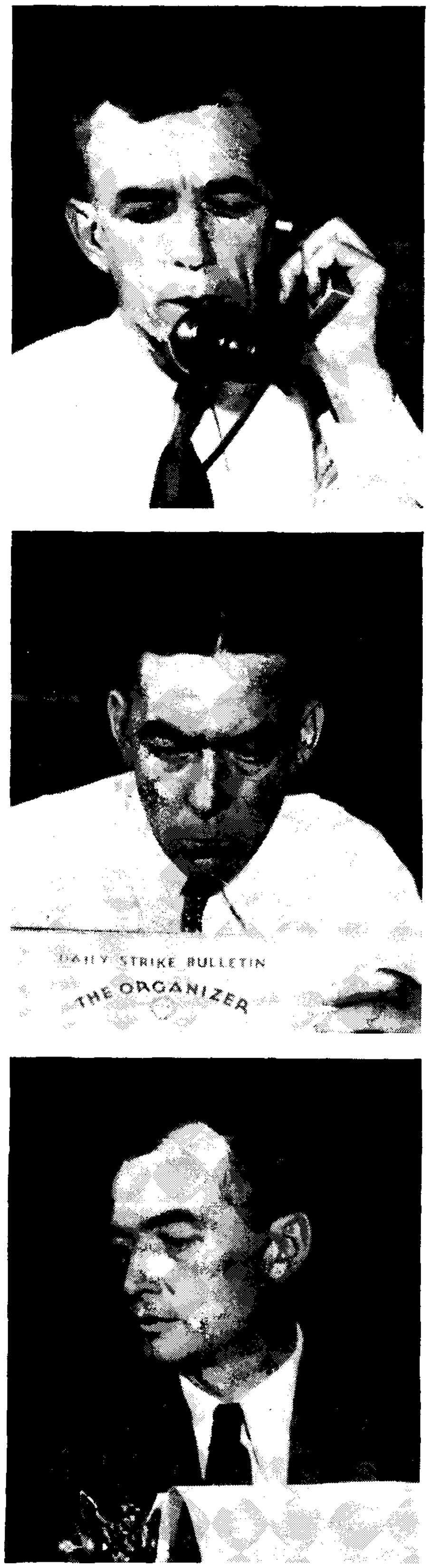
Minnesota's Governor Olson, left, who is not averse to a third party provided he doesn't head it, with Upton Sinclair, another possibility as a candidate



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The Dunne brothers, Vincent, Grant and Miles, labor leaders of Local 574, the union that heads the radical labor movement in the Northwest

Some time ago Governor Philip LaFollette and Senator Robert M. LaFollette forgathered with a few of their political whips to discuss a third party for 1936. Both rejected the idea with a speedy firmness that left the meeting nothing to do but consider a motion for adjournment. In fact the meeting didn't wait for the motion: it just broke up. Governor LaFollette, visualizing certain local difficulties he may encounter in getting himself re-elected, and viewing with no particular favor the quality of gentlemen in Minnesota and elsewhere with whom he would have to do business, declined forthwith. Moreover, he is the average politician in that he has no stomach for leading forlorn causes. Senator LaFollette joined his brother in dissent because, for one thing, he was already quite comfortably seated on the Roosevelt train. Besides, while Senator LaFollette's veins are laden with the blood of crusaders, he's not notably militant. He is not much of a home-ties cutter.

In Wisconsin you don't have to travel very far in any direction without being informed by several honest people that Governor LaFollette will one day be President anyway. Just when and under what auspices this is going to come about we don't, of course, know. All we can say is that much stranger and probably more uncomfortable things have happened to this country of ours. Neither do we know what Mr. LaFollette himself thinks of such predictions. But we are able to assure you that he was incapable of seeing wherein affiliation with any third party movement this year was going to benefit him. At any rate, as we have said, he is keeping his political chin well covered and his neck in.

The Senator Declines

Also, in refusing to plunge, he was merely following in his great father's trail. In 1920 when the Farmer-Labor Party was launched as a national body, LaFollette *pere* was invited to be its candidate. The older LaFollette did not attend that new-party brawl. As far as he was concerned, there wasn't any new party. But they nominated him anyway amid a furor which might be compared to nothing short of what happened in Mr. Duffy Golden's liquor saloon when the news arrived in Pittsburgh that Utah had concurred in the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The cheering and general tumult were still flowing wide and deep when the old senator's telegram arrived, declining with thanks so brief that nobody recognized his regret. Whereat half a dozen delegates arose to denounce Battle Bob as a tool of Wall Street and to thank God in behalf of the working masses that the Farmer-Labor Party had not committed the ruinous error of having him as its nominee. Later on, however, in 1924, Old Bob ran on his own ticket, reaping 4,822,856 votes. The Farmer-Labor candidate in 1920—Mr. Parley Parker Christensen—got exactly 265,411, a total so trifling that neither he nor any of his suite took the trouble to mention dishonest counting or ballot-box skulduggery. All of which would indicate that, while father LaFollette didn't become President (which, as it turned out, was the country's hard luck), his son Philip is still respectful of his heroic sire's political perspicacity.

So, third party or none, Mr. Philip LaFollette of Wisconsin will not participate in it this year. Nor will he even be invited to lead it to whatever end it may come to. The truth seems to be that any third party flag toter would speedily and without dignity land in the nearest ditch. Even had the Honorable Huey Long lived and been offered the post of honor, the adventure would have come to nought.

If you wander around enough you are bound to be told that the untimely death of Louisiana's most magnificent statesman saved President Roosevelt's political life. They will assure you that Mr. Long would have amassed ten million votes for President. And some, less enthusiastic, would tell you that while Mr. Long might not have been elected President he would have achieved the

(Continued on page 32)

A Dame with Some Sense

Love was blind. But not Alfred Clayburn, Jr., an extremely modern young man with some very old but substantial views about women

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

ALFRED CLAYBURN, JR., sometimes said to be merely eleven years old and known to certain adults as "Brother" or "Alfie" or "Joe Clayburn's little brother" or "that Clayburn kid," walked the world in his true colors this April afternoon.

He was none other than A. C. Clayburn, shrewd and daring head of the G-men, and called affectionately but respectfully "The Chief"; or, better still, "The Old Man."

Armed with his deadly Tommy-gun (it had shot sparks before the flint wore out) Chief Clayburn stalked with purposeful wariness along an alley in the vicinity of his home.

"Keep movin', you," he said fiercely.

There was no response from the prisoner—in harsh adult fact, there was, indeed, no prisoner. But to Chief Clayburn the space in front of his machine gun's muzzle (rendered more lethal by a ring of red modeling clay) was occupied by Miss Thyra Becker.

"You'll talk!" the G-man assured Miss Becker grimly. "When I march you into Joe's room, you'll spill it all!"

And who was Miss Thyra Becker? And why had she fallen into the hands of Chief Clayburn, following a terrific machine-gun battle?

We-ell, Miss Thyra Becker was jest a goofy ol' buttinsky girl who had done things to Alfie's big brother, Joe. Terrible things. She had gone and got Joe mushy in the head about her. She had made Alfie sick to his stomach the way she hung around big brother Joe, alla time talking to Joe and turning Joe against Alfie and Dad and Mother. Joe was just graduated from Cornell, which is all the way to New York, to be a chemical engineer. And now what was ol' smarty Miss Thyra Becker trying to do? She was trying to talk Joe into going to Russia, which is across the whole Atlantic Ocean and no place for any decent American. . . .

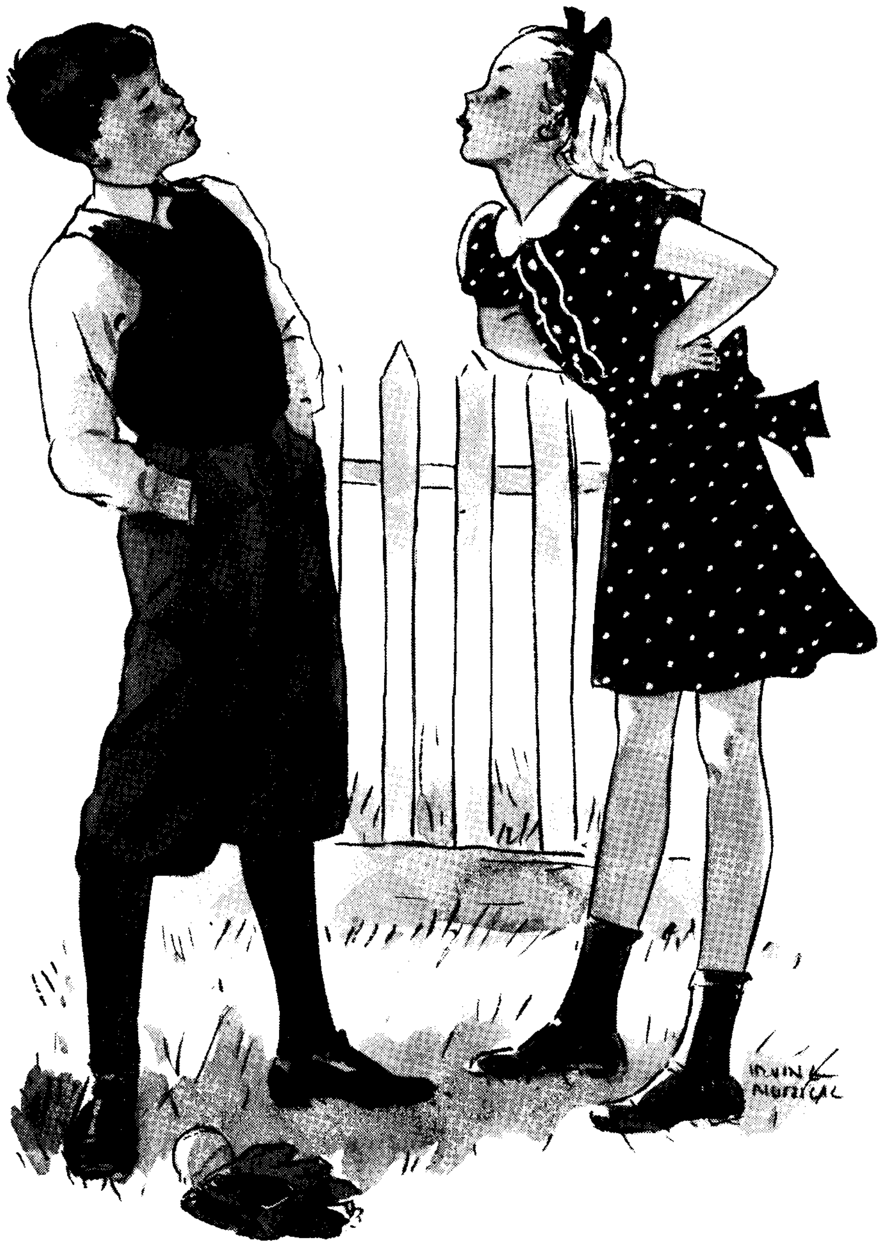
"Turn here, you, and don't make one false move or I'll drill yuh!"

Chief Clayburn turned loose a burst from the Tommy-gun, straining his skinny throat in a guttural stutter—

"Hey, Alfie!"

"Hi-yah, Alf!"

He looked up from where the bullets were kicking the dust around ol' Miss Thyra Becker's feet and saw Petey Ross and Marsh Brockman in his own back yard. Carried away with blood-lust, Chief Clayburn turned his gun on Messrs. Ross and Brockman, yelling: "I got yuh! I got yuh both!"



"Whatcha wanta tell him?" demanded Alfie. "You wouldn't understand," she said

"We wasn't playing," corrected Petey. "We're gonna play ball on the lot this aft."

Alfie lowered the machine gun.

"I'm pitching, then!" he shrieked, although his bosom friends were a scarce ten feet away. "I'm pitching."

Petey and Marsh exchanged glances.

"Can ya' get Joe to umpire?" Marsh asked.

"Joe isn't home," Alfie said.

PETEY screamed, "Oh, yes, he is, too, Clayburn!" And Marsh yelled, "Wanta bet, Clayburn, wanta bet he ain't?"

Alfie winced at the issue thus presented. If he could get Joe to umpire, the gang would let him pitch. Joe never cheated for Alfie; but Joe told Alfie how to groove them and jest steadied Alfie down so his fast ball made them swing their heads off.

"Joe's awful busy and I don't guess he prob'ly can umpire," Alfie said weakly.

"What's he busy about? Did he get a job?"

"Yay-y-y—you're jest scairt to ask him. He's off of you!"

This accusation brought crisis and agony.

"He ain't neither off of me," Alfie shouted gallantly. "I'll ask him and if he ain't busy or anything—"

"Well, go ask him, why don'tcha?"

"All right. All *right!*"

Alfie stormed into the kitchen. Martha was peeling potatoes at the sink. "Where's Joe?" Alfie yelled.

Martha sniffed. "You better leave Mr. Joe alone," she said; "he don't feel good."

Alfie stuck the clay-ring muzzle of his machine gun against Martha's neck. She squealed satisfactorily.

On the stairs, Alfie's manner underwent a rapid change. He bullied Martha; wheedled his mother; was in awe of his father. But big brother Joe he worshiped. His footsteps dragged in the upper hall and he tapped timidly on Joe's closed door.

"Who is it?" Joe's voice said.

"It's me, Joe."

"Oh . . . for Pete's *sake*—"

Joe flung open the door. Then, his voice milder, he asked: "What's the matter, kid?"

"Listen, Joe, can ya' umpire for us this aft? We got a big important game on and the gang won't let me pitch unless—"

"No! I'm busy!"

ALFIE'S heart sank. Joe had his collar unbuttoned and his blond hair was rumpled and there were a lot of books and papers on Joe's desk and his portable typewriter was uncovered on the table.

"Aw . . . you're alla time busy . . . jest two innings. will ya', Joe? Till I get steadied down? Y'see, I can't remember how you told me to hold 'at ol' knuckle ball—"

"No! Now clear out, Alfie—"

"We-ell, will ya' take me fishing Saturday? Will ya', Joe? I know where there's a swell new place you can get perches nine inches long—"

"I'll see about it. Run along—"

Joe turned away, smoothing back his hair and stumbling a little as he walked. Alfie stared after him, a gulp in his throat. Joe was acting jest like a goofy, sissy guy that alla time sits around and reads books. He wasn't like Joe used to be. Joe and Alfie used to be buddies.

Alfie's glowering gaze found the picture of a handsome, slender, dark-haired girl on Joe's bureau. She wore a fuzzy, woman's college coiffure; hair parted in the middle and strung back in loops anchored vaguely behind her ears. Ol' Miss Thyra Becker—

"Huh," said Alfie, " 'at ol' picture! 'At ol' goofy picture!"

"What?"

Alfie said no more. He made a fish-face—he was generally considered the best fish-face maker in Grade 6B at Glen Ridge School—and turned away into the hall. He heard Joe irritably slam the door shut behind him.

Kicking disconsolately down the stairs,

Alfie tried to grapple with this heartbreaking change in Joe. He knew ol' Miss Thyra Becker was responsible. Dad and Mother did not approve of ol' Miss Becker. Alfie remembered phrases overheard from the last scene in the living-room—his mother saying: "But, Joe, dear, any girl who expresses such ideas . . ." and his father growling, "Oh, let him go to Russia. Let them both go. They'll get enough of it . . ."

Alfie could not understand it. Why did Joe prefer 'at ol' goofy girl to Miss Janey? Now, Miss Janey had some sense to her. Miss Janey was physical instructor at Alfie's school. Joe used to go with Miss Janey. That wasn't so bad, if Joe jest hadta go with some ol' girl. Miss Janey could pitch a softball harder than any guy, even the Eighth Grade guys, and she could sock it over the wall; and she could do a handstand in the gym. Huh! 'At ol' Miss Janey had some sense to her. . . .

"Is Joe gonna umpire for us?"

"Naw. Gee heck, he's gotta work."

PETEY and Marsh exchanged scornful, skeptical glances. They knew the story of Joe and Miss Janey and Miss Becker almost as well as Alfie.

"Ol' Joe's cracked up," Petey said; "he's goofy in love with 'at Thyra Becker dame."

"He is not!" Alfie yelled. "You're a dirty liar and you take it back or—"

"My sister said so, Clayburn," put in Marsh, "an' you're jest covering up for Joe on account of your family is ashamed."

"Yeah. Joe got engaged to Miss Janey and then backed out and got engaged to *her* and my mother says she's nothing but a Cummonist since she came home from college and is li'ble to be put in jail—"

Alfie picked up a baseball bat. He burst into tears of rage, howling, "You jest shut up! I'll k-kill you, I'll k-kill both uh you—"

Petey and Marsh backed off. Alfie had the reputation of going berserk on occasion.

"He's gone and lost his temper," Petey said.

"Yeah, lost his temper," Marsh agreed. "C'mon, we gotta be at the lot. Yay-y-y, Clayburn's gone and lost his temper!"

Alfie hurled the baseball bat, not too near either bosom pal, and grabbed up a hunk of dried mud.

"You boys stop that!"

Poised to throw, Alfie froze momentarily. Petey and Marsh scowled.

Miss Jacqueline Logan walked into Alfie's back yard.

"Aw-aw," said Petey, "here comes ol' Jacklin tattletale."

"Yay-y-y, ol' Jacklin tattletale."

ALFIE said nothing. He lowered his arm, then in sheer bravado tossed the mud at Jacqueline. Miss Logan coolly side-stepped the missile. She was a lanky-legged and startlingly pretty child of eleven. All the young gentlemen of Grade 6B pretended to hate her; and with logic. Jacqueline was a teacher's pet, a monitor who reported boisterousness with stern alertness, and a superior scholar.

But Alfie loved her. Secretly and miserably, Alfie loved this terrible ol' tattletale girl.

"Whatcha comin' around here for?" Alfie demanded, loudly and harshly. "*You* gotta yard to stay in!"

Miss Logan ignored this rudeness.

"Is your brother Joe at home, Alfred?"

"What's it *to* you? I should curl up and die, I s'pose? Yay-y-y-y—jest curl up an' die!"

Petey and Marsh picked up their ball mitts.

"C'mon, Clayburn. We gotta be goin'."

Alfie kicked at the grass.

"Oh, don't let me keep you from the funeral," Miss Logan wisecracked pertly. "I'm my own best friend and I always have a swell time playing with me!"

Petey gave her "the bird" with artistic nuance.

"She got that outa a movie," he said. "C'mon, Clayburn."

Marsh and Petey hopped on their bikes, circling Miss Logan.

"Do me a favor, Alfred. Tell Joe I wanta speak to him," the lady requested.

"Whatcha wanta tell him?"

"It's about somepin *you* wouldn't understand."

"Oh, yeah?"

Petey and Marsh, failing to upset Miss Logan's poise or to interest her in their virtuoso stunts on the bikes, rode off yelling: "Clayburn's stuck on Jacklin. Clayburn's stuck on tattletale Jacklin!"

Alfie yelled: "Yay-y-y-y, come back an' say that to my face, yuh yellow guys"—and would have started after them. But Miss Logan grabbed his sweater and pulled him back

"Lookit, Alfred—you go tell Joe somepin for me, will ya'?"

"Tell him whut?"

Jacqueline blushed under the sudden directness of Alfie's stare. Love, at eleven, is clear-eyed and intuitive. Alfie knew that Jacqueline had a crush on his big brother Joe.

"Lookit, Alfie—" the maiden said. "It's about Miss Becker. He oughta be told about *her*."

"Aw, that ol' mean ol' dame!"

"She's worse than jest merely mean!"

"Yeah . . . she's a Cummonist . . ."

"She's worse than merely that!"

"She's a crabby ol' ugly face—that slapped Tommy Halpin and squealed on Mrs. Turnblow's chauffeur and nearly got him fired . . . but she smiles sweet as sugar when Joe's around—"

Jacqueline sniffed.

"My mother knows her aunt and her aunt says her folks can't do a thing with her since she came home from college. She sleeps until eleven in the morning and won't go to church and—and—*she drinks whisky!*"

Rage twisted Alfie's face. Why was big brother Joe, who had been so awful smart in school and was a swell athletic guy, acting so dumb about ol' Thyra Becker? Any child in Hillvale Place could tell you the truth about ol' Thyra Becker. All the kids were off of her.

"Huh!" Alfie said. "That ain't the half of it; not the half of it!"

Jacqueline blinked. She considered that she had presented a fairly good character sketch of Miss Becker.

"Oh . . . do you mean about her going to see that awful Mr. Kanstein over on Crestview? That *foreigner?*"

THIS was news to Alfie; but he nodded darkly.

"I been watching 'at guy," he said. "I been watching his apartment."

Miss Logan was skeptical.

"You couldn't—much," she said, "because he teaches music downtown all day and you aren't allowed out after supper except maybe Halloween—"

"Huh! That's all you know about it. All *you* know—"

"Alfie! You mean you've actually seen Miss Becker go in there after supper? *Alone?*"

This breathless interest was too much for Alfie. He became, in a twinkling, A. C. Clayburn, the G-man.

"I don't tell all *I* know about that guy. Huh! If I was to tell all *I* know—"

Jacqueline clutched Alfie's necktie.

"You tell me this minute, Alfie Clayburn! What do you know about Mr. Kanstein?"

Alfie looked mysterious.

"We ain't allowed to give information," he said, "but 'at ol' Miss Becker'd better watch out. We're onto *her*, all right. Huh! Once we was tailing her an' she pulled a veil over her face and switched . . . uh . . . taxicabs on us . . . but she didn't fool us—"

"Aw . . . you're just fibbing. Who's *us?*"

"Ne-*ver* mind!"

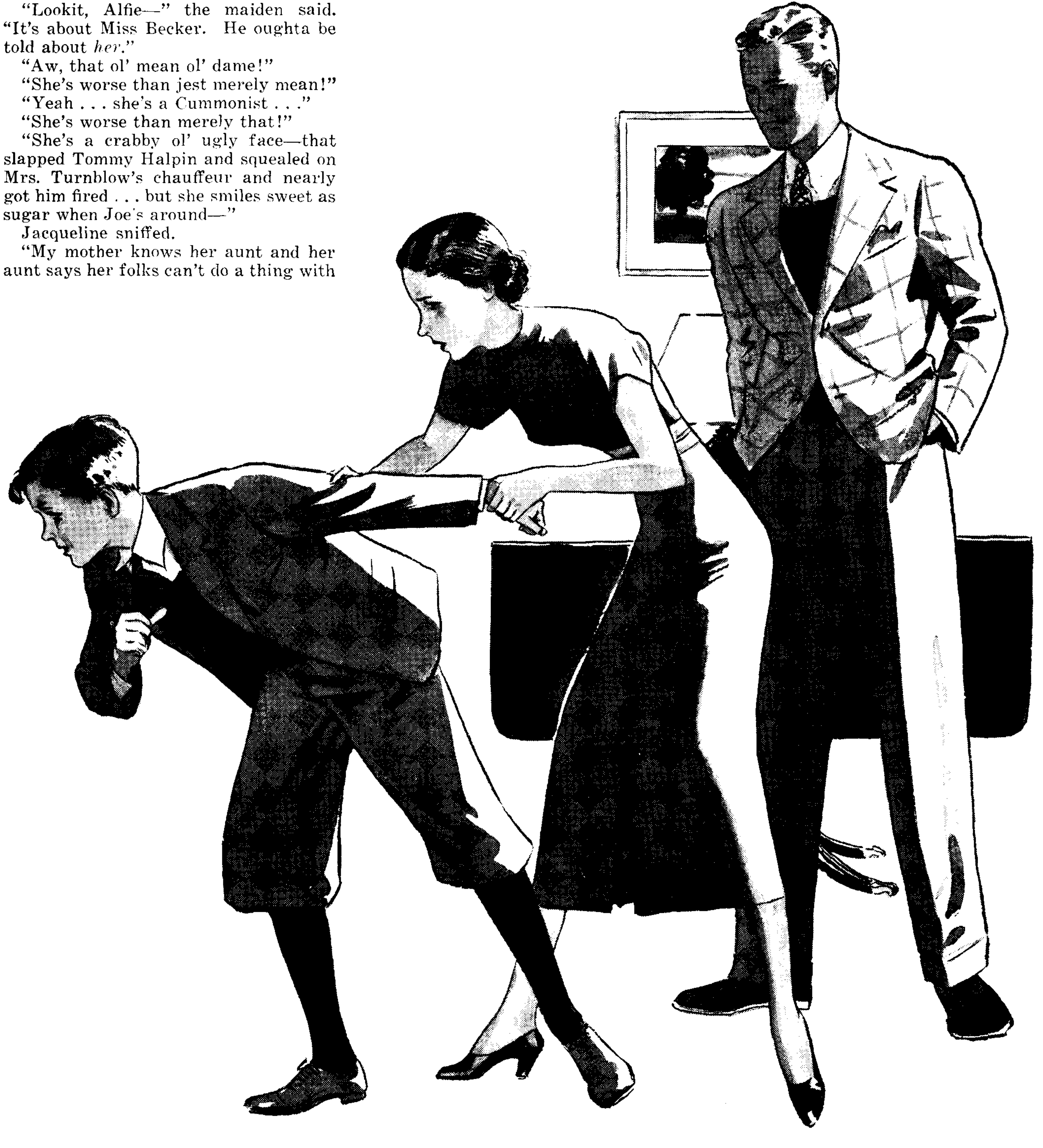
"Alfie, you tell me. If you don't, I'll go tell Joe what you said and he'll—"

"I never said anything, and if you dare disclose . . . uh . . . government confidential secruts . . . well, you jest better not!"

"Oh . . . did you see G-men following Miss Becker around?"

"Huh. That ain't the half of it!"

(*Continued on page 57*)

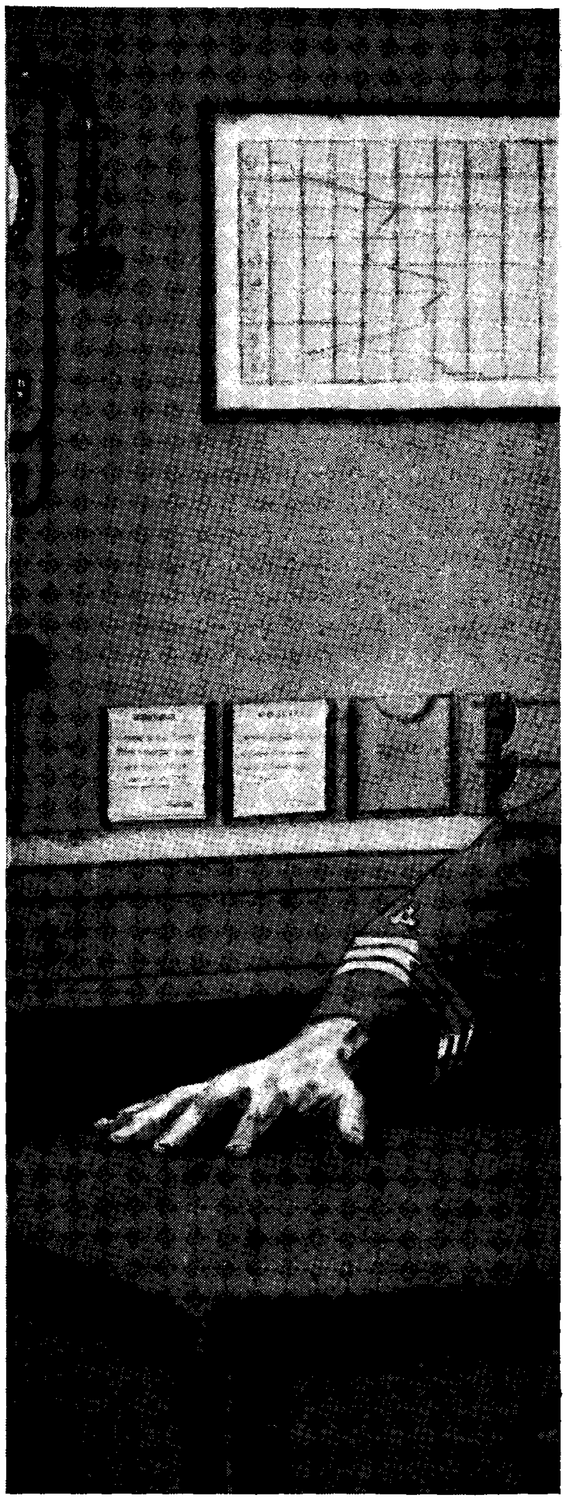


Alfie dared not look at Joe. He turned away. An angry hand grabbed his arm

Between Moves

Episode in the lives of two checker-players—the story of a great game at sea, a game which was played, mostly, away from the checkerboard

By Will F. Jenkins



THE snub-nosed little steamer pitched and wallowed in the following sea. The gale was nearly blown out now, but here on the Banks the seas were monstrous, and enough of wind remained to drive the smoke from her solitary funnel straight ahead and even to make a paradoxical slick before her bows. Into that slick she seemed constantly to drive; lunging and pitching and rolling in a particularly sickly fashion. Now and again white water ran along her decks. Now and again she buried her nose deeply and came up streaming sea-green-and-white stuff from her forecastle. But the worst of the gale was over.

Up in the wheelhouse the air was hot and odorous. The smell of warm varnish, and linoleum, and oil and tobacco and all the scents and smells of wheelhouses from time immemorial. Here, too, the movements of the ship were more pronounced. Her gyrations seemed wilder and her wobblings more insane. And from here, too, the sea seemed to partake of her motion and reel up to a plane approaching the vertical and then down to a steep slope across which the steamer ought infallibly to slide.

The chief engineer sat with the skipper in the chartroom behind the wheelhouse. Between them rested a checkerboard, each square of which contained a neatly drilled hole. Checkermen had marched and countermarched across that board in battles innumerable, anchored against disaster by pegs which fitted in the holes.

OUTSIDE, a sea broke suddenly, creating an acre of foam perhaps half a mile to starboard. The ship wallowed one gunwale almost under and came up triumphantly, as if having performed the feat on an imaginary dare. Then she slid down a monstrous slanting wall of green and hit the rising farther side with a cushioned bump, poking her forecastle deep into the uptilted water. She rose again, foaming.

The skipper moved a black man. With caution. With deep cunning. The chief engineer regarded the board suspiciously.

Far away over the waters a dim spark glowed for an instant. It appeared, and went erratically upward. Then it blazed more brightly and went out. A speaking tube whistled in the wheelhouse. The skipper ignored it while the chief engineer reached out his hand, and drew it back, and then cracked his knuckles in silence. The speaking tube whistled again. The skipper stood up, still looking down at the board. He braced himself, and the ship wallowed deeply to port. He held fast to a screwed-down chair while the engineer scowled.

The skipper went to the speaking tube and said, "Eh?"

Silence, save for the steady throbbing of the engines, and the washing of seas, and the drumming howl of the wind which was the end of the gale. The engineer cracked his knuckles yet again and frowned at the checkermen. He reached out his hand and drew it back once more. He muttered to himself.

"Eh?" said the skipper again. He listened. He pulled his head away from the tube-mouth and peered out the wheelhouse ports. He watched for what seemed minutes. Then a dim spark showed. He watched as it moved erratically upward, flared more brightly, and was abruptly extinguished. He went back to the speaking tube. "All right. I see it."

He blew into another tube. The tube whistled back.

"Somebody's shooting rockets off to port," the skipper said mildly. "Will you get ready to see what's the matter, Mr. Stanley? I'm changing course. You might show a flare to tell 'em we saw their signal."

He spoke to the helmsman. The wheel went over. The ship heeled a little—not much—and moved upon her new course. The general direction was so nearly the same that it could never have been told save that the steamer rolled more deeply, wallowed in a more sickening fashion, and buried her bows in the monstrous seas more soggily and more heavily than before.

The skipper came back to the chartroom, but did not sit down. He regarded the checkerboard and the chief engineer. The engineer said sourly:

"Bad!"

He referred exclusively to the situation among the checkermen. Yet again he lifted his hand as if to touch one of his own men, and did not. He cracked his knuckles.

The skipper got his binoculars and went out on the bridge, where wind and spray beat at him and the crazy plunging of the ship tried to fling him overboard. The ship pointed her stubby nose toward the sea bottom. Tons of sea water spurted over the well deck and raced astern as she lifted. She pointed toward the heavens and rolled. She went down another embankment of green water, and hit the ascending side of the next roller with a crash that went through her whole fabric. Half a mile to starboard, another sea broke and made acres of white smother. The skipper made his way back and shook water from himself.

The engineer still frowned at the checkermen. As the skipper looked in he said gloomily:

"You think you've got me on your fourth move ahead. But I'll trick you—"

The skipper said boastfully:

"Take your time, man! You'll need it!"

He blew in a speaking tube and talked at length. He opened a locker door and pulled out oilskins. He began to put them on. He gave an order to the helmsman and the wheel went over farther. The gyrations of the ship, from mere wallowings and pitchings, became convulsions. She rolled. She heaved. She pitched. She dived. Her funnel rolled to leeward until the remnant of the gale created a vacuum which sucked out smoke and almost the clinkers of her furnace fires. Then she rolled back to windward until the gale blew down her funnel and choked the fires and set the firemen below-decks to strangled cursing. She dived forward and down until it seemed that no power less than miraculous could bring her out of it. Then she came up, spouting sea and foam and sputtering from the shock of it.

THE skipper fastened the throat of his oilskins. The chief engineer reached toward the checkerboard, hesitated, stopped, and stood up with a grunt of disgust. He moved into the wheelhouse.

"But I'll get it!" he said defensively. "That damned fourth move ahead—"

The skipper chuckled.

"Take your time! Take your time!" He looked out at the heaving waters. Far, far away in the murk, something heaved upward into view, sent up a despairing, fizzing spark, and went down out of sight again. The skipper pointed a stubby finger. "There she is! Fisherman. In trouble."

He took the wheel himself and made a very fine adjustment, the immediate effect of which was that the ship seemed to try painstakingly to stand on her head. Something pounded on the forward hatch, came aft, hit solidly, and sent a green sheet of water spouting head-high above the wheelhouse. The skipper blinked in the instinctive reaction to an object moving fast toward one's eyes.

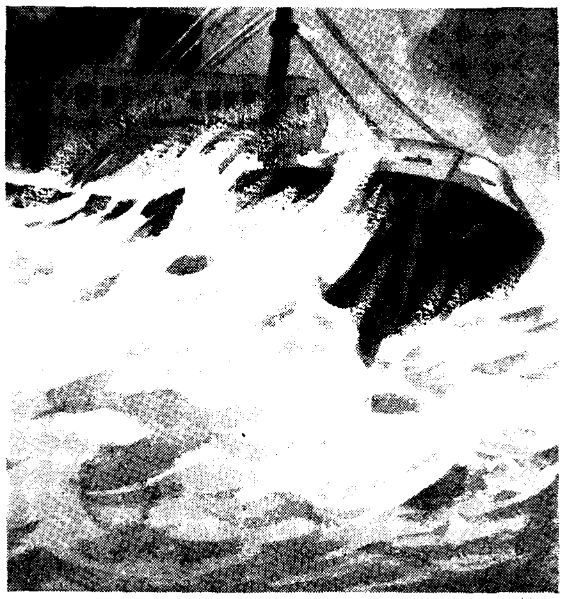
"Still rough," he said mildly.

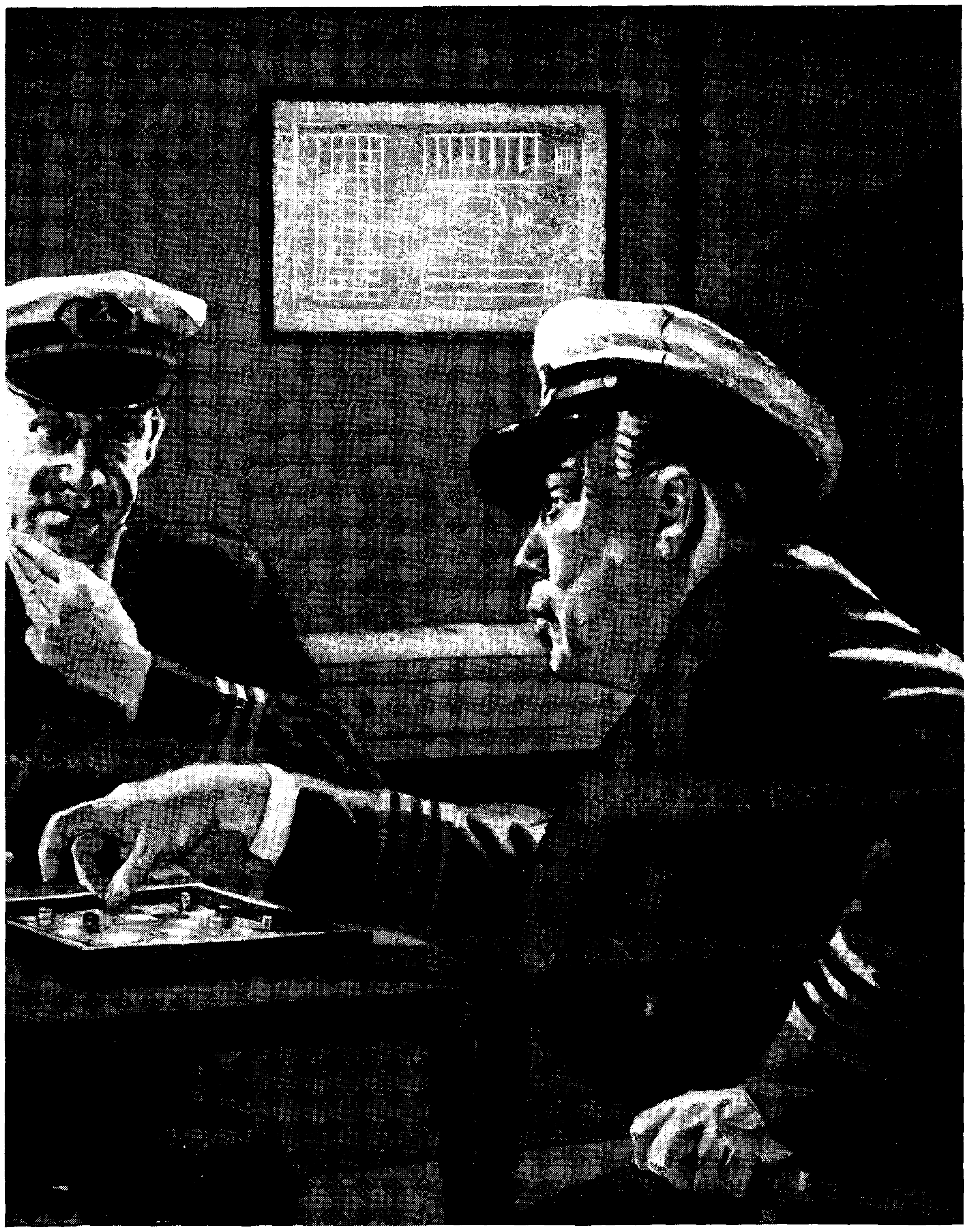
He held the ship firmly upon this latest course. But firmness is a strictly relative term. The stubby bow of the little steamer wobbled stubbornly. When mere pinnacles of water zoomed beneath her, the wheel held her steady. Sometimes she fell off a bit, but she came back. It was when acres and quarter-sections of sea slanted upward that her stern skidded around or her bow rebounded.

The skipper spoke mildly over his shoulder.

"Fisherman, in trouble. Masts gone and floating low. We'll have to use a boat. . . . I'm going to want to back her."

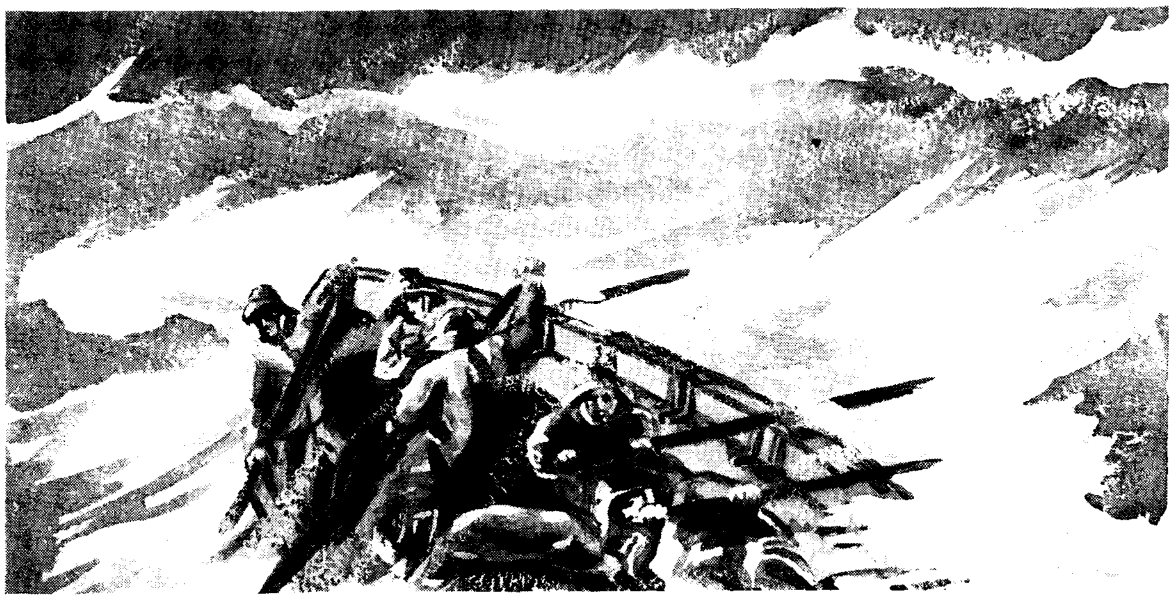
ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH EDMUND ENTWISTLE





The skipper moved a black man. The engineer regarded the board suspiciously

For an instant it swung up and down on the huge seas in an improbable security



The engineer rumbled, as he struggled into his own oilskins:

"But I'll trick you yet! That damn' fourth move. . . ."

The door slid open. Uproar poured in. The door slid shut again. The chief went aft, accompanied by an eight-inch wave which smacked against a deckhouse corner and dropped half a bucket of water down his neck. He wrested open another door and descended into the engine room's oil-impregnated atmosphere. Here there were musical humming sounds, and the curious flat smell of steam and hot lubricant, with a trace of the reek of steam coal and not a little of bilge and humanity. Here he conferred professionally with his assistant and later descended to the boilers.

The seas were still monstrous outside the ship. Huge hills of water came surging from nowhere, flung the small ship about, and went on to nothingness. There were cross seas, too, and rushing peaks poured themselves across the face of the waters on erratic courses which were only partly predictable. The smoke of the ship steamed from her funnel in a wavering straight stream which did not blur nor break for a hundred yards or more. The wind still blew with such force that a slick went on ahead, quartering, now, because she was no longer quite tail to wind.

AND two miles away from her, and then a mile and three-quarters, and then a mile and a half. . . . Something floated soggily. It was a fisherman, of course. A Banks schooner which proverbially takes bad weather as its natural element. It should have been dancing cockily over all this turbulence with a rag of foresail and perhaps a bit of jib, smoke coming out of its galley chimney and scraps of red flannel underwear in the rigging to dry or air. The dark figures now clinging desperately to lines or riven planks should have been comfortably below or at ease upon a tight, dry deck, prepared to wave derisively at a steamer which plunged and lurched and shed spume and foam in cascades from its rusty plating.

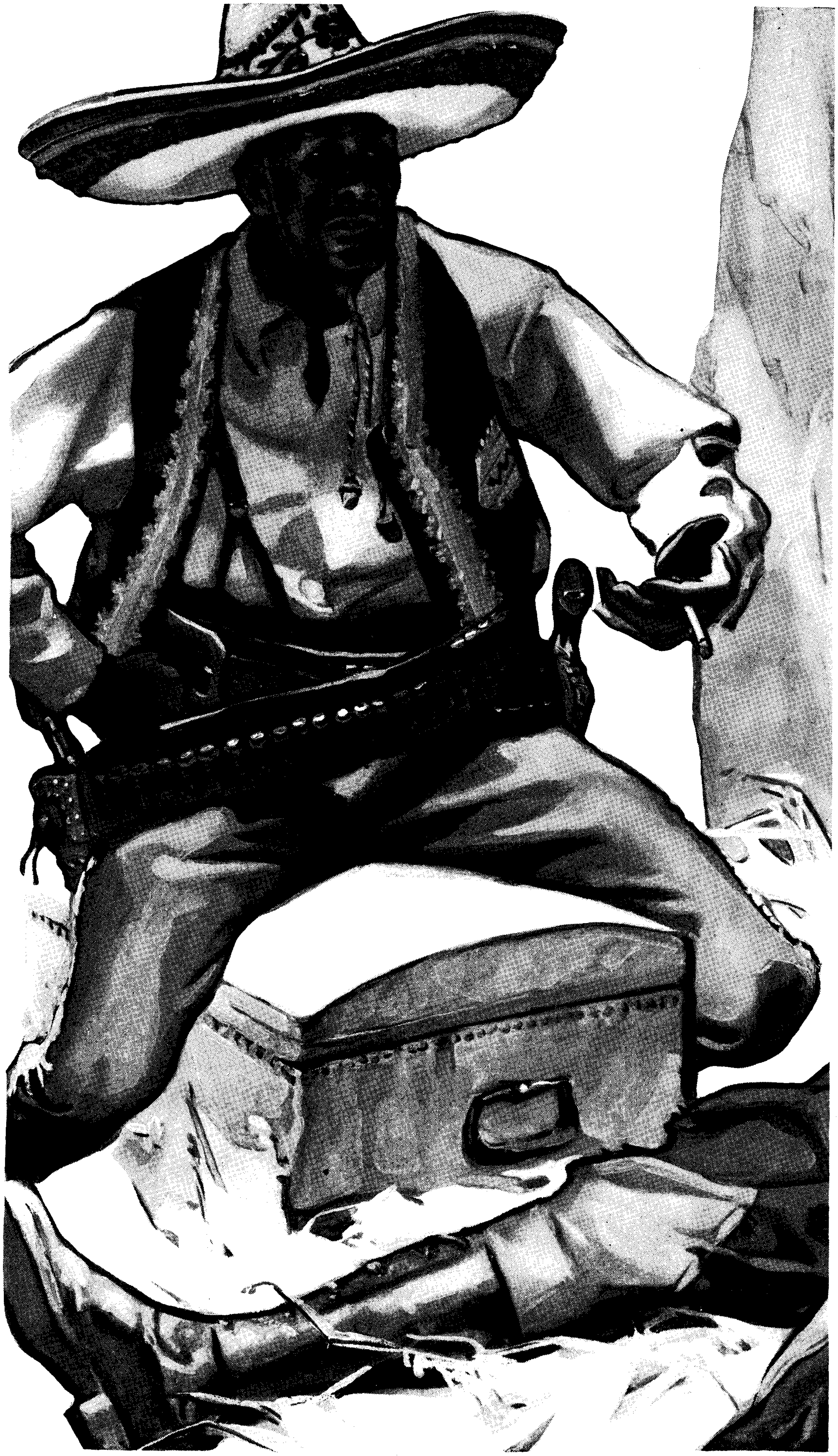
But something had hit this schooner. Something unguessable. Dories and gear were gone. The deckhouses were smashed. Worse—and most revealing—that something had come roaring aft and had smashed wheel and binnacle together. Now only the frayed stump of the rudderpost projected above her deck, so battered that any thought of using it to control the rudder was absurd.

Probably, too, there had been no time for such a thought. Certainly a sea which swept dories and deckhouses aft in one grinding mass would have been followed by others to broach her to within seconds. And then to be swept and pounded and—of course—gradually swamped was inevitable. The devastation was so complete that there had been apparently no attempt even to cut away the wreckage overside. Certainly no effort to make a sea anchor to bring her head to wind. But here, on the Banks and with a cross sea sending lunatic watery peaks wavering to and fro, even a sea anchor would have been of no remarkable value.

The steamer loomed out of the smother to windward of the wreck, charging across and through ranges of liquid hills. She was tilted by the sea, and the men on the wrecked schooner saw her bows plunge below tooth-edged waves. Then she lunged, and showed her red bottom plates in a skittish indecorum. The smoke from her funnel was pungent and it stank, but there was never a more welcome odor to the dark figures on the schooner.

Up in her wheelhouse the skipper took the wheel again, and she obediently strove to bury herself in surging green water. The skipper waited until she came out of it. Then he released the wheel and mildly ordered the helmsman to keep her so. And it was not bad seamanship, at that. With her engines at half speed astern the little steamer checked her way,

(Continued on page 30)



Under Pressure

By

George Agnew Chamberlain

The Story Thus Far:

BANDITS seize La Barranca, the beautiful Mexican *hacienda* of Cutler Sewell, an American. Sewell's wife is murdered; but he succeeds in saving himself and his small daughter, Joyce. When he dies, several years later, after marrying again, Joyce resolves that some day, somehow, she will regain La Barranca. Then, when she is twenty and her stepmother is insisting that she marry "for money," the Mexican ambassador in Washington sends her a check for ten thousand dollars—and she goes to Mexico City.

Informed by Dirk Van Suttart, young second secretary of the American Embassy, that the ambassador will do nothing to help her, she turns to Margarida Fonseca, a woman lawyer, and General Zacharias Onelia, whose bitterest enemy, "General" Dorado, is in possession of La Barranca. Together, Margarida and Onelia outline a plan of campaign for her; and, following an exciting adventure, in the course of which she meets one Adán Arnaldo, night-club owner and man of mystery, she puts it into effect.

With a detachment of soldiers, led by Sergeant Pancho Buenaventura, she attacks La Barranca, ousts General Dorado, takes possession of the place—and prepares for possible counterattacks. . . . Meanwhile, her stepmother, alarmed for her safety, has set a mighty mechanism to work. And presently, thanks to the efforts of Helm Blackadder, an astute businessman whom Mrs. Sewell is soon to marry, the State Department in Washington instructs our ambassador in Mexico City to look into the matter, and protect Miss Joyce Sewell, American.

Which explains the sudden appearance of Dirk Van Suttart at La Barranca, where Joyce, remembering his rather chilly reception of her in the capital, gives him none too cordial a welcome.

Another man, a man representing the Mexican government and fully cognizant of all the latest developments in the case, presently arrives: Adán Arnaldo. Finding the *hacienda* surrounded by Dorado's men, he does not enter the estate. Instead, with Juanito, his chauffeur, he approaches it on foot. From a low hill, the two men observe an automobile drawing near—and a band of mounted bandits surrounding it. The car stops. A thickset man steps out. The car speeds away. "That man," Arnaldo whispers, "is a *gringo* named Blackadder. Dorado's caught him!"

VII

BLACKADDER was scarcely conscious of his driver's treachery, so absorbed was his attention by the gaping muzzles of two double-action forty-fives and the man who held them. Experience in many tough spots of the world, notably mining camps and the diamond fields of Lençoes, had taught him a gun at the level of the hip invariably means business. Besides, Dorado's pear-shaped face, the sodden slouch of his shoulders and the consequent protuberance of his belly presented such a vivid incarnation of brutality as to arouse doubt as to whether the six-shooters might not in the long run turn out to be angels of mercy. Instinctively Helm raised both hands and kept them high. Without appearing to move a muscle Dorado sent a searing bullet between the spread fingers of one of them.

"Put 'em down," he ordered in guttural English, then murmured instructions to two of his followers.

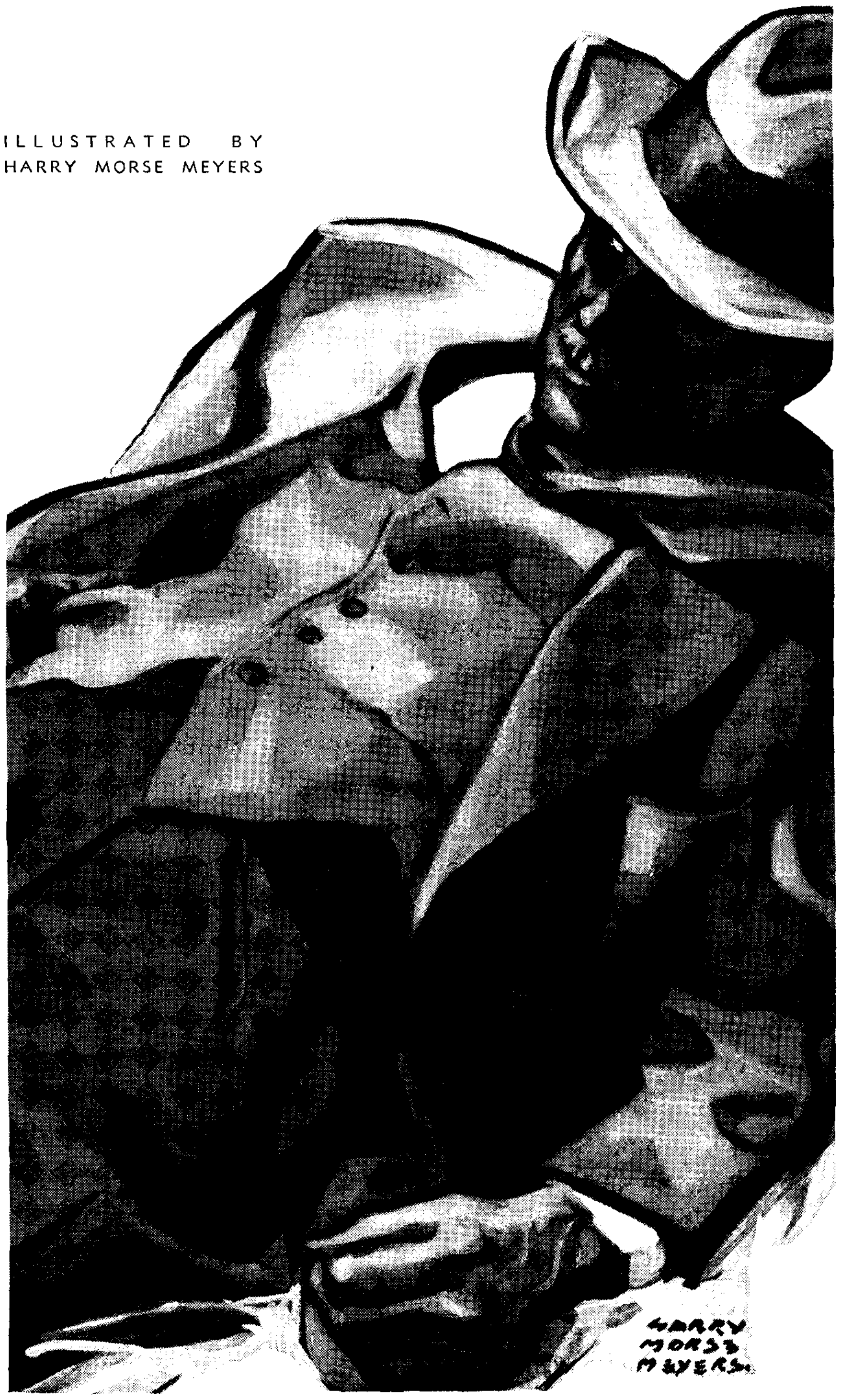
They dismounted, frisked Blackadder for arms, seized him by feet and wrists, swung him into the saddle of one of their horses and trussed his ankles beneath its barrel so tightly he winced at the pain. He started to protest in Spanish but caught his tongue in time. Both men mounted the remaining riderless horse and the cavalcade was off. Dorado rode at its head at a mile-eating hand gallop and the rest followed, closely bunched around the prisoner. The course was north by east, presenting occasional glimpses of the irregular gash of the *barranca* on the left. They followed it for hours, then did a hair-raising slide down a narrow switchback path into its depths.

Every bone and muscle in Blackadder's strong frame ached with such excruciating agony he wondered how he kept from fainting. Perhaps that was the reason—perhaps there is a pain beyond pain that overleaps unconsciousness and makes of the rack a supreme torture. The descent into the chasm wrung from him a groan, wailing and unashamed. What could he expect of the climb on the other side? At the mere thought of it cold sweat broke out on his forehead, all over him. But there was no climb.

The troop had formed into single file and was traveling at an easy running walk along a sandy bottom, first on one side and then on the other of a rushing brook. His relief was indescribable. Release from fear of the steep ascent, deep shade instead of the burning sun, level going at a smooth pace, all combined to make him feel he was wallowing in the luxury of a feather bed. He began to take note of his surroundings—of general direction, distance and landmarks.

THE *barranca* was narrowing steadily. At a point where cactus, bushes and vines all but met overhead to form a bower it made a right-angle turn, immediately disclosing a scene so familiar he felt he had been thrust backward into his own past. Three abandoned drifts gaped in the walls of the chasm, two on the southern, one on the northern side, and along the stream for a distance of a hundred yards men could be seen busily sloshing wooden *bateas* for placer gold. With a muttered order Dorado dismounted and passed into the recesses of the largest of the cavelike openings. In a moment every rider had unsaddled and the freed horses were driven helter-skelter upstream into a cliff-locked corral, presently to be fed with trusses of gramma grass tossed down from the prairie above.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



"I think perhaps you lie," said Dorado softly. "How much money you got?" "I did lie," said Blackadder. "I'm an American"

The nearest man to Blackadder drew his sheath knife and slashed the taut thong connecting his ankles. Either by accident or on purpose the knife severed the girth and gashed the pony's hide as well. The horse leaped in the air, hurling rider and saddle to the ground. There was a roar of laughter. Finding himself unable to rise, Blackadder started to crawl on hands and knees to the brook, intending to bathe his lacerated and half-paralyzed legs in the cooling water. One of the placer miners, thinking the general merriment gave him his chance and willing to risk life for freedom, dropped his *batea* and made a desperate dash down the gorge. He was almost at the right-angle turn when two guards faced around and riddled him with buckshot.

Blackadder paused with a cupped hand extended toward the stream and felt his backbone harden; so that was the game—slavery under arms! At each slosh of the icy water his fury rose, restoring his courage and determination to more than their normal level. Leaning far over he extracted passport and wallet from his breast pocket and managed to thrust them under a flat stone. Presently Dorado called to him—not loudly, but the funnel of the drift acted like a megaphone.

"Come here, *cabrón*."

BLACKADDER found he could barely walk. He approached, entered and at a gesture from Dorado sank on a truss of hay with his back against the wall. Instantly his long training as a miner set his senses alert. A glance had shown him that a one-time adit had been excavated to form a large square room, probably backed by smaller compartments farther in. So much might have been evident to any shrewd observer, but what no layman could have deduced was the fact that there must be a shaft, small or large, somewhere in the rear. Blackadder's nostrils informed him such was the case, not by reason of any odor but because of an indescribable thinness in the air. Dorado, straddling a chest, looked down at him, his eyes like potential goads, his lips working hungrily as if he were torn between hatred and cupidity.

"You spik *Castellano?*" he asked.

"No," lied Blackadder.

"What is your name?"

"Henry Gilfalcon."

"Henrique, hein? You *gringo*—Americano?"

"No, I'm British," said Blackadder, but instantly regretted the falsehood, for at the sudden hardening of Dorado's luminous eyes he realized it had not gone over.

"I think perhaps you lie," said Dorado softly. "When I know you lie I send a finger to the American Ambassador—one finger each week. How much money you got?"

"I did lie," said Blackadder, "and I'm sorry. I'm an American, but all my money—everything I had in the world—was in my dispatch case in that car."

"No money, eh?"

"Not a cent, and nothing else," said Blackadder, proceeding to empty his pockets one by one and turn them inside out.

Dorado shrugged his shoulders and looked away indifferently. "You make me lose one miner. Tomorrow you take his place. Perhaps pretty soon somebody want to buy you for twenty-five thousand pesos. Better write letter while you have enough fingers. You write letter any time you like; I read it. You say send money to General Dorado, Mexico City."

"Dorado!" cried Blackadder. "Are you General Dorado?"

Dorado's eyes narrowed to slits. "In this place it does not matter for you to think Pepe Dorado is me, but when the money comes—" He threw back his head and laughed silently. "When the money comes General Dorado will be charged to pursue the *bandidos* and free you! In your country always great difficulty to make contact. Here I make contact with myself. Verry simple. I receive honor and cash."

"I see," said Blackadder, frowning.

SOMETHING was stirring in his brain—a seed, an acorn that developed in a flash to the size of a full-grown oak. As yet he saw its outlines only dimly, but it was there, already sturdy and spreading the shelter of its branches over his threatened head. Roughly it could be framed in a single question. Why not substitute La Barranca for the ransom of twenty-five thousand pesos and thus kill four birds with one stone? He turned silent, measuring his idea from every angle. A basin of black beans mixed with chunks of beef was handed him. He ate listlessly and soon after was hustled into the sort of cell-like room he had surmised might exist back of Dorado's quarters.

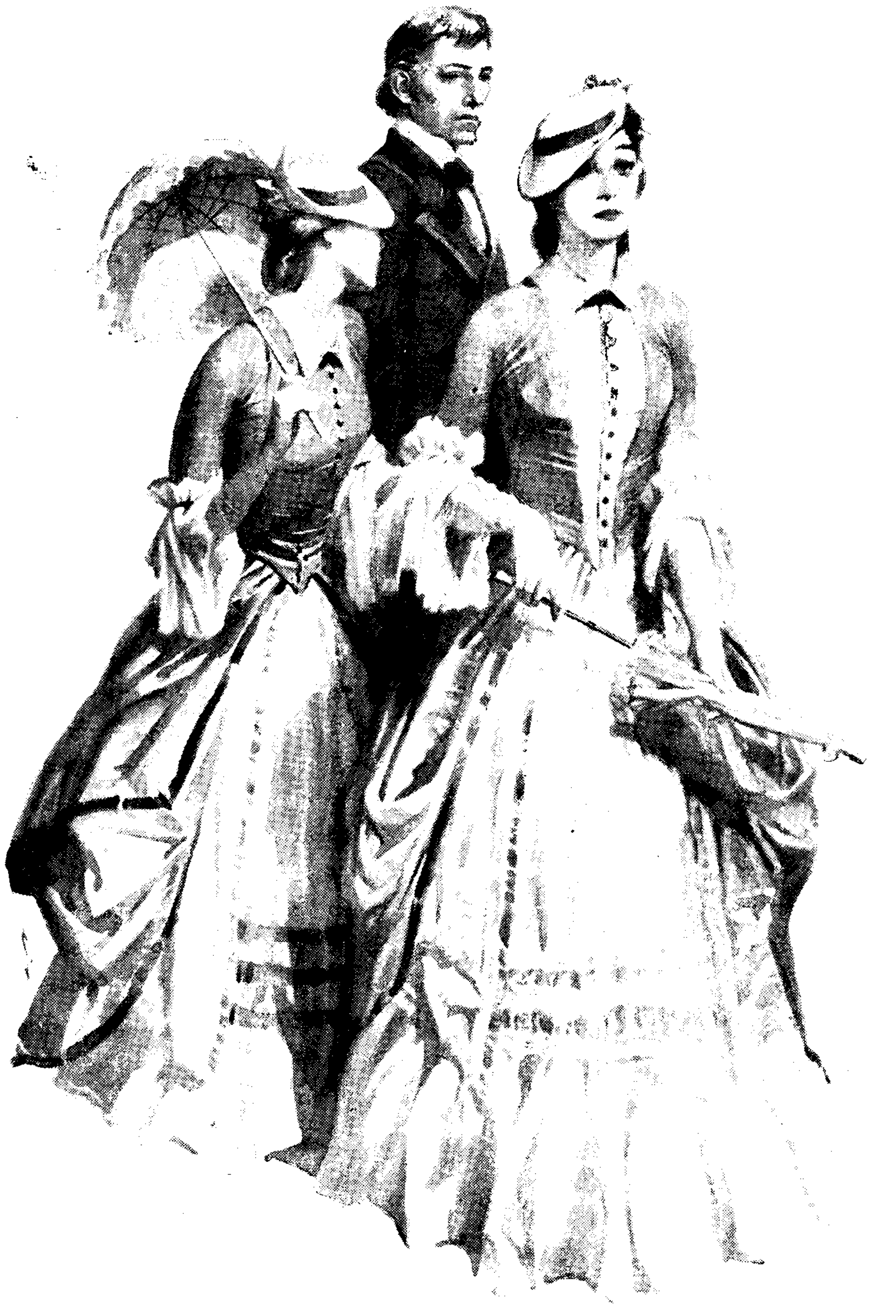
In spite of exhaustion he could not sleep, tortured by the aching of his swollen ankles, but toward dawn fell into a doze. It proved a misfortune, since by the time he was roused Dorado and his riders had already departed on their daily foray, but the guards remained. One of them prodded Blackadder into action and presently, for the first time in twenty years, he found himself wielding a *batea*. The day proved unlucky for Dorado as well. At nightfall, wafted along within a blue cloud of blasphemy, he was carried in on an improvised litter and laid on his cot; the bullet that had pierced his thigh had killed his horse.

ARNALDO had stayed crouched beside the trunk of the cactus much longer than ordinary caution required, thinking, and thinking hard. He and Juanito swung their heads slowly and finally had to shift their positions to keep their eyes fixed on the steadily receding cloud of dust which marked the course Dorado and his men had taken. Finally Adán lit a cigarette, rolled over on his back and tipped his hat so it kept the sun out of his eyes. He knew how far the sound of a starting motor would carry in that rarefied air and had no intention of announcing his presence when a little patience would keep it secret. A full hour elapsed before he led the way back to the car and ordered Juanito to proceed.

Again they began their series of ups and downs with short quick spurts wherever the rutted trail was level enough. Some of the *arroyos* were so shallow they produced no more than the effect of a gentle rolling, while the sharpness of others made the car groan. Juanito never missed a chance to make speed and as the trail frequently forked this way and that, dodging the mudholes of the recent rainy season, he was forced to come to some quick decisions. Such a choice now presented itself. The fork to the left was undoubtedly the main road but the wheel marks to the right seemed fresher.

He chose the former, yielding instinctively to the pull of memory, for he had driven this way once before. Recollection told him there would be a short

(Continued on page 66)



That was all. The women turned away, leaving him paused there

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

Proud People

The finest story that ever came out of a small town, where a girl jilted the man she loved—and the wiseacres knew too much

By Ernest Haycox

IT WAS always like this in New Hope in those far-off days when I was a boy and the world was so young. The weeks ran on without event until it seemed time stood still, and then excitement would burst across our town like a sudden prairie storm. . . .

I stood on St. Vrain Street in front of the Western House that morning at the moment old Henry Bland, a tall and genteel man with an old soldier's brisk carriage, wheeled out of his bank and walked toward the courthouse with more haste than was usual. The freighters were rumbling up from the river landing, their great wheels dipping and dropping the dust like water, and the Omaha mail stage rounded the corner of Prairie Street at a very reckless clip. Mr. Wackrow stepped from the Western House, spoke to me, and went on toward the bank. And just then Mark Morrison, Henry Bland's cashier, came from the bank with his cheeks set like marble and hurried into the adjoining alley. Henry Bland was returning from the courthouse with our sheriff, Jim Fane, and Mr. Wackrow had stopped on the street to look at them. And at that moment I heard one shot break through the alley.

Mr. Wackrow ran into the alley and the sheriff jumped away from Henry Bland, trotting after Mr. Wackrow, and people began to run out of the buildings on St. Vrain Street. I do not know why, but for some reason I watched old Henry Bland, who seemed to walk more and more slowly, as though there was a weight pushing on his shoulders. Suddenly there was a crowd in front of the bank and Jim Fane came back from the alley. I heard him say, "Mark Morrison just killed himself." Afterward he followed Henry Bland into the bank. Through the glass of the door I could see Mr. Bland lock the door and put the "Closed" sign across it. As young as I was I knew then what that meant.

THESE things are so clear in my memory. Camilla Bland came from the Bon Marche, a startled expression in her eyes. She called to me: "What is it, Tod?" And on hearing her voice, young Phil Hendry turned from the edge of the gathering crowd and went directly to her. "You've got to go home, Cam," he said, and took her away. My father appeared from his office, and pushed through the crowd, rapping on the bank's door. Henry Fane let him in. Doctor Gillespie turned from the White Palace Restaurant directly into the alley. By this time St. Vrain Street was full of people and Johnny Dix slid beside me, his eyes as round as plates. He said, "Mark Morrison blew his head off," and I, shocked and a little sick, turned away. Somebody was carrying a canvas tarpaulin into the alley.

My father came home late that night. Mother and I were on the porch and I noticed the roundness of his shoulders in the twilight and the heaviness of his step. My mother just looked at him. He stood on the steps, one foot above the other and I recall now that I was suddenly aware of his age. There was a faint gray along the edges of his black hair. He was looking at Mother, quietly shaking his head. He said: "The bank examiner dropped in today. Mark Morrison wasn't expecting him."

"I always trusted Mark," said my mother.

"So did Henry Bland," said my father. "Too much. Mark was speculating." He so seldom swore, but he swore now. "Damn him; he's left half the families in this town in trouble!"

"Tod."

They were looking at each other and afterward Father's glance seemed to rise and run along the front of our house and my mother said instantly: "Oh, not that, Tod."

"I'm one of the stockholders," he said. "I'll have to stand the assessment."

There was a long, long silence and then my mother, gentle soul, said in a soft voice: "I'm so sorry for Henry Bland."

Father said: "You had better be sorry for a good many other people."

After dinner he left, and a little later I went roaming down St. Vrain Street and saw the lights of the bank shining through the cracks of the drawn shades and I knew Father was in there with the other directors. Jim Fane guarded the doorway. This news had spread like a grass fire and half the farmers of the county had come in and the teamsters and river roustabouts choked the street and the talk was sullen and a little wild. Father came home long after I was in bed that night. His voice and Mother's voice made a murmuring below me until at last I fell asleep.

YOU have to see that New Hope clearly to understand the havoc that failure wrought. Sitting beside the Missouri and facing the far reach of the prairie, our town depended on the freighting trade for its existence. Its wealth sprang from the traffic of all those great wagons pitching westward with the land's long undulations. In the beginning old Henry Bland had pioneered that trade; he had supported and encouraged most of the others who had grown moderately wealthy in the trade. The river and the wagons and the far-off settlements—and Henry Bland. This was the way of it; and when the bank closed, the life of our town fluttered.

I could see care and anxiety deepen the lines of my father's face that following week when the big stockholders and the leading merchants of our town met to apportion their losses. And I remember how bitterly he said one thing: "Alex Hendry is a damned hard man!"

My mother said: "The law says he must stand his assessment, doesn't it?"

My father looked at her. "We've got to shoulder more than that."

She said: "I don't understand."

Neither did I. But I was soon to learn. It was the next night that Belle Mellish, the widow of a teamster tragically killed, came to the porch. I was in the house, but I heard her say to Father: "It's little I had in that bank and if I'm to lose half of it, how do I live? There's years ahead of me, and now I've got to take my boy out of school and put him to work. How am I to live?"

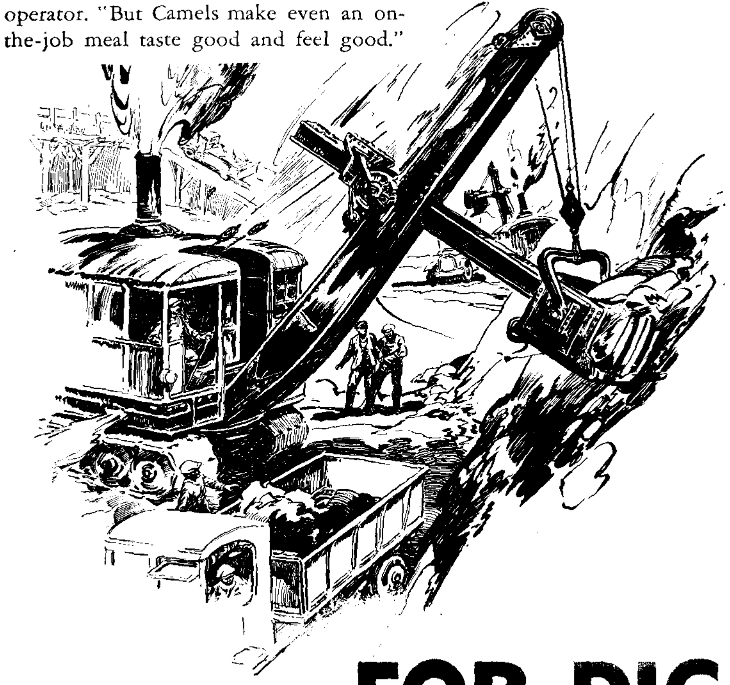
I didn't hear my father's answer but after she went away I did hear him speak to Mother. "There's a hundred like her in New Hope. We've got more to shoulder than just our assessments. But Alex Hendry won't assume a dime more than the law compels him."

My mother spoke in a softly wondering way. "What will Phil Hendry do—and what will Camilla Bland think?"

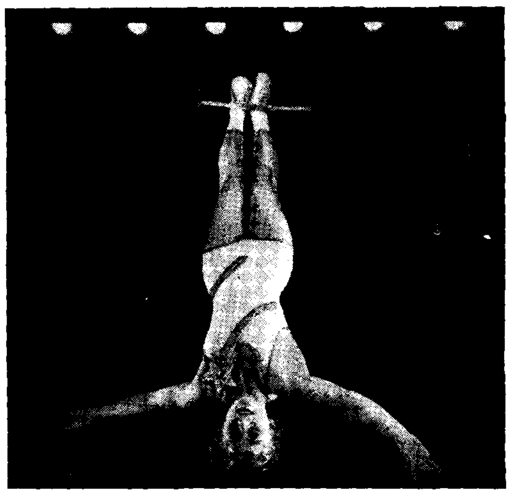
AT ELEVEN my boyhood world was widening in a queer way, with strange things creeping in to disturb it, to make it less secure. I thought of Camilla Bland and of Phil Hendry, who was old Alex Hendry's son, the day they auctioned off the Bland possessions. Everybody knew that Bland had turned all that he owned over to the creditors; and this was the last he had to give. Legally he didn't need to; but if you knew Henry Bland you understood he could have done nothing else.

I remember the auctioneer's voice crying through the rooms of that big and

"WORK COMES FIRST . . . eating, second," says Bob Duffey, steam-shovel operator. "But Camels make even an on-the-job meal taste good and feel good."

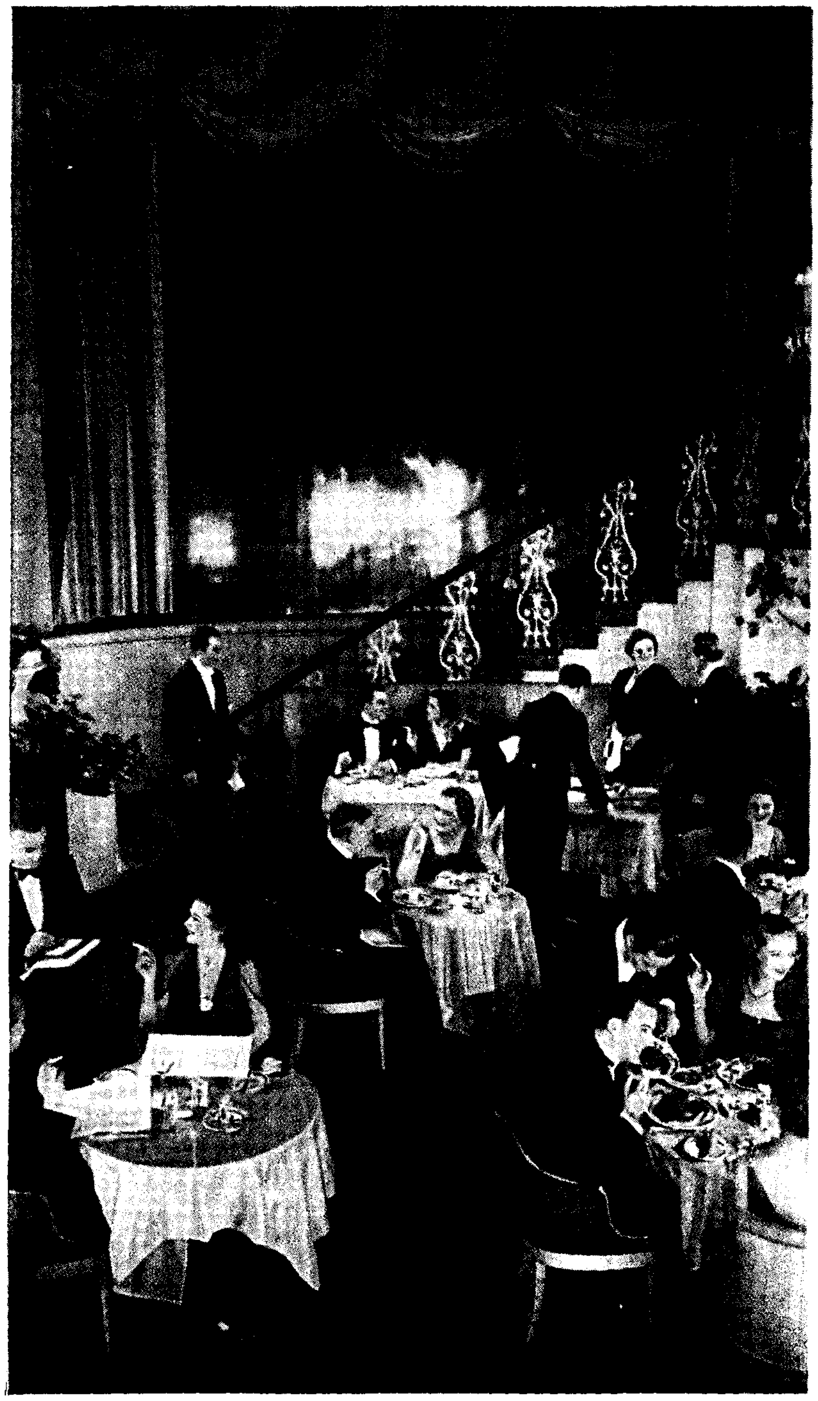


RECORD SCHEDULE is maintained by A. L. Spear (*above*) on the C. & N. W. "400" between Chicago and St. Paul. "To keep in tiptop condition," he explains, "I light up a Camel after meals. It makes digestion easier."



WHIRLED THROUGH SPACE UPSIDE DOWN—attractive Vera Kimris (*above*) of the New York hit, "Jumbo." "Thanks to Camel's aid to digestion," says this pretty star, "I can always be sure of enjoying my food."

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS



Scientific research shows that the comforting experience of smoking Camels definitely promotes good digestion

The delightful sense of well-being that good digestion brings in its wake depends largely on the unhindered flow of the digestive fluids. Unfortunately, all the hurry, worry, noise, and sudden impacts of living today slow down the flow of the digestive fluids.

Smoking Camels *renews and increases* the secretion of the digestive fluids. Camels encourage digestion. That is one reason why you feel so cheered when you light a Camel after a delightful meal. The classic researches of the great physiologist, Pavlov, on the digestive processes opened the door for further recent experiments. Others carried on. Found that Camels increase the flow of the digestive fluids in a natural and pleasant way. Enjoy the delightful flavor and mildness of Camel's costlier tobaccos. Smoke Camels with meals, between meals—as often as you like. They never get on your nerves or tire your taste. Camels set you right!

DINING DE LUXE
AT THE
PIERRE IN NEW YORK

This is an experience never to be forgotten. What will you have? It's pleasant to imagine. Perhaps *Borsch Polonaise* to start. Then *Suprême* of Halibut *à la Russe*, Braised Lettuce, and String Beans *au Gratin*. Then—a Camel . . . a crisp salad . . . a Camel again . . . and an ice with *demi-tasse* and—Camels. "Camels are by far the most popular cigarette here," says M. Bonaudi, banquet manager of the Pierre. Camels are part of the art of dining. They stimulate digestion—add to the sense of well-being every one should have after dining.

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

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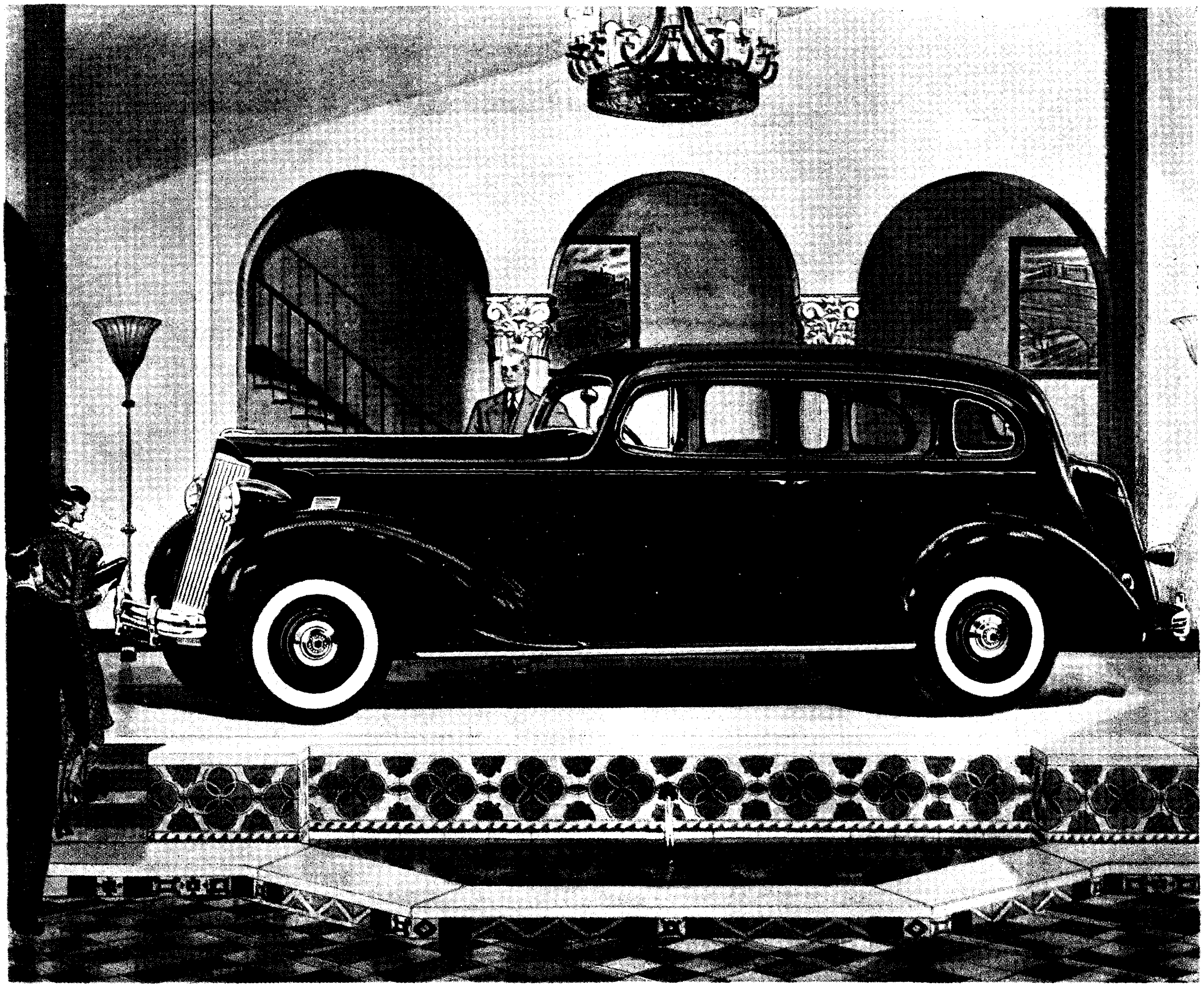


The 1936 Packard 120 Touring Sedan for five passengers

We invite you to forget everything Packard is famous for

WHEN you come in for your first ride in a Packard 120, we invite you to forget everything that Packard is famous for.

You can close your eyes to the car's good looks, you can shut your mind to the prestige of the Packard name, you can ignore the longer style and mechanical life that lie under those unmistakable Packard lines—*and still get the greatest motoring thrill you ever had in your life.*

When you shift into high and step on the throttle, a surge of power sinks you back shoulder-deep into those tailored cushions. The 120 horses of the greatest straight-eight motor ever put in a car of this weight shoot you forward with almost effortless acceleration.

You ride with none of the swinging bounce, none of the half-checked jars you have had to tolerate. Even chuck-hole shocks are caught and smothered before they reach your body. You *see* road irregularities—but feel nothing. You turn corners without side-sway.

Before a mile has rolled under your wheels, you have a satisfying sense of relaxation. Every control you touch seems to almost anticipate your wish. Steering is finger-light. The Packard clutch and Packard hydraulic brakes, work with little more than tip-toe pressure.

Until you've had a 1936 Packard 120 ride, you don't know—you *can't* know—what modern motoring has to offer you. Only when you've driven and inspected the new Packard 120 can you realize the vast difference between a car built in the fine-car tradition—down to the last bolt and hub cap—and cars built to a price.

And only when you get out pad and pencil will you discover how easy the Packard 120 is to own, especially if you use the attractive and economical 6% Payment-out-of-Income Plan. And long, long after your last payment is forgotten you will be driving a car that is still smart, still a car you are proud of.

You are paying for a Packard, why not own one?

—match Packard 120 against the field!

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD 120

\$990 to \$1115

at the factory

Standard accessory group extra

pleasant and homely house and I remember how crowded the place was with people I had never seen before—farmers in from the prairie and bargain hunters from adjoining towns; and I remember, too, that of the Bland family's friends only my father, who represented the bank, and Phil Hendry were there. It was a sense of courtesy, I think, that kept the others away. And I remember Camilla standing alone in a corner, tall and a little pale and not showing anything out of her eyes but a bitter pride while all the things that had been a part of her life for so many years slowly melted away. Later, in the yard, I heard my father swear faintly to himself when a Dutch hardscrabble settler from Sage Coulee bought in the two matched gray mares Henry Bland had driven for so long.

My mother cried when Father told her how the auction had gone. He said: "I would rather have been horsewhipped, but the creditors wanted me to be there. I don't know why Phil Hendry put in his appearance."

And then I remembered that Phil Hendry had stood across the room from Camilla, a big, yellow-headed young man inclined to laughter and to indifference but who hadn't smiled that long afternoon and who had only looked at the girl and had never gone over to where she stood. It was strange to me, for all New Hope understood those two were to be married.

In the end the bank was reorganized and my father made president by the stockholders. After the assessments had been paid in there was, I think, about fifty cents on the dollar; and then the leading men of the town went their own personal notes to assure the small depositors another twenty-five cents. My father's share of that extra assessment was, I recall, five thousand dollars.

Often in later years I wondered why they had gone beyond their strict responsibilities, why they had so quietly and so calmly assumed that added debt. And I was a man fully grown before I saw those bearded and slow-speaking and rather stolid men in the proper light. Well, there was something in them they could not help, a taciturn sense of duty they could not escape. A hundred or more little depositors like Mrs. Belle Mellish had suffered in the crash; and the extra money raised was to relieve them.

ALEX HENDRY had been one of the big operators of our town; a wry, taut New England man with a shrewdness for trading that was marked even in a country of traders. But he had not joined in the extra assessment. All the way through he had fought for his pound of flesh, threatening to liquidate the bank if his interests were pushed, and in the end the other stockholders, with an indescribable bitterness, had made their hard bargain with him. The Bland Block on St. Vrain Street was turned over to him to satisfy his share of the lost deposits; and a working interest in the brewery as well. A month after the crash I saw a painter put a ladder to the arch of the Bland Block building; when I passed that way later it had become the Hendry Block. My father had been this man's friend; and Henry Bland had been his banker and his adviser. But it made no difference. From that day forward I never saw my father speak to Alex Hendry. And once when Henry Bland happened to be walking down Prairie Street, I saw this shrewd and foxy Alex stop and speak quite civilly to Bland. There was no answer. Henry Bland, grown terribly old, looked at Alex Hendry in a way that erased the man from existence.

I think from that day on Alex Hendry, as rich as any man in our county, had no real friend. I can look back now and see our town with wiser eyes than I had then; and I think something came to New Hope it had not possessed before. I cannot see them as romantic figures, those slow and stolid and heavy men who ran our stores and owned the stage lines and lived in the big sprawling houses out along Prairie Street. They were hard men and they were drivers; in a rough and sometimes cruel world they were extreme realists, all of them. Yet they had a sense of duty they could not voice—a kind of pride in their obligations to this town and to the people in it. It had pulled them together; it had shut Alex Hendry out.

It was just after the bank reopened that New Hope noticed Camilla Bland had returned Phil Hendry's ring.

I remember the night my mother told this to Father. He was reading the paper but he put it aside and looked over to her a rather long while, as if considering what he ought to say. I see her so vividly now—a quiet woman with sweet lips and a way that was soft and gracious, filling all my boyhood with a gentleness that comes to me now like a fragrance. He said, soberly and cheerlessly: "It's better that way."

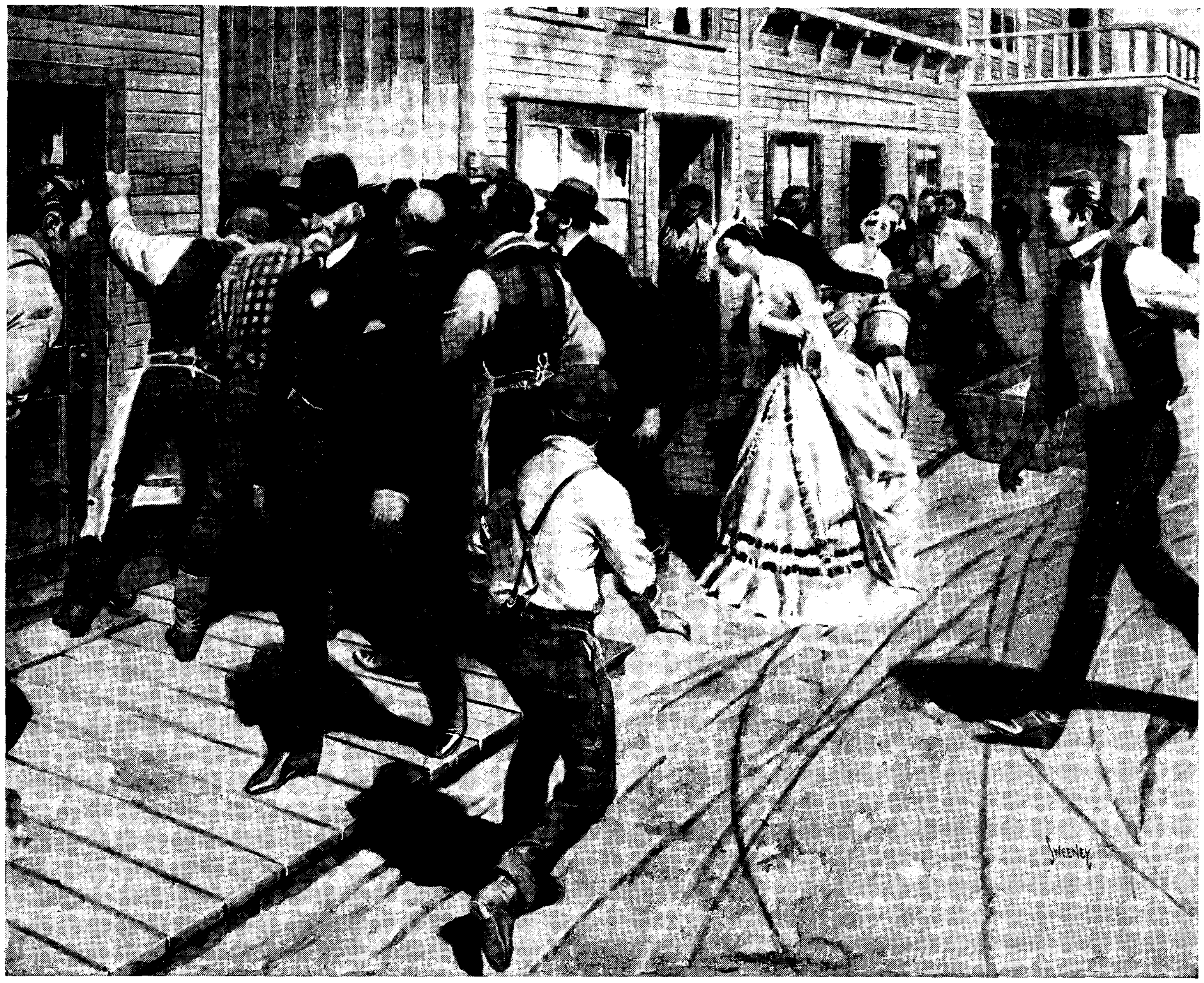
My mother protested: "He was always a good boy. They were so nice a couple."

My father said: "He'll get his father's money—which is tainted. I think Camilla wants none of that."

Often, in the months that followed, I wondered. For these were the days when the world was opening for me and I was thinking of things I felt and feared—and could not understand. I saw Phil Hendry go down Prairie Street one evening beyond dusk and stop at the little house the Blands were then living in; and I saw her come to the door, her white dress shining in the faint moonlight. I could not help myself. Stopped in the shadows, I watched those two. She came out to the porch, closing the door, and for a moment they stood near each other and some brief word was said, and afterward she went back into the house and he walked away. A laughing, careless man, this Phil Hendry. But he wasn't laughing then.

IN OUR town it was inevitably a matter of speculation. All of us lived close together and our lives touched and became common property. We had manners and we had a strictness of belief that seems to me now to have been narrow; but below that was a frank and real and earthy curiosity. Some thought Camilla wanted nothing to do with any Hendry, but there were others who thought Phil Hendry, seeing the obligation that hung over Camilla Bland, was afraid to assume it. There was evidence

(Continued on page 44)



And then excitement burst over our town like a sudden prairie storm

How Dodge Made it Easy for the

THE ACTUAL EXPERIENCE OF MR. and MRS. WILLIAM A. GERARD

GOSH! BILL, I WISH WE COULD AFFORD A NEW CAR...
SO DO I, DEAR, BUT OUR BUDGET JUST CAN'T "TAKE IT"...
...THE LEES JUST GOT A BIG, NEW DODGE SEDAN FOR NOT MUCH MORE THAN $25 A MONTH...
WELL, WE COULD AFFORD THAT MUCH ...I'LL STOP IN AND SEE PAUL AND GET THE "LOW DOWN"...

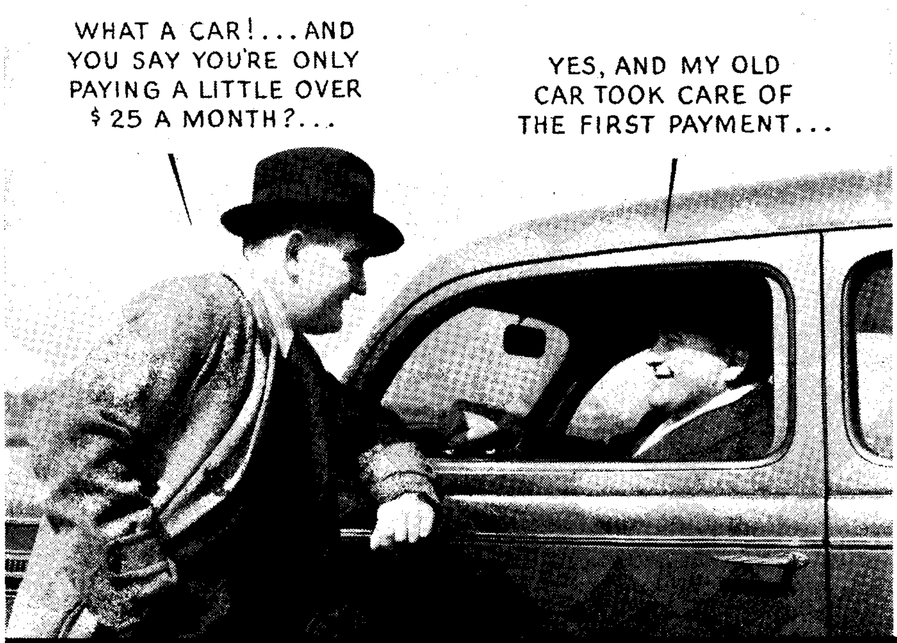
*Money-Saving Dodge Touring Sedan (with built-in trunk) $760**

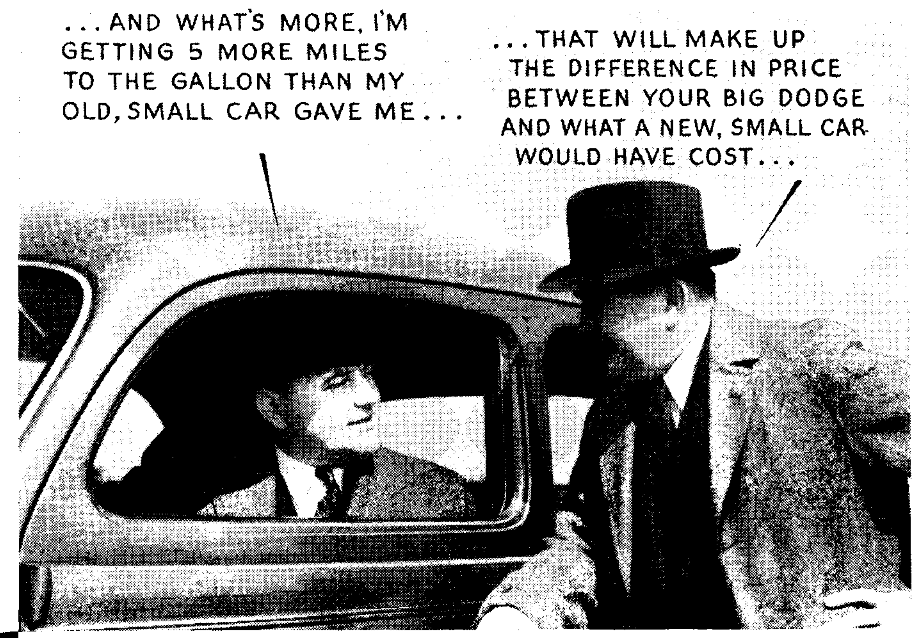
NOW ONLY $640* Big Money-Saving

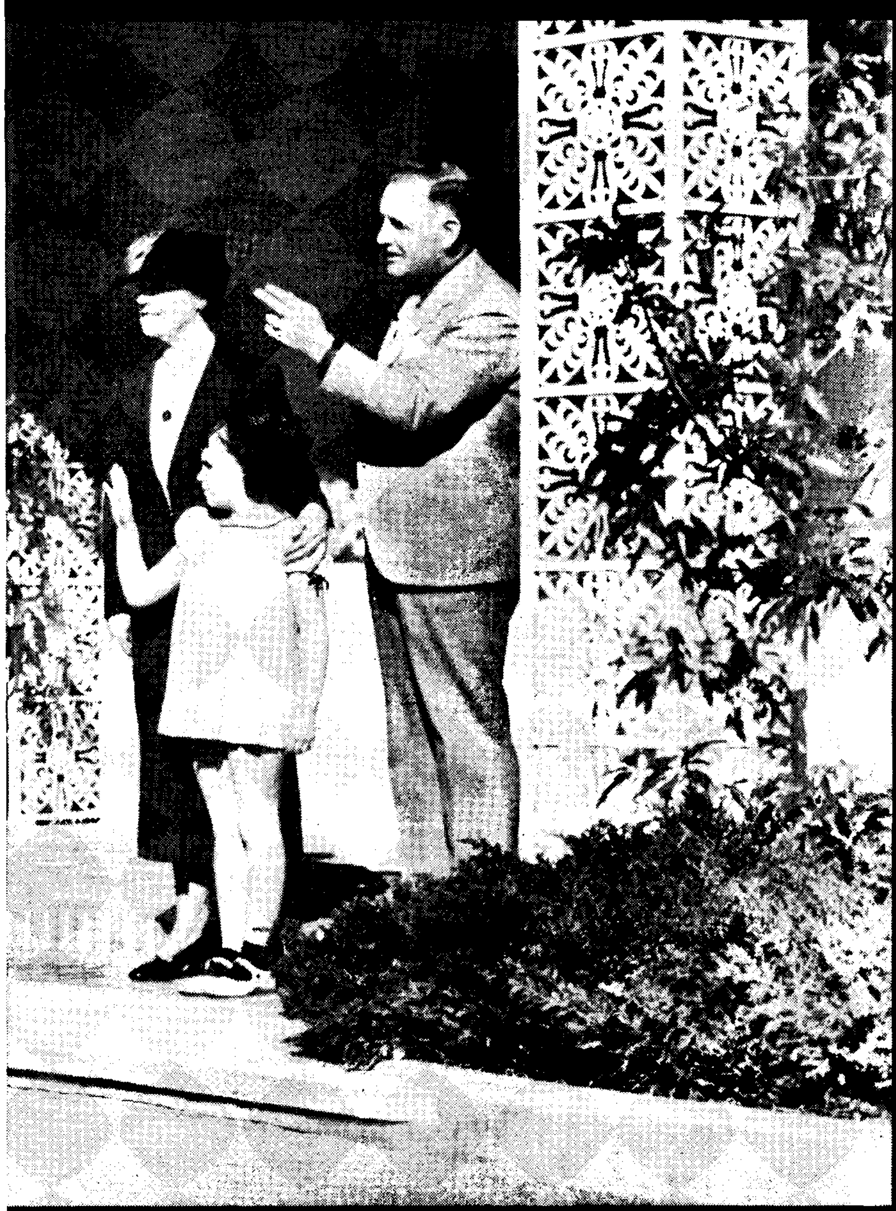
Priced from $640 to $995. *List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change

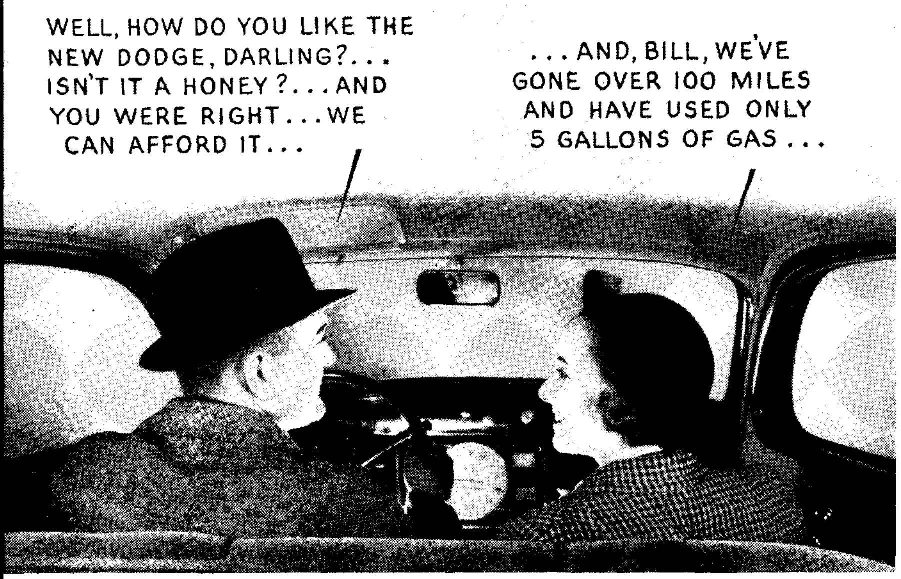
Gerards to own the "Beauty Winner"

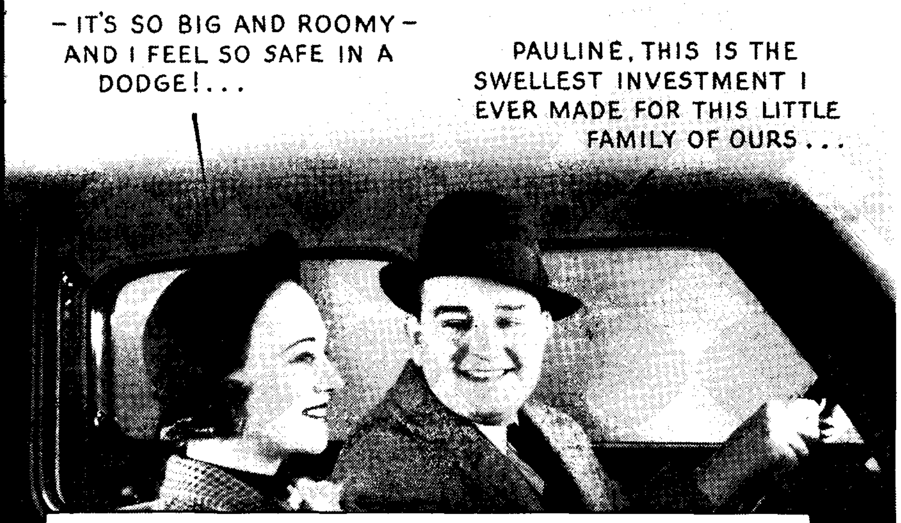
and PAUL L. LEE of JACKSON HEIGHTS, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK


WHAT A CAR!...AND YOU SAY YOU'RE ONLY PAYING A LITTLE OVER $25 A MONTH?...
YES, AND MY OLD CAR TOOK CARE OF THE FIRST PAYMENT...


...AND WHAT'S MORE, I'M GETTING 5 MORE MILES TO THE GALLON THAN MY OLD, SMALL CAR GAVE ME...
...THAT WILL MAKE UP THE DIFFERENCE IN PRICE BETWEEN YOUR BIG DODGE AND WHAT A NEW, SMALL CAR WOULD HAVE COST...




WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE NEW DODGE, DARLING?... ISN'T IT A HONEY?...AND YOU WERE RIGHT...WE CAN AFFORD IT...
...AND, BILL, WE'VE GONE OVER 100 MILES AND HAVE USED ONLY 5 GALLONS OF GAS...


– IT'S SO BIG AND ROOMY – AND I FEEL SO SAFE IN A DODGE!...
PAULINE, THIS IS THE SWELLEST INVESTMENT I EVER MADE FOR THIS LITTLE FAMILY OF OURS...

THIS ACTUAL EXPERIENCE of Mr. and Mrs. Gerard is happening to thousands of motorists who have discovered that the big, luxurious Dodge is not only easy to buy but so inexpensive to operate . . . That's why more people buy Dodge cars than any other make—with the exception of the three lowest-priced cars . . . With its new, low price — only $640*— and the new, easy, low-cost Commercial Credit Company terms — owners say it's just about as easy to pay for a big Dodge "Beauty Winner" as it is to pay for small, competitive makes . . . And, they say, their amazing savings in gas, oil and upkeep more than make up the difference in the long run.

DODGE

without notice. Special equipment extra.

Left: Colonel and Mrs. Melvorne McCombs, the former the coach and the latter a member of the finest group of girl athletes ever assembled

Babe Didrikson, famous star of half a dozen branches of athletics, got her start in Texas with the McCombs girls

PHOTOS COPYRIGHT INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Below: Mary Carter, forward of the Golden Cyclone basketball team and all-around track star

The Colonel's Ladies

Five girls in snappy shorts pranced out on a gym floor in Dallas, Texas—and the Golden Cyclone had started to sweep away every record for women's athletics in the Southwest. Colonel McCombs was the coach of this unique ballet of beauty and brawn. Here's his story

By Bill Cunningham

MOST collegiate directors of athletics, and others charged with keeping the amateur fonts pure, walk, if a little flat-footedly, in the paths of righteousness. Yet, if you want to see one of them jump as if somebody had rammed a bayonet up through the seat of his chair, creep silently up behind him and whisper either of the words, *proselytize* or *recruit*.

Those are silk-hat terms for the good old college custom of "goin' out an' gettin' 'em." That time-honored prescription for, especially, football success, is as streaked with hypocrisy as a gourd is with green.

In these modern Nicer Nellyish days, the life of the coach or the institution that persists in indulging is ticklish. If he's caught, it's the axe, and a lot of them get it. I know one gentleman, however, who indulged in it freely, openly and deliberately with sensational success on the athletic side and with vast physical and spiritual benefit to the athletes involved, and likewise to the institution that sponsored them. At least that's what he vows. He operated without the law, as colleges interpret the law, yet fully within the pale, and the only comment even opponents could offer was, "So what?"

His is the greatest story of proselytizing ever written. His success with his athletes, in terms of honors won and victories registered, is perhaps unequaled. His athletes were girls, and, pardon me for pointing, *such* girls! He even topped the Follies before he got through, for not even that eminent organization ever landed one of its glorified in the Olympic Games and saw her emerge officially recognized as the greatest woman athlete of her age. The celebrated Babe Didrikson was one of his kids.

On Jackson Street in Dallas, Texas, is a big block of pebbled, chocolate-colored brick known as The International Building, and in this building is headquartered a local insurance firm known as The Employers' Casualty Company. Heading the engineering department of this firm, charged with appraising building projects, oil refineries, drilling equipment and similar truck which the company insures, is a baldish, middle-aged and middle-sized gentleman named Melvorne J. McCombs—Lieutenant Colonel Melvorne J. McCombs, to give him his official title, his commission being in the United States Reserves.

Colonel McCombs' passion has always been athletics. Ever since he finished competing in football, baseball and track, first at Texas A. & M. and later at the University of Missouri, it's been the teaching of athletics, and to sand-lot rather than institution-sponsored teams. The Colonel was a four-sport man at Missouri back in 1903 and 1904, adding tennis to football, baseball and track. Returning to Dallas as an alumnus in 1905 with a job as engineer for the Texas and Pacific Railroad, he organized a sand-lot athletic club called The Dallas Tigers. He coached and captained them in football and baseball, playing quarterback and end in the autumns, pitcher and outfield in the good old summertime.

A trick knee shortly ended his playing career, and his rising worth as an engineer put at least a semicolon in his Dallas career, for the Southern Pacific hired him to help build a railroad in Mexico.

Coaching for the Fun of It

But he was back in Dallas around 1908, and was the first football coach of the Dallas High School. McCombs also coached sand-lotters, clubs and street-corner kids in all sorts of sports and purely as a hobby, often buying their needed equipment with his own personal funds for fifteen years after that. He thought boys and athletics were the proper combination and he brought them together at every opportunity. Naturally, they clicked like Amos and Andy. His only pay was the fun of the thing. He had as good a time coaching as they did competing. Girls weren't any part of his picture, as yet.

It was in 1925 that he accepted a portfolio with the Employers' Casualty Company. The City of Dallas Park Department was sponsoring a program of sand-lot and high school athletics. Business firms were invited to equip and enter teams of their employees and the Employers' Casualty Company was among those that had responded. The company had a baseball and a basketball team. McCombs took over the coaching and the teams started to win. Soon they were the top of the bottle in their respective loops, and excitement around the office ran high.

Now this was a coeducational office, and the young ladies couldn't avoid hearing the young gentlemen talking. In fact, they didn't try to avoid it, for they, too, were all steamed up with their

(*Continued on page 60*)

IF IT'S THE MONEY THAT'S WORRYIN YOU, HERE'S AN EASY ANSWER

NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

Valve-in-Head Straight-Eight Engine *gives more power per unit of fuel than any other type of engine of equal displacement and compression*

Anolite Pistons, *durable, long-lasting, 50% lighter, increase bearing life 150%*

Sealed Chassis *keeps dirt and water from all moving parts, protects from wear and erosion*

Luxurious "Turret Top" Body by Fisher, *with No Draft Ventilation — the smartest, safest, strongest body built*

Tiptoe Hydraulic Brakes, *giving safe, straight-line stops under lightest pressures*

Knee-Action Comfort and Safety, *the true gliding ride*

Torque-Tube Drive, *for steadier, more stable roadability*

Automatic Starting, Spark and Heat Control, *for convenience, efficiency, economy*

Built-in Luggage Compartments, *with ample capacity for necessary luggage*

Front-End Ride Stabilizer, *for elimination of side-sway at speed or on curves*

MONTHLY PAYMENTS TO FIT YOUR PURSE!

Ask about the General Motors installment plan

$765

to $1945 are the list prices of the new Buicks at Flint, Mich., subject to change without notice. Standard and special accessories groups on all models at extra cost. All Buick prices include safety glass throughout as standard equipment.

LOTS of motorwise people keenly want to own one of the phenomenal new Buicks, but for money reasons hesitate to step out of the lowest-priced field.

The happy fact is, they can enjoy Buick ownership for a trivial extra sum – only two or three dollars more a week, say, on easy payments.

Under the new General Motors Installment Plan, the cost of financing this great buy is sharply reduced, and make no mistake, the benefits far outweigh the small difference in price.

Moreover, when you have a Buick you have something vastly more than simply economical transportation – you have that, plus style, performance, comfort and dependability of the very first order.

So if it's the money that's standing betwee you and the thrill of putting this docile thunderbolt of a car through its paces, don't let it worr you any longer.

Just sit down with your Buick dealer and ge your pencils working – first thing you kno one of these magnificently able cars will b parked before your door.

Then you'll know what it is to command rule-of-the-road flashing action, with steadiness an control and braking to meet your fondes dreams.

Then you'll know why, all over America, me like you are calling the brilliant and thrift Series 40 Buick Special the ideal "step up" t the realm of modern first-class travel.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

"Buick's the Buy"

A GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCT

The Proving Ground of Public Opinion

JUST OUT! *Actual figures sho Buick checks with what people wan ern cars. For your copy, write Buick Motor Company, Flint, Mic*

Between Moves

Continued from page 19

shuddering, and slowed and presently drifted downwind little, if any, faster than the soggily floating wreck. And before the steamer streamed the smoke of her furnaces, now spread out and scattered through the wild arcs her funnel swung. And under her forefoot began a slick which twisted and trailed ahead and came within a not-impossible distance from the schooner.

The skipper went out on the bridge, holding to the rail while he glanced down on deck. He roared:

"When you're ready, Mr. Stanley, I'll swing her to give you a lee!"

His voice was loud, was thunderous to be heard above the crashing of seas and the roaring of the wind. But in its timbre was an incongruous mildness. The mate waved a hand from below, saving breath. Men unlashed the cover of a lifeboat and swung it out. They piled in, hauling at the oars lashed under the seats. The mate took his place. He raised his hand to the bridge.

The skipper gestured in turn to the helmsman. The small steamer swung slightly; swung farther. Green water ran aft in solid masses, to be met amidships by other water which had come over her stern because of her reversed engines. The two floods joined in battle and made a waterspout which half-filled the boat hanging overside. The steamer rolled until licking seas came within two yards of the small boat's bottom. The boat began to go down, jerkily. One man was already bailing, before it ever touched water.

The wheel went over still farther and the ship lunged and reeled and rolled and pitched as if settling down resolutely to the job of shaking out her own stubby masts. She seemed to squat down among the monster seas and literally wallow in them. She was veiled in white spume. Her hull took on a ghostlike unsubstantiality.

IN THIS tumult, this chaos, this anarchy of sea and air, the boat somehow took water. The oars sprawled from its sides. For an instant it swung up and down on the huge and foam-streaked seas in an improbable security. The oars fell in a rhythm which, if ragged, was nonetheless professional. It even moved of its own will in the slick of the steamer's lee, downwind toward the flotsam which had been a schooner.

The steamer wallowed, taking all that the sea could give it to protect the small boat.

The engineer bobbed into sight. Angry white water bubbled all around him. Spray stung him. Solid masses of water jetted upon him. He clung to life lines and came forward. He reached the bridge, and the wind blew water from him in streams. He joined the skipper in watching the small boat.

The boat moved downwind, its oars moving jerkily. Downward-spreading steam-coal smoke smote upon it. Waters uprose behind it, hiding it from sight. Somewhere, the sea broke thunderously and a square quarter-mile of water turned to effervescing bubbles. The boat appeared again, a man bailing furiously. The skipper watched. All the oars took up their task once more. The boat vanished, and popped into view, and vanished yet again.

The skipper shouted above the sea, not moving his eyes from the spot where the boat should reappear:

"You got it yet?"

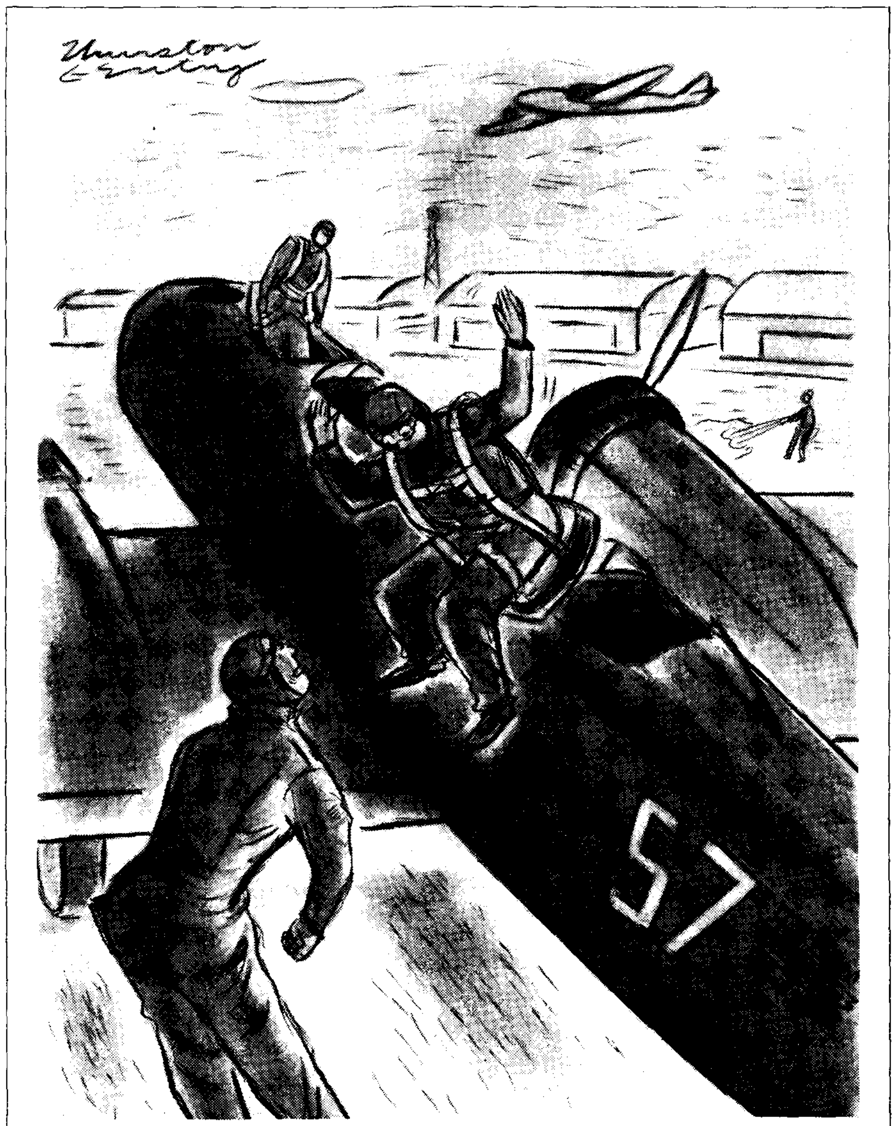
The chief engineer blinked. He roared in the skipper's ear:

"I'll trick you yet! Give me time!"

"Take all y' want," roared the skipper jovially, his eyes still fixed upon the distant waters. "All y' want—"

He stopped to watch. The boat had reappeared. It looked like a many-legged water insect. It was within yards only of the wreck. It was upwind, and somehow the mate had managed to bring it about head to the gale. Now its occupants rowed valorously to keep the seas from smashing it upon the men they had come to rescue. Normally, of course, it would have come up from the lee side of the schooner awash. But that lee was now filled with the wreckage of masts and rigging. The boat pulled away from the wreck and remained in the same approximate position while the mate flung a line downwind.

From so short a distance it was not possible to fail. The mate hauled manfully, and a minute splashing told of a dark figure swimming with the rope. Presently there were two men hauling on the line. Still later the lifeboat looked more crowded, and the dark dots on the schooner's deck were fewer. Later still, two of the boat's oars were double-banked. It continued to hover and men dragged something into the boat which did not splash at all.



"Aren't you a trifle late in making your parachute jump, Cadet O'Toole?"

THURSTON GENTRY

NOW the boat struggled to progress upwind. Some of the oars were double-banked. Inch by inch, foot by foot, it increased its distance from the wreckage. The skipper roared an order above the gale. The intolerable motion of the steamer changed again. He was moving her so that what slight protection she could offer the distant boat would reach it exactly. And now the boat did gain. It was twenty yards from the wreck. Then forty. It was sixty. A hundred. Two hundred. . . . It could, of course, edge off and then drive on down past the wreckage, to be followed and picked up later by the steamer. But the mate fought the seas. The boat battled magnificently to reach the relative shelter of the slick which ran on before the steamer.

Then, dead ahead beyond the wreck, the sea broke. A vast expanse of water turned to white. Above it the dull, dead gray of storm clouds showed. And against the strange white of the acres of foam the boat was silhouetted starkly for an instant. It had been flung high. Oars sprawled crazily. It vanished, and reappeared as a sodden, swamped object to which men clung desperately, and beyond it was the wreck it had left. It could not be bailed and controlled before it smashed itself to crumpled metal on the sinking schooner.

Abruptly, the skipper was inside the wheelhouse. The engine-room telegraph paused briefly at "*Stop.*" It moved quickly to "*Full speed ahead.*" The ship added a violent shuddering to its extremely diverse other motions. It lunged forward with spray again splitting off its bows. The skipper became busy in the somewhat effeminate occupation of blowing into speaking tubes and giving mild orders through them. He spoke over his shoulder to the chief engineer.

"No time to break out oil," he observed. "You'll have to dump engine-room stores."

Mineral oil is not as good as animal or vegetable oil for making a slick, but when needed in a hurry it is a good deal better than no oil at all. The chief engineer nodded and blundered out the door. He vanished. Seconds later the engine-room tube whistled.

"Eh?" said the skipper, and then said, "Good! I'll tell you."

The small steamer lunged and pounded and wallowed and dived. She reeled and rolled and dipped and splashed. And presently the engine-room telegraph shifted again, and the skipper blew into a tube. Men appeared on deck, clinging to handholds and prepared to fight the seas with what seemed to be bludgeons but were actually coils of handline. And suddenly from discharge ports there poured out black and sticky and unusually foul, oily stuff which spread out much too rapidly and much too thinly. But it did make a slick of sorts, in which a swamped lifeboat floated by virtue of its watertight compartments. One man was inside it, bailing frantically. But water sloshed in freely over the gunwales. Other men clung to it outside, and one last man swam jerkily toward it through the extraordinarily limpid water beneath the oil.

Again the small ship shuddered as her engines reversed. And again she turned quartering to the seas and became a most implausible object as seas poured upon and over her. Downwind from her lee side there floated lines, and it was fortunate that she was small, of a size usually considered unprofitable nowadays. The lines floated into the slick, and men saw them and seized them. Men on the steamer's deck hauled in while combers broke over her upper works and poured down upon them and while she wallowed her very gunwales under.

PRESENTLY half-drowned, strangling men bumped and banged against her sides and came inertly on board. Of the five who had gone off in the boat, two were unconscious when they reached the deck, in part from strangulation and in part from the battering they had received. One other bled profusely from a knock on the head against her plating. The mate had a broken leg and swore luridly as men bore him below through a wash of spume and spray.

Of the others, she took on board seven men. One had been alive on the schooner but came on board the steamer otherwise. There were divers small injuries among the rest. Two broken arms and a smashed collarbone or so. But they got care below decks. The steamer wallowed outrageously and edged sidewise away from the remnant of the schooner, and presently the engine-room telegraph went to quarter-speed ahead and then to half-speed, and she went on through the rolling seas.

The gale was nearly blown out now, but the seas were monstrous and enough of wind remained to drive the smoke from her solitary funnel straight ahead and even to make a paradoxical slick before her bows. Into that slick she seemed constantly to drive; lunging and pitching and rolling in a particularly sickly fashion. Now and again white water ran along her decks.

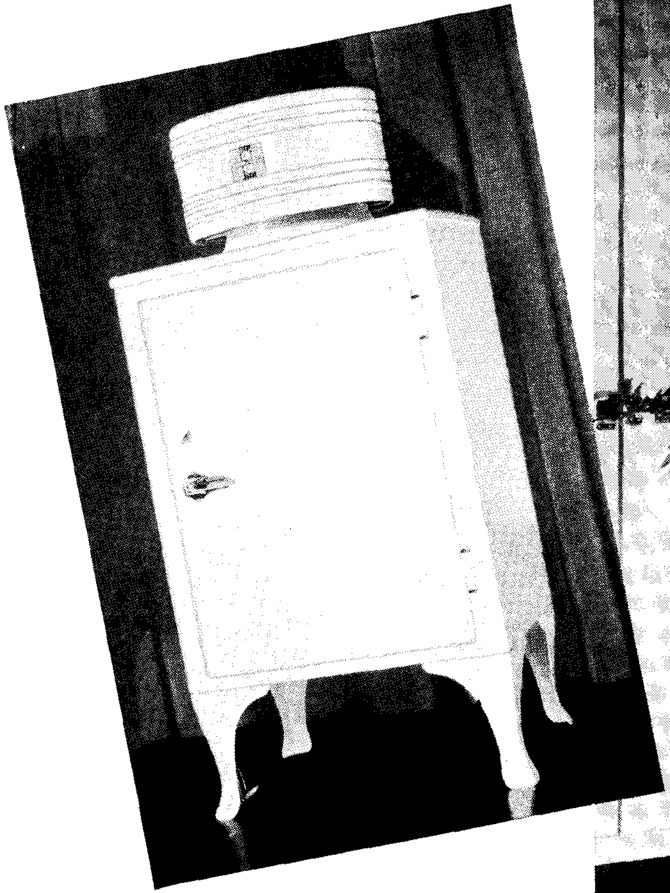
The chief engineer fought open the wheelhouse door and came in, shaking water from his body like a dog. He said triumphantly:

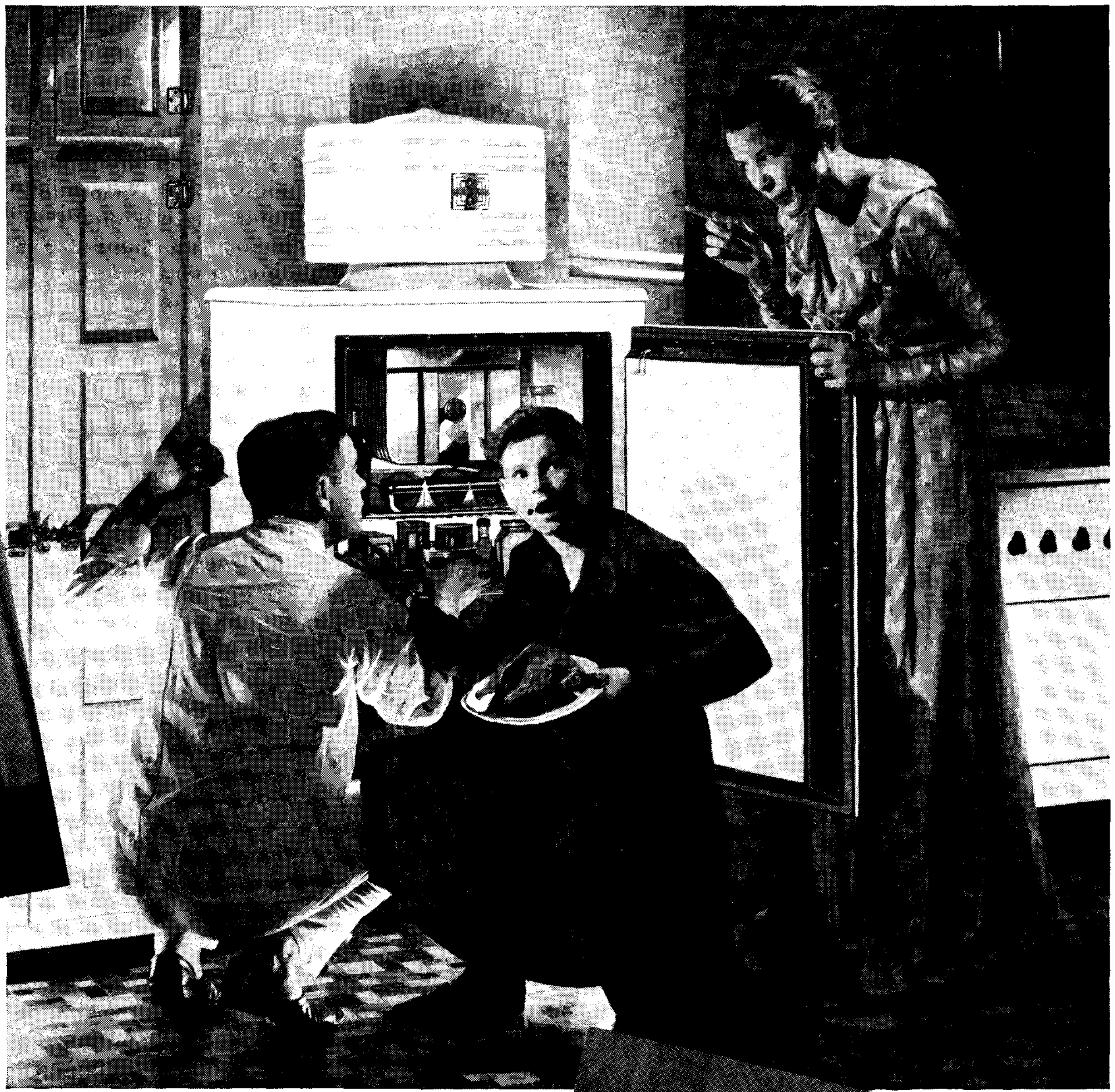
"I got it!"

He went back into the chartroom, where the checkerboard remained, each square with its neatly drilled hole and each checkerman with his peg to fit. The chief engineer's hand reached down to a white checkerman. He plucked it from its place with a triumphant deliberation, touched it to an empty square and surveyed all menaces, and triumphantly plugged it in position.

"Now where's your damn' fourth move ahead?"

The skipper puffed at his pipe. He reached out his hand, drew it back, and considered. Presently he moved a black man. With caution. With deep cunning. With silence. He leaned back in his chair. The game went on.





(*Above*) *The famous General Electric Monitor Top—standard of excellence—holder of a matchless performance record. All General Electrics have all-steel cabinet plus every modern convenience.*

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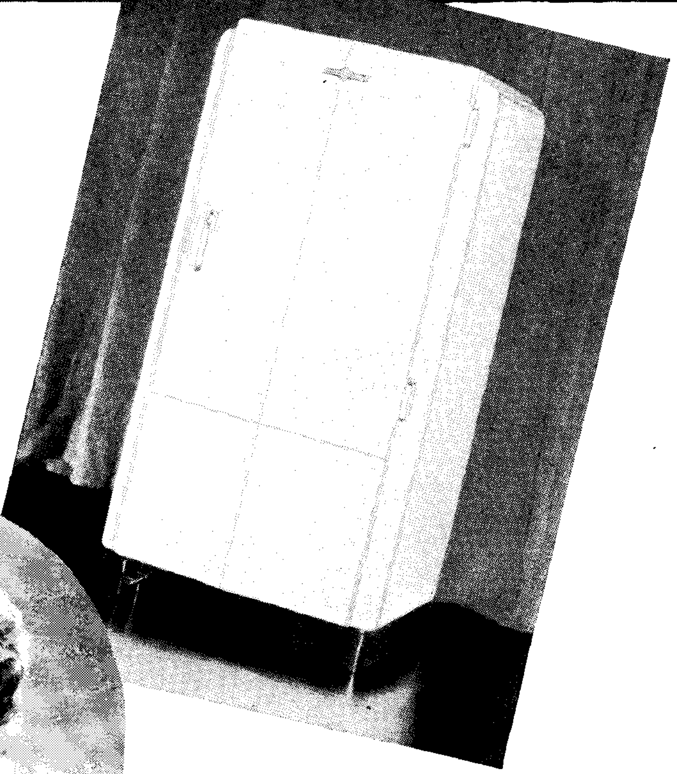
You see, General Electric constantly benefits from the never-ending research of brilliant "House of Magic" scientists. That keeps G-E years ahead always—in all ways. The first G-E sold had the sealed-in-steel mechanism that revolutionized all standards of refrigeration efficiency and economy. Now that others are turning to this type of mechanism, it's even more important that *you* should choose a G-E—*proved* through nine years of actual service in nearly two million homes!

You'll *always* be glad you bought a G-E. Remember, it costs less to own. See the new models at your General Electric dealer's. General Electric Co., Section C5, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

"My mother bought our General Electric 5 years ago," says Carol Brady of Chicago, Ill. "We're still crazy about its beauty and economy. Mother says it has saved its cost many times over!"

(This is not a paid testimonial)



(Above) The beautiful new G-E Flatop, aristocrat of modern styling. There are many models of the General Electric, including the super-economy Liftop type. One is exactly suited to the needs of your home. And today the G-E sealed-in-steel mechanism carries 5 Years Performance Protection! General Electric prices start at only $79.50 f. o. b.

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Telephone tonight or Sunday and SAVE!

An Uncertain Party

Continued from page 15

downfall of Mr. Roosevelt and caused the election of a Republican. All of which is peculiarly low-grade nonsense. Mr. Long, as clever a politician as the elder LaFollette (and anybody else we've ever heard of), wouldn't have accepted any such nomination.

Besides, Governor LaFollette has had his taste of political combinations—and it hasn't set any too well. Possibly with an eye to the future, possibly by way of a minor experiment, he accomplished the amalgamation of his and his brother's Progressive Party with the Milwaukee Socialists. The fundamental idea was, of course, to augment his following, to bring together as many kindred Wisconsin votes as possible. But it hasn't worked out as smoothly as its prophets predicted. The Socialists were split down the middle. Some of Mr. LaFollette's best friends were ejected from that party and were not welcomed into the Progressive group. And a number of influential Progressives managed to offend their associates and were rejected by the Socialists. In Wisconsin, as elsewhere, you are compelled to the conclusion that if the Socialists ever managed to achieve complete intra-party harmony they would die of chagrin.

So it's rather clear that Mr. LaFollette sees no political profit in an attempt to ride herd on a convention of delegates from a dozen wrangling radical national factions whose greatest appetite is for one another's blood. And neither does Mr. Olson of Minnesota.

Mr. Olson and his Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota present an even more complex situation. Mr. Olson is not the firebrand he used to be. Neither is he enjoying ruddy health. Furthermore, he has been forced to realize that his grip upon the electorate of Minnesota is not as firm as it was, say, two years ago. While it is likely that he will be elected to the United States Senate this fall, his success will be chargeable more to a lack of inspiring opposition than to his own invincibility.

Mr. Olson's political tribulations at home are important here only in their national third party implications. Like Mr. LaFollette, Mr. Olson is not going to be drafted to head a third national ticket if he can help it. Yet he will go a bit farther than Mr. LaFollette. He is willing to encourage the calling of "conferences of and to co-operate with other progressive, labor, farmer and political organizations and leaders in calling a national conference to explore the possibilities of a national Farmer-Labor ticket in 1936." We quote the resolution adopted at the state convention of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Association. It really doesn't mean anything, but it indicates Mr. Olson's current humor.

Olson Can't—LaFollette Won't

And this conference, as we said, may be called. But Mr. Olson is by far too fond of winning political battles to prefer defeat at the head of a national third ticket to almost certain election to the United States Senate. Such a national exploratory conference as his fellow Minnesotans advocated will receive nothing more than discreet lip service from the LaFollettes, and Olson knows that it will not have the complete sympathy of the Socialist Party. Neither will it be participated in by the conservative American Federation of Labor. At best it will attract numerous radicals from numerous quarreling associations, circles, committees, leagues, fellowships, unions, alliances and whatnots.

Mr. Olson has spent a considerable portion of the past year under the observation of medical specialists in Rochester, Minnesota, and elsewhere. He has been seeking some of his old ruggedness in the less rigorous climate of New Mexico and Arizona. Certainly he is not in the best condition to undertake a national campaign. So it's this way: Mr. Olson can't and Mr. LaFollette won't. Perhaps the third party zealots will go ahead anyway and nominate whom they can. They may try to draft Congressman Thomas R. Amlie of Wisconsin, a devout Marxian who is devoting his spare time to propagandizing the Production for Use and Not for Profit theory. Or it might be Mr. Upton Sinclair. At any rate, Mr. Roosevelt and his Republican adversary will not have to worry a great deal.

Chin-deep in Sleuths

Mr. Olson is not the idol of the Minnesota farmers who, while scornful of the conservatism of such calamity-howling agencies as the Liberty League, the National Economy League and the Eastern branch of the Republican National Committee, prefer their liberalism served up with as little noise and dramatics as possible. We have grown to distrust political statistics and have no desire to inflict any on you. But it is interesting to know that Mr. Olson was not boosted into the governorship by the rural vote. The three industrial centers—Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth—elected him, giving him his plurality of 72,453. Under that impetus he carried the rest of the state, but by a trifling 501 votes. But even with the help of the three big cities, his was not a popular hero's victory.

If you should believe all that you hear in Minneapolis, that state's largest city and Mr. Olson's stronghold, you would only be wasting your time. Of course there is plenty of reason to believe that Mr. Olson is much more friendly to organized labor than to organized capital. This may be due to honest conviction or to political expediency. Time, as they say, will tell. If you insist upon making your own investigation into Mr. Olson's motivation, we suggest that you go about it as calmly as possible and not be overwhelmed by either side. Minneapolis has been in a ferment for several years now and nobody there has a patent on the whole truth. Yet this isn't his great worry.

Minneapolis is chin-deep in investigators. The government's G-men arrive and depart singly and in squads. They shake their heads ominously, pat bulging brief cases, and tell you to wait a few months. Unless you're pretty nimble you'll get under the feet of Federal Treasury sleuths too. They also lug brief cases but seem to have more trouble with their eyes, most of them wearing horn-rim glasses. They aren't even as communicative as the G-men. They don't warn you to stick around for a few weeks but merely pat those brief cases and borrow a cigarette.

And then there are private detectives working for such last-stand organizations as The Citizens' Alliance. This organization has retained several of the investigators who worked in Chicago for the gang-scotching Committee of Six which was commanded by Colonel Robert Isham Randolph. The Alliance has a similar committee—a Committee of Eleven.

In addition to all these, there are scores of radical hunters darting around under the auspices of a dozen associations and protective leagues, some local but others from Chicago, New York and St. Louis—all private detectives wholly distrustful of each other and each quite willing to tell you that his fellow investigators are double-crossing their employers as fast as they find out who they are.

One of these gentlemen attached himself to us a block or two from the headquarters of General Truck Drivers' Union, Local 574, which, if you chose to believe everything you hear, is composed entirely of Public Enemies Number One. It may be, of course, that Local 574 is a dourly sinister outfit, anxious to destroy the government of the United States and create a soviet state. But we found nothing but a calm serenity and an almost tiresome tranquillity in the union's offices. Maybe we got there on the wrong day.

But the sleuth who joined us after we'd left 574 told us that he was engaged in a bit of counter-espionage. We were a little surprised, and flattered too, to learn that he knew who we were. He also knew that we had spent a couple of hours at the offices of the Citizens' Alliance. Of course we had mentioned this and had properly identified ourselves at union headquarters.

"You see?" said our new friend, "you see? Nothing goes on in there that I don't know. The minute you went in a guy comes out and tells me. Then another guy comes out to tell me what you said to them and what they said to you. See?"

The rest of what he said wasn't so clear. But we gathered that he was paid by a certain group of businessmen to report upon the activities of another detective who was in the employ of an entirely different group of businessmen. And this wasn't all.

"Stick around a while and you'll get an earful," he said. "Everybody's got dicks working for them except the union. The union's got its own dicks—members. Besides, some of the regular dicks are selling out to the union. See? Working for the businessmen but tipping the union off to everything the businessmen are doing."

It doesn't make complete sense. But if you'll take the trouble to get out of the big cities you will find that Minnesota isn't all like that. You'll find the farmers suspicious of powerful Local 574 in spite of the missionary work that radical union is doing. Local 574, which is doing its best to become the One Big Union in Minnesota and enroll virtually everybody who works for a wage or who tills the land, offends the farmer's individualism.

The counter propagandists are assuring the farmer that 574 is unqualifiedly Communistic, that it aims at collective farming—the Russian system—and that once it has its way land will be nationalized, the farmer regimented and all agricultural dissenters will be branded as kulaks and will be "liquidated"—again in the Russian manner.

The Farmers Are Peeved

So Mr. Olson, whose political strength is in organized labor of the more radical persuasion (574 being his mainstay in Minneapolis), has not the complete confidence of the farmer. The farmer will vote the Farmer-Labor ticket locally because, principally, he has no alternative. He may vote for Mr. Olson because Mr. Olson is on the Farmer-Labor ticket. But he has political grievances for which he finds it hard to forgive Mr. Olson.

For example, Mr. Olson felt himself obliged to go outside the Farmer-Labor ranks to fill certain state offices. It is taken for granted that he might have preferred, for the sake of harmony, to appoint his own political fellows to these jobs. But he didn't and, oddly enough, this hasn't endeared him to the farmers.

Mr. Olson's enemies will gladly tell you things which explain why Minneapolis, and to a lesser extent, St. Paul and Duluth, are the current hunting ground of all sorts of investigators on all manner of missions. When you demand to know why something vigorous isn't done about it you are told merely to stick around for anywhere from a month to six months. Mr. Olson isn't accused directly of being a party to these startling departures from ethical conduct but they will assure you that such things couldn't go on without Mr. Olson knowing something about them. But they offer you no proof.

You'll hear that "everybody knew" that Walter Liggett, the editor of an anti-Olson weekly newspaper, was going to be murdered. They'll tell you that "everybody knows" who did the killing and who brought the killer from Chicago and how much was paid for the job. At least a dozen persons told us how much the assassin got, each assuring us that he had the incontrovertible facts. But no two agreed. The sum, according to our notes, was one thousand dollars, two thousand dollars, seven hundred and fifty dollars, five thousand dollars. And one gentleman assured us that the killer didn't get a cent but had been promised a hundred and fifty dollars. This, we were informed, irritated the gunman who, bent on revenge, was now lurking around the streets of Minneapolis looking for his faithless employer.

The Trailers Trailed

It is entirely possible that considerable interesting reading will come out of Minneapolis one of these days. As far as we were able to learn it will be useless to expect it before the November elections. Presidential election years are not regarded as the most propitious for federal investigations—or, at least not for the publication of the results of such surveys.

Not that it is easy to suppress or defer them. We met one investigator—one of five—who was looking into the frank if unofficial charges that you have to join the union if you would get on the relief rolls. Or, if you are already on relief, holding down a skilled worker's job at the prevailing union wage, you have to join your union or you'll be transferred to an unskilled labor job and suffer a demoralizing cut in pay. But, as we've said, the place is full of such talk. And fuller of such investigators and detectives. It's so bad that you have to turn corners carefully lest you get yourself trampled by sleuths who are on the trail of other sleuths.

All of which does not give Mr. Olson much time to devote his political genius to national affairs and new national parties. And with Mr. Olson rather out of the running for the leadership of such a political movement, and Mr. LaFollette disdainful, such a third party may not regard the immediate future with gratification. The Honorable Jim Farley knows all this. The chances are that Mr. Farley knows as much about conditions in Minneapolis and St. Paul as anybody. Among the other troops of investigators slithering around the Twin Cities are Mr. Farley's.

Anybody can see, of course, that all these unpropitious circumstances make the paths of Mr. Trenton and his fellow scouts all the more tortuous and their lives less sunny.

"It might be easier for me," said Mr. Trenton, "if we knew who the Republicans were going to nominate."

He looked about nervously. And then, assured that no one was near enough to overhear, he leaned close to us and whispered:

"Listen, if you have any inside dope on the nomination slip it to me, will you? I'll do the same for you some day."

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all the way
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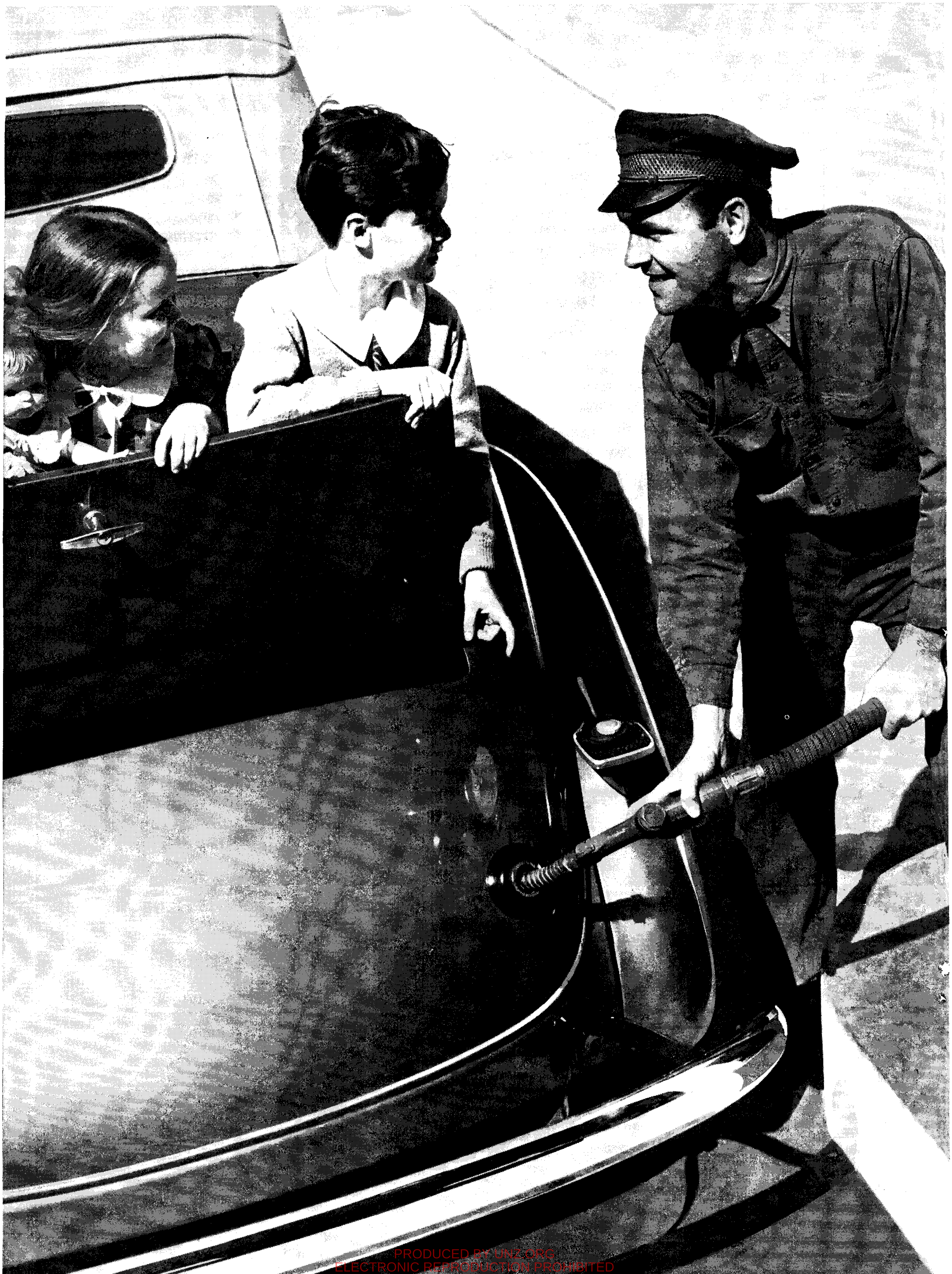

"WILL THERE BE ANY LEFT WHEN I DRIVE A CAR?"

NO WONDER he asks "Will there be any left?" For the world today spins round on petroleum.

Ten years ago there was widespread concern about a petroleum shortage. Today it is known there will be no shortage of motor fuel in our lifetime, or our children's or grandchildren's. Oil companies have been spending from ten to twelve million dollars a year on research to conserve the supply, improve quality and reduce prices.

One improvement alone, a refining process known as "cracking," has saved the equivalent of 6,600,000,000 barrels of crude oil since 1920. Deeper drilling has opened up untouched fields—it is now possible to drill to a depth of over two miles. More efficient recovery methods are taking oil from pools that once would have been abandoned.

More oil is being discovered all the time. Ten years ago the known U. S. supply was figured at 5,321,000,000 barrels. Since then more than one and a half times that amount has been taken from the ground, yet the known supply today has expanded to 12,000,000,000 barrels. And experts say that the quantity of oil still undiscovered is enormous.

Meanwhile gasoline has steadily improved in quality, making practical the efficient high compression automobile engines of today. And the price per gallon, exclusive of taxes, is now less than half what it was 15 years ago.

In these improvements steel has played a vital part. Special alloy steels that withstand high pressure and temperature made possible the giant "cracking" stills. Tougher, harder steels assisted in the deeper drilling of wells. Stronger, rust-resisting steels helped lower transportation costs through 112,000 miles of pipelines, and countless tank ships, tank cars, tank trucks, pumps and underground reservoirs. Steel and oil are inseparably linked together. As the oil industry prospers and progresses, so does United States Steel.

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Luise Rainer, Hollywood's most recent importation from Vienna to achieve stardom, as Anna Held, with William Powell, as Flo Ziegfeld, in The Great Ziegfeld

The Girl Who Hates Movies

Presenting Miss Luise Rainer of The Great Ziegfeld and Escapade, about whom opinion is divided, but who unquestionably knows her own mind

By Kyle Crichton

ON THE subject of Luise Rainer you can get an argument on any corner in Hollywood. On some corners you can get a poke in the eye. Either she is a natural, genuine and talented young woman who does as she pleases because she feels that way or she is a shrewd, phony, fake-temperamental lady with big eyes and an exaggerated opinion of herself.

"Look at her," say the anti-Rainers with disgust. "Running around in men's pants and rolling those eyes. Is *that* an act, we ask you!"

On the other side it is pointed out that Rainer (pronounced Rhine-er) is no mere eye-filling cutie but an actress of such fame in Europe that she can insult Mr. Louis B. Mayer with impunity, receiving nothing worse for her pains than a return ticket to Vienna, which would make her very happy.

America got its first look at her in Escapade, when Myrna Loy decided that she would either get more money or M-G-M would have less Myrna Loy. With the cameras all set, Miss Loy departed for New York. While everybody stood around with that foolish feeling of being left suspended from a chandelier, they brought in the Rainer girl and started her working with William Powell. It turned out very well. Nobody could understand her at first but she learned her lines parrot-fashion and had a lot of people weeping before she was *through with the thing.*

During the filming of The Great Ziegfeld, she had them weeping again. Her portrayal of Anna Held was of such poignancy that the electricians on the set were overcome and there was some fear that the flood of emotion would cause a short circuit.

She was born in Vienna, looks to be sixteen and really is about twenty-five. Her father was a wholesaler in Hamburg.

"Sold fertilizer," says Miss Rainer, who will tell you anything when you once get to her.

They were a good, solid, prosperous middle-class family, the Rainers, with plenty of well-fed relatives on both sides and an assured position in life. The war changed that. It not only restricted the wholesale business but life was not pleasant in Hamburg. Mrs. Rainer and the children were sent to Switzerland, where Luise went to school. In these *days the heritage of the family clung* to her and she was filled with notions of trade.

"Gloves," says Luise. "I wanted to stand behind a counter and fit people's fingers."

It Made Her Sad

But when she started going to the theater, she got all thoughts of wholesale and retail out of her head. The thing was complicated in her case by the fact that the theater made her extremely unhappy. She would go and sit and feel tragic. She would then come out and ride home with the weight of the world upon her.

After the Armistice, the family moved back to Munich and she was in school there during the revolution headed by Ernst Toller. For two days the children were kept in the classrooms, being finally smuggled out by the back alleys.

"Everybody was sad in those days," she says. "We were better off than most but even in our school we would come and sit as if waiting for death. During the last years of the war, the people had lived on almost nothing. They had paper clothes and there was starvation. I don't think a child gets over an experience like that."

From Munich the family moved back to Hamburg and Luise kept on with her playgoing. The family wasn't keen

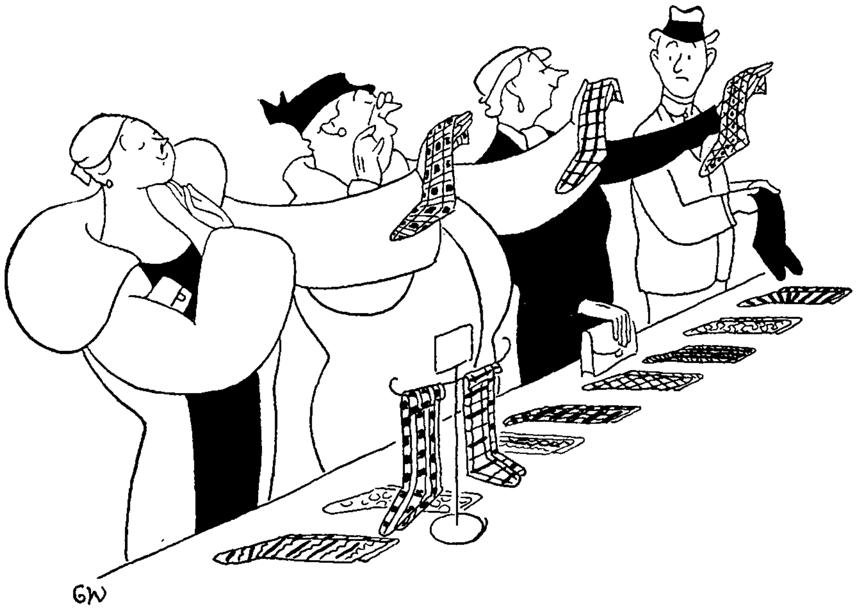
(Continued on page 42)

Rainbows on our Heels

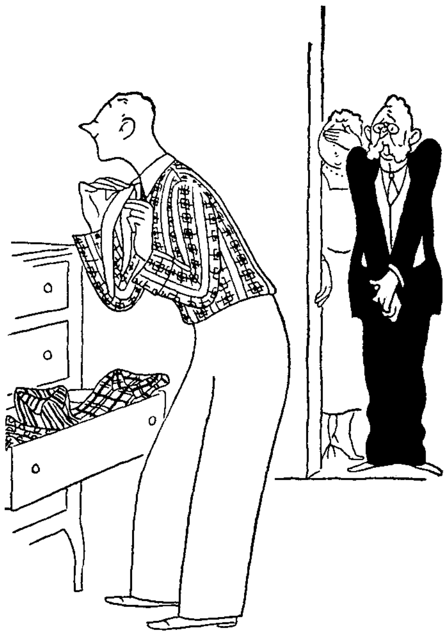
By Jo H. Chamberlin

We're being chased by rainbows—gay clothes for men. They're gaining rapidly and it's only a matter of time now. The new clothes will be lighter and much more comfortable—streamlined and air-conditioned

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Women buy three out of every four pairs of men's socks



Strict conservatives will shudder at some of the new summer fashions

EVEN the dumbest boy in the class knows that we are living in an era of great social and economic change and all that, but few people realize just how much men's fashions are changing with the changes.

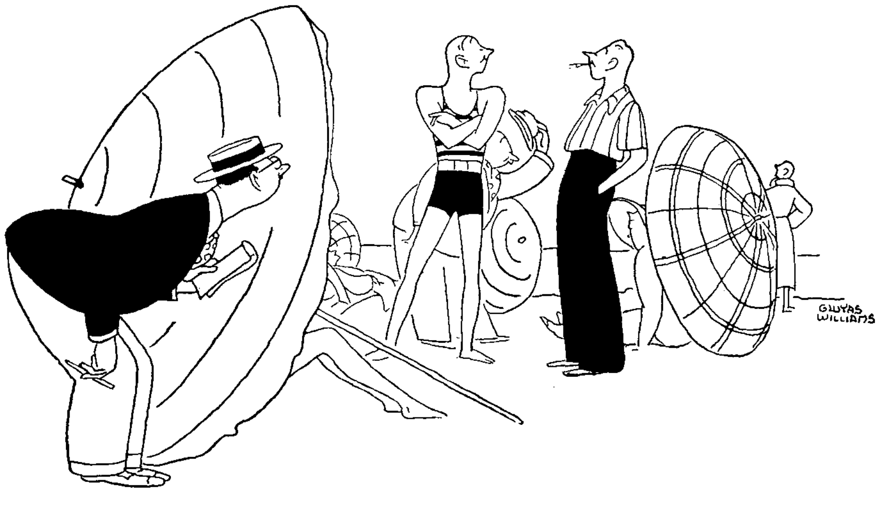
Fifteen years ago, say, when Harding was President and we still thought we would collect the war debts, at least six out of ten men didn't care a hoot about changing fashions. For them a suit was a suit, and a shirt was a shirt. Now a season or two may span a fashion's birth, boom, and fall to oblivion.

What has happened?

Well, there are over a million college students in the country, after five years of unprecedented hard times. Fifteen years ago there were just half that many. Over 600,000 of today's million are young men with time on their hands to think about girls, clothes, sports, clubs, cocktails—and studies. Today many millions of people attend the movies every week—and notice what kind of clothes the Clark Gables and Franchot Tones are wearing. It's not just a new world we're living in, but an active, outdoor world of men in motion, epitomized in the homely phrase as going places and doing things.

This new leisure, which everyone else seems to be enjoying, is also responsible, though it's not the kind of leisure anyone expected. It's a kind of play-as-you-go system. If we can't get long vacations any more, we can take shorter ones more often, and we can stretch the week ends till they yell for help.

In the middle of the winter those lucky folks who can afford it pack themselves off to Florida, California, or Bermuda. In what used to be a blizzard-ridden February they want tennis shirts and shorts, straw hats, beach robes, summer-weight suits, golf clothes, golf clubs, bathing suits and the like. The odd thing about it is that these mid-winter holidays are always taken as one hundred per cent rest cures, "strictly on doctor's orders."



The style scout is on the job at the fashionable resorts

If men remain in the North, they will be week-ending in the country, riding the snow trains, skating, riding, motoring, skiing, or what have you. Northerners will need heavy mittens, warm clothes, mufflers, sweaters. In town, what with steamheated offices and houses, and heated automobiles, there is no need any more for the heavy clothing Grandpa used to wear. But sport is "different."

The shift from winter wear to spring and summer wear is no longer a matter of pounds. Woolens for spring wear are lighter. Formerly a man hesitated to change from woolens to tropicals, summer cottons or linens in late May or early June, even though the weather was warm and fine. The tailoring of summer suits often made their wearers appear to have slept in them and fabrics had their limitations. A common phrase was: "Well, you can't expect much from a summer suit." Neither of those conditions is any longer present. Consequently, summer has moved up. Memorial Day sees the season in full swing.

Scouting Your Summer Wardrobe

At that time of the year when the slush was ankle-deep outside his door the storekeeper was supposed to know what styles were on the way. He endeavored to do this by keeping tab on the style setters, a small army of men whose doings were flashed by wire, picture and telephone to fashion's G. H. Q. What they did and what they wore is reflected in the goods waiting for you on his shelves.

Because men—particularly young men—are now inquiring about them or asking for them, the men's wear man must know what kind of swimming trunks Noel Coward wore last winter on the beach at Cannes. He must know what kind of lapels were on the full-dress coat of Clark Gable at the last Hollywood opening. He must know the cut of the odd jackets worn at the Long Island hunts, as well as what was what at Palm Beach, Nassau and points south. He can't forget Wall Street, where many a style is born, or the swankier universities and prep schools. And he can't overlook the snooty tailoring shops of London's Bond Street and Saville Row, who turn out Anthony Eden and the Duke of Kent. Such are but a *few* of the many style sources. All he need do is to try to keep abreast of them.

While the average store may do sixty per cent of its business in staple items which pay the rent and help carry the overhead, the fashion goods will bring in more immediate returns and often larger profits. But the odds are longer. Guessing on what will appeal to the man in Columbus, Ohio, as much as it did, say, to the wealthy vacationers at Cannes or Palm Beach constitutes a tremendous gamble—one that makes Monte Carlo's chips seem small change indeed. The storekeepers—and the manufacturers—must decide for themselves what their customers will buy and what they will pass by, so they pick and choose, and entrust their fate to the gods.

There are always a certain number of dark horses to bet on. The polo shirt, for instance, was originated several years ago as a fashion to appeal to a limited number of men, but its popularity today is nationwide. The brief knitted short of last summer carried the concern which first sponsored it to tremendous profits—all in one season. Here were two ideas which were successful. We could name two dozen flops, ideas whose sponsors "lost their shirts" and are still on coffee-and-rolls diets. So it goes.

Small wonder then that the stylists have eagle-eyed observers everywhere to photograph, to describe, to sketch the newest ideas. Women's styles make their bows at regular shows. Men's fashions may be born any time, anywhere, any season. If you are going to manufacture a hundred thousand hats you will very naturally want to know how many should be gray, how many brown, with high crowns or low. Small wonder then that you see these observers and checkers with their pads and pencils at the hunts, the football games, the night clubs, first nights, the swanky beaches.

During the coming season three terms: *color*, *streamlining*, and *air-conditioning* will tell the story of men's clothes. The terms *streamlining* and *air-conditioning* can be applied with common sense to

(*Continued on page* 40)

SERVICE
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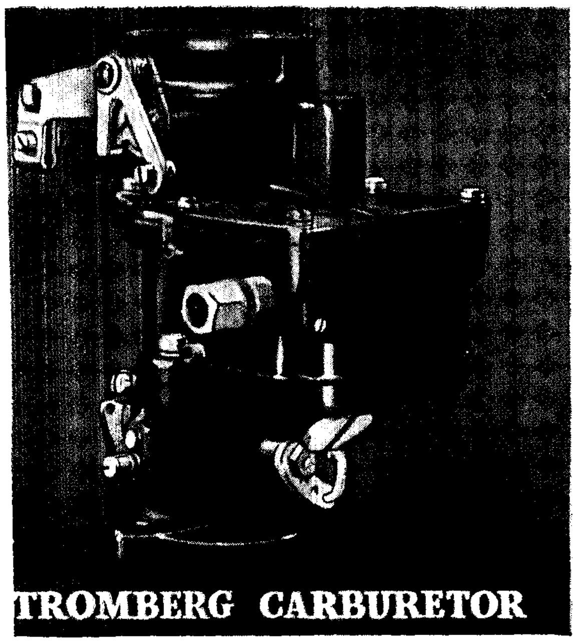
TROMBERG CARBURETOR

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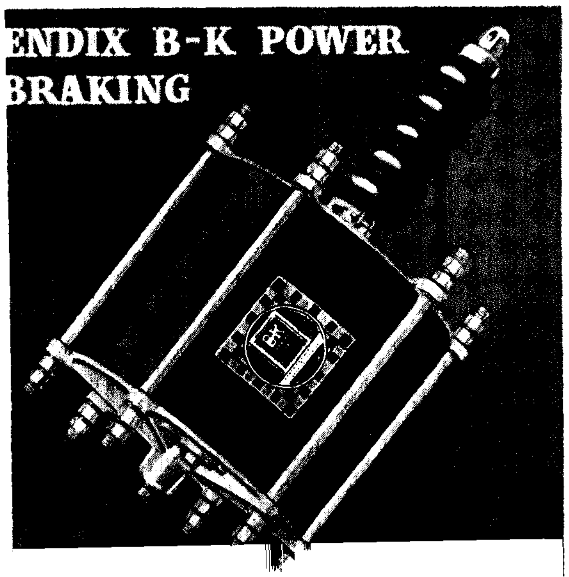
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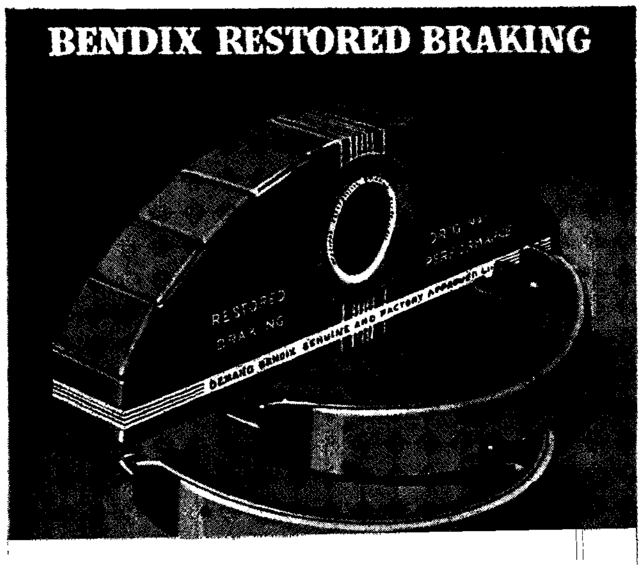
BENDIX RESTORED BRAKING

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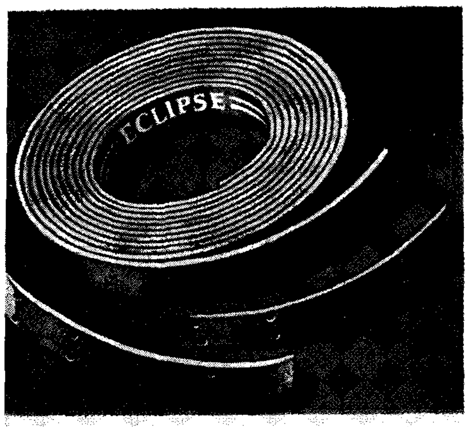

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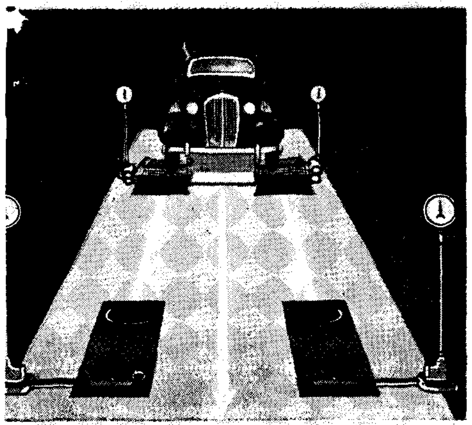

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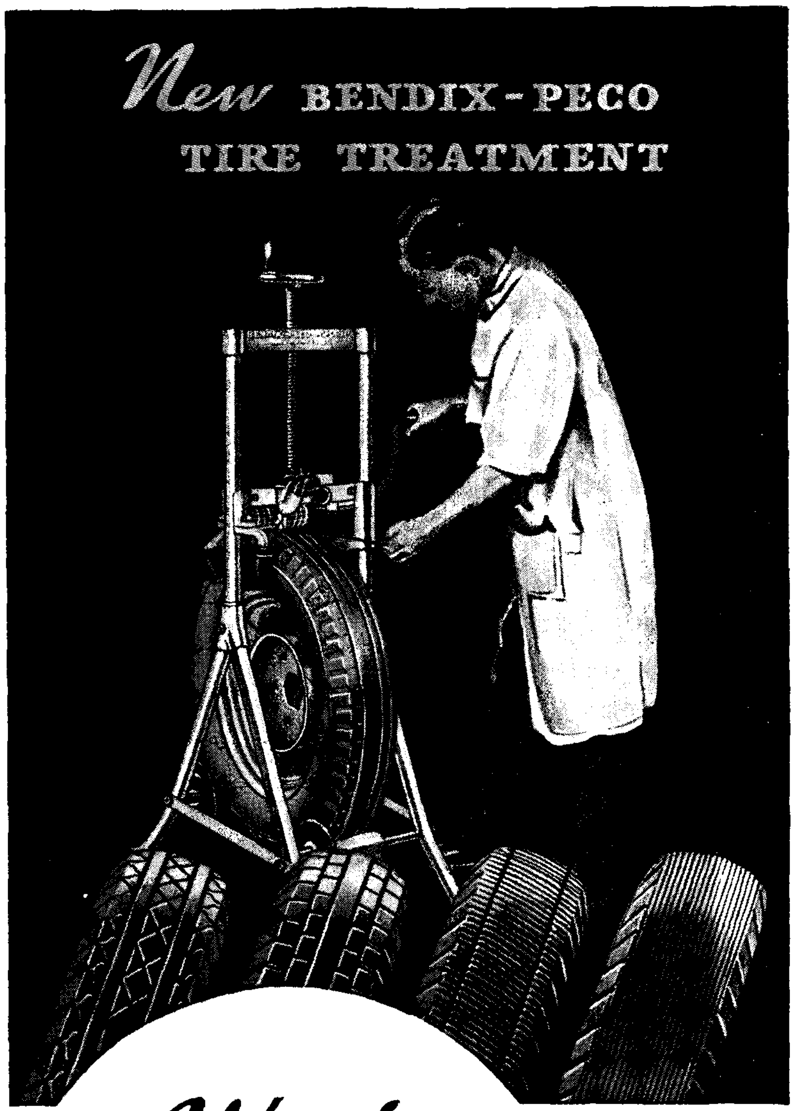

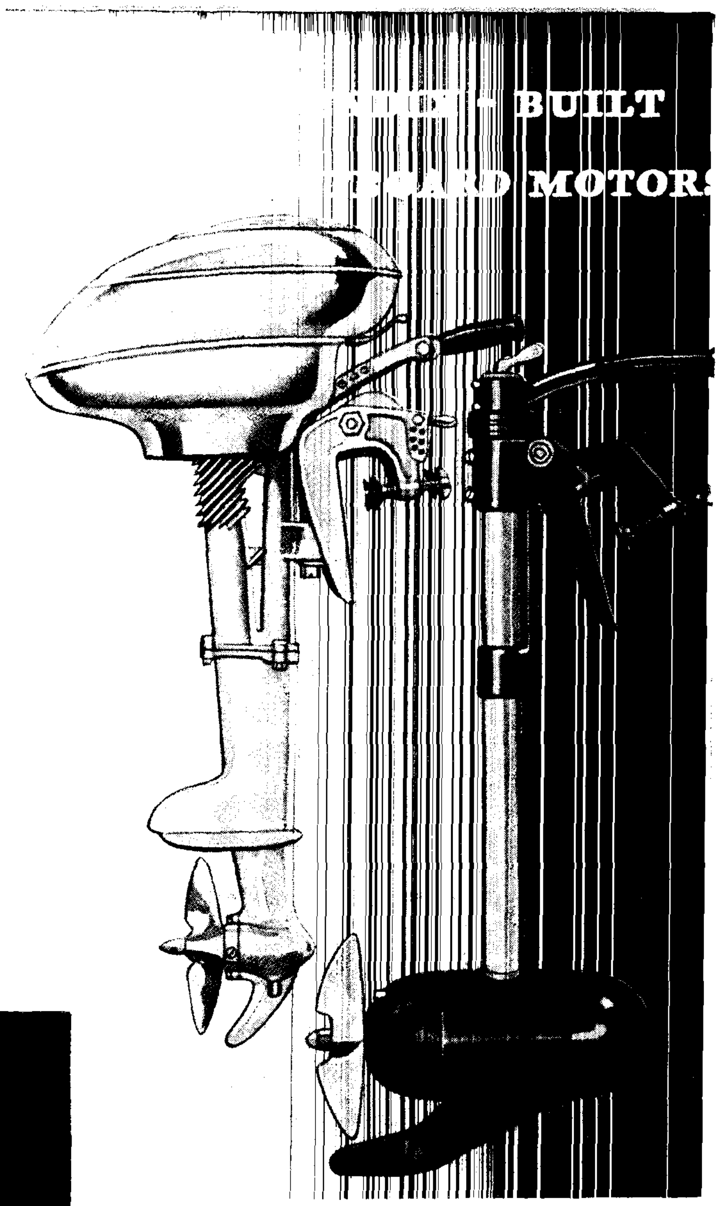

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☐ Car Dealer ☐ Service Station ☐ Parts Distribut

☐ Car Owner (Make of Car ____________ Year ______

(Continued from page 37)

men's clothes, though they have been seized upon elsewhere with little justification. A streamlined loaf of bread, ash tray, cocktail shaker, coffin or hat-rack doesn't make much sense. There is a legitimate application, however, to clothes which have been simplified, eased in structure to make less resistance to body movement, lightened in weight, and reduced to minimums for masculine comfort.

A style as a style is only a fad. Style with comfort and utility is another story. Last season men bought a third more summer wear than they did in 1934, a substantial portion buying hot weather apparel for the first time. Many more will do likewise this coming season, not because someone tells them they ought to—but because they have much to gain.

Today men's clothes are more colorful, and hence gayer, than they have been for almost a decade. In recent years there has been a lot of hopeful talk and wishful thinking on the part of manufacturers about more color; it helps to sell clothes. This time we're talking about sales, not hopes. They do show that the brighter, lighter trend began in 1933, gained impetus in 1934 and 1935 and is still going strong.

The gloomy hues of the depression have departed. In hard times men buy darker suits because a new suit will not be so noticeable when one's friends can't do likewise, and because a dark suit will serve for everything: wedding, wakes, and wassail. The same phenomenon can be shown in the colors of automobiles and proved by the sales figures. Black is popular (nearly forty per cent of all sales) but colors are becoming more and more popular.

The Nation's Summer Formal Wear

The mass vogue for white started by the college boys was one time when big business listened to the cloistered halls—and liked it. White and near-white are now the national summer formal wear. White used to be confined, of course, to the South, where mammies could wash out linen or cotton suits at low cost. But old-fashioned Southern mammies, like the cold winters we used to have, are no longer with us.

Colored suits are more suitable for business and sports wear and they will gain a larger share of the new season's business. New patterns and colors will be compromises with year-round apparel—grays, tans, blues, herringbones, sharkskins, checks, and the like, which will make the seasonal change less noticeable.

In shirts, checks, stripes and patterns to make conservatives shudder will be worn this season in even larger numbers. On the Continent, dark colored shirts, such as deep blues and browns, never gained the popularity they have here. This season they will be worn more than ever before with light tropical suits.

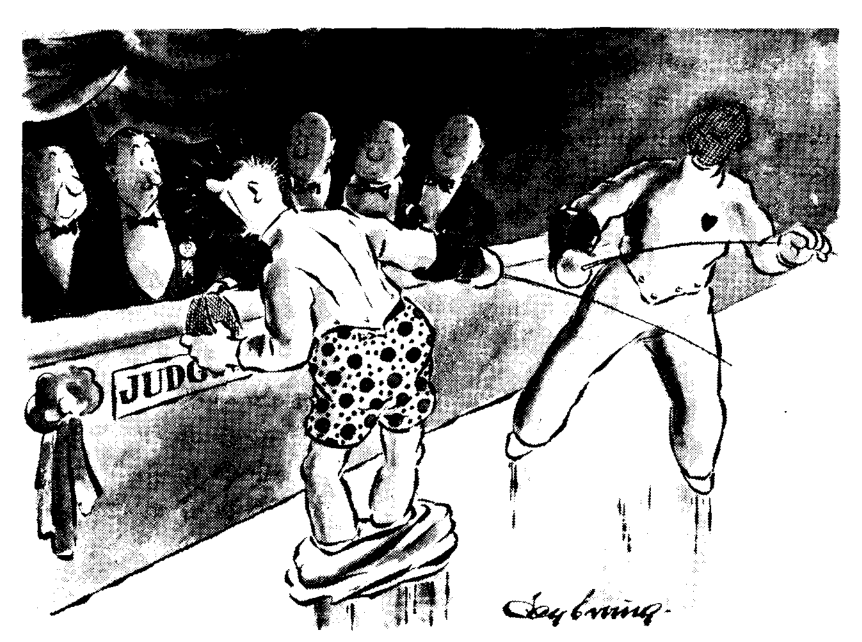
One of the reasons there is more color in men's wear today, particularly in shirts, is the influence of women. Manufacturers frankly set their colors and patterns to attract the women, who do most of the buying. In the better grades, men buy their own shirts, but when department stores announce a bargain sale in shirts the women crowd in, while the men stay away in droves. They don't seem to take a competitive attitude in such matters.

Men's color preferences are much more stable than women's, but are still puzzling at times. For instance, men will buy bright canary yellow polo shirts and sleeveless sweaters but will turn up their noses at regular shirts in this gay hue. Then, too, some sections of the country are far more willing to go in for bold colors than others. The Far West will buy two figured shirts, jacquards, checks and dots for every one such shirt bought by the conservative East. The same thing applies to hats, socks and ties.

Shoes this year are lighter in color and weight. Lighter shades of regular brown calf, to go with tweeds and gray flannels, supersede the dark. And as shoes go, so go socks. The average man in the United States buys ten pairs of socks per year. Quite a few of the ten this year will be out of the stock and stodgy black, gray, brown or blue. Bold patterns and bold colors, lending themselves to the outdoor motif, will complement colorful suitings and shoes. Sports shoes with openwork, ventilators, strap and sandal effects call for bright tones.

And here again is evidence of that ubiquitous feminine influence: There will be pastel shades to please them. Why? Well, in the department stores women happen to buy three out of every four pairs of socks sold. Even in the sacrosanct men's stores they buy one in four pairs. Simple, isn't it?

Similarly, women buy eighty-five per cent of all the men's underwear sold, and the manufacturers keep an eye peeled for their changing tastes. Ordinarily, seventy per cent of men's shorts are sold in stripes, usually in blue. Solid white accounts for about fifteen per cent, blue twelve per cent, and other colors a mere dribble.



"Yuh gotta make him quit aiming for my belt!" JAY IRVING

The color trend is also pronounced in garters, belts, and braces. Men will go in for bright tones in these even if they won't in suitings, ties or shirts, since such bright spots do liven up a dull ensemble. In the old days suspenders (they were called that then, or galluses) used to be in lavender, purple and violet to go with current shirt styles, the main idea of which seemed to be the louder the better. Colors nowadays are bright, not billboardish. There are few firemen reds or pool-table greens.

Cutting Down the Weight

The average winter suit, which some men still struggle with through the summer, weighs anywhere from four to ten pounds. Add shoes, underwear, shirt, socks and the like, and the average man would weigh eight or ten pounds more with his clothes on than off. Some still do.

An engineer would tell you that carrying seven or eight pounds of clothes around all day and evening is no more work, comparatively, than lifting a horse above your head fifteen times. Or, to put it another way, the efficiency loss is about five per cent. This summer there will be a number of summer suit fabrics on the market which will weigh from fifteen to forty ounces. A woman's summer outfit nowadays would average only a few ounces, including everything, so we are no longer so badly off.

Dressed for Comfort

This loss of weight in men's summer wear has been due to improvements in fabrics which permit better tailoring. Gone are the heavily padded shoulders. They used to be necessary, but improved processing enables clothes to drape better, and to keep their shape longer. Summer materials are also more porous, enabling the body's air-conditioning apparatus (the first one on record) to function as it was intended. The human body is a sort of two-legged thermostat and one's pores and capillaries, like everything else, react favorably to kind treatment.

What goes for suits also goes for shirts. For comfort men will buy more shirts of porous fabrics than in any previous season, fabrics that will permit air to get to the body and which, though light, will absorb perspiration readily. The wide-spaced low collar is also being more widely worn than at any time in decades. Teddy Roosevelt and Mark Twain swore by them. But times have changed. It's the Duke of Kent collar now, as any haberdasher's clerk on Main Street will tell you. Sounds more impressive, or something.

The better part of the shirt business this summer will be done in shirts with fused collars. They are firm without starch, yet comfortable. A fused collar is made of three layers of cloth. The inner one contains an acetate yarn with a latent adhesive quality. When it is put between the two plies and pressed together—you have a fused collar. The process is also being applied to dress shirt fronts, as well as to cuffs. Likewise, elastic webbing is being used in men's wear wherever there is need for loosely fabricated material which will stretch with movement but regain its original shape—in sweaters, wool suits, bathing trunks, sock tops, and the like. The body can breathe easily.

Pajamas with short sleeves and knee-length shorts in place of long trousers are a fashion with a reason: comfort. They got a foothold last year, and will be increasingly worn during the hot weather.

Only in a few large centers, such as New York, do men generally leave off their pullover undershirts in the hot weather. As many shirts are sold as shorts, but the influence of brief bathing trunks has helped the minimum clothing idea along. It is not quite an accurate guarantee of coolness, because a pullover shirt is needed to absorb perspiration. Underwear manufacturers are making a large proportion of their output in porous materials, both shirts and shorts.

Men's hats continue to grow lighter in weight and color. The light crusher hat, because of its fitness for motoring and other uses, continues to make inroads into straw hat sales. In warm weather there is a peculiar tendency everywhere towards smaller shapes and narrower hatbands. A psychology prof would doubtless tell you what you already know—that black is not a cool color and the less of it there is to see in the summer the better.

The cap is staging an interesting comeback. Workingmen have worn them right along during recent years but there has been little sale elsewhere. Well-to-do people are wearing them again for motoring and for sport because of their inherent usefulness. A general increase in their use is expected.

Men's knickers, which also went into an eclipse, are coming back in England, and may be expected to do so here. So are stickpins—one or two of which you probably have put away. So have we. As the dramatists Beaumont and Fletcher wisely remarked a trifling three centuries ago, "What was worn some twenty years ago comes into grace again."

The Return of the Garter

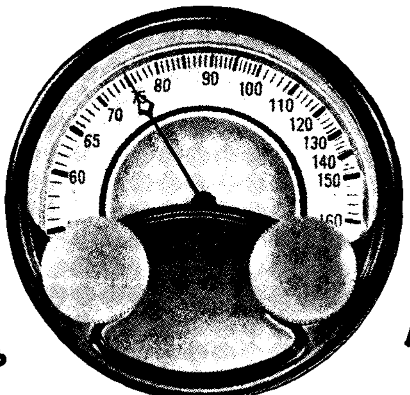
It seems only yesterday that we were reading about the fellow whose girl refused to marry him, or the chap who didn't get the $10,000-a-year job, because his socks fell over his shoe tops. But now it is safe to say that ninety per cent of the men who once went garterless and hatless are now back in the fold. The manufacturers can breathe easier—for a time anyway. As a matter of fact, better webbing is being used in garters and they are more comfortable because they stretch more easily, are lighter in weight and narrower.

Although young men wear more braces than belts with ordinary suits, they need belts for slacks and many older men prefer a belt to suspenders. It helps carry what countless meals have wrought. Braces, like garters, are narrower than formerly, weigh less, give more easily.

More men are style-conscious than would ever admit it. They demand comfort, they demand serviceableness, but they also want to look smart. And very subtly they are helped by social changes, through the media of designers and designing women, to pay more attention to their dress.

And so a man can walk into his favorite store in Kennebunkport or Oklahoma City this year and buy himself a complete summer "get-up." And he may do it in thirty minutes' time. He will probably come out of the store with every article lighter in weight, more porous for the air to get in and out, more colorful, more comfortable. He will have a light-weight, light-colored, "crushable" hat; shirts with fused, not stiff, collars; washable ties and a clip to keep them out of his eyes; a tropical-weight suit with, perhaps, side vents and no vest; porous underwear; open-mesh socks; and shoes with perforations or of soft, colorful leather or fabric.

He may not have asked for these features, but he won't balk at them. He will be comfortable. He will know he is well-dressed and experience the unique pleasure which goes with that knowledge. Indeed, as a genial cynic once remarked, the consciousness of being perfectly well-dressed bestows a peace such as religion cannot give.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The Girl Who Hates Movies

Continued from page 36

about it and had definite ideas of the place of a lady in life. When she went through her routine of reciting the lines of a show after coming home from a matinee, she got in trouble with the family.

"Will you come down while your dinner is hot or must I come up there for you?" her father demanded from the foot of the stairs.

The big break came when she started going to dancing school, quite unknown to the folks. The dancing teacher had seen her at a symphony concert and asked if she didn't want to join the class.

Her dancing career ended when she broke a bone in her foot. She explained that at home as a bit of stupidity having to do with tripping over a curb.

When the next Easter vacation came around, she talked her parents into allowing her to visit relatives in Berlin. What she really had in mind was the Max Reinhardt School of Acting. She was sixteen and still filled with romantic and gloomy ideas about the theater. When she finally got to the Reinhardt school, she backed out hastily in dismay.

"There was a big room filled with boys and girls dancing," she says. "It gave me an awful shock. I thought of Reinhardt as somebody like God and it seemed a sacrilege to be having a good time like that."

When that didn't work, she thought of visiting her grandparents in Düsseldorf, where Louise Dumont had her theater. The Berlin relatives thought it wasn't too flattering to them that she could only stay a day in Berlin, but they put it down to the provincialism of anybody coming from Hamburg.

She went down to Düsseldorf next day, called timidly on Louise Dumont that same afternoon and realized, when she got there, she had no reason in the world for bothering a busy woman with her childish ambitions.

"What do you want?" asked Madame Dumont.

"I want to be an actress."

"Why?"

"Because," said Luise, "because I have something inside me. . . . And I want to get it out."

This sounded a little farfetched to Dumont but she didn't have time to argue the point.

"Here," she said, giving Luise a copy of Strindberg's Frau Julia. "Study that and be back here at this time tomorrow. Maybe you just think you have something in you."

Miss Rainer learned the words overnight and had no idea of the meaning of most of it. It was a strong play of love and passion and Hamburg girls of sixteen weren't going in for such things in those years.

The Ultimatum from Home

In any event it pleased Dumont when the most ardent lines came through with such innocence that it sounded like a new play. She offered Luise a job with the theater. This was something else again. Just what she had in mind when she visited Dumont, she didn't really know, but it certainly hadn't meant leaving home and settling in Düsseldorf. Now that she had a job, she was scared to death. She sounded out her father, rather tentatively, and his reply came back promptly:

"Either come home at once or we will have nothing to do with you."

Put in that way, it was different. She didn't go home and she didn't stay with her grandparents, because no decent German grandparent would think of defying a German parent. She got thirty dollars a month and lived on it and acted in everything the Dumont theater possessed. It was a repertory theater playing all the classics and her success was so pronounced that she was signed for the next year by Reinhardt in Berlin. Later still she went with him to his Vienna theater and it was there that the Hollywood hawks found her.

She had succeeded Elizabeth Bergner in the Reinhardt company and played Bernard Shaw, Schiller, Shakespeare, Pirandello and such modern plays as Dreiser's An American Tragedy and Sidney Kingsley's Men in White, but that wasn't generally known when she reached Hollywood. She only reached it at all because she had fallen violently out of love with a man in Vienna and wanted to Get Away from It All. At M-G-M she was taken as another beauty contest winner and was lingering around with some disdain when her chance came in Escapade.

She lives in Brentwood Heights, takes almost no care of her looks when off the screen, wears slacks, uses no make-up, plays a bit of tennis and prefers men with colorful personalities, such as Jed Harris and the Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur. And, like the piccolo player in the orchestra, she hates the movies.

"It's not acting," she says.

After the completion of The Great Ziegfeld, she began making tests for The Good Earth, Pearl Buck's story of China. It is not generally the sort of thing done by a girl who is supposed to get by on her looks because the part will be of a downtrodden peasant and there will be no gowns by Adrian. She waited around for three months and the company still hadn't started shooting the picture.

In the meantime she was seeing Hollywood and there was the occasion when she made a date to go on a week-end motor trip with two young men. The thing rather slipped her memory and she went up to Arrowhead instead with her mother and father, who were over from Vienna visiting her. At noon on Sunday the young men turn up at Arrowhead in a roadster.

"Hello," they cry. "How are you? We've been looking all over for you."

"I'm up here with Mamma and Papa," says Luise.

They are polite young men. They show no sign of being hurt by her failure to keep the date.

"Come on," they cry. "Climb in here so we can talk to you. We'll be back in time for lunch."

So she climbed in and they drove away—for the space of about five miles. From here on Rainer tells the story herself.

"They stop the car and one boy gives me boomp! from one side and the other boy gives me boomp! from the other side and they drag me out of the front seat and around to the back and throw me in the rumble seat and close down the top. I yell but they drive right on, it seems like an hour. Then they stop and come back and take me out of the rumble seat and are very kind to me and take me up on the front seat again. Then they drive on till they come to the snow and they stop the car and say, 'Well, here's where you get off,' and they drag me out of the front seat again and throw me in the snowdrift and go away and leave me."

She Looks Quiet

She was there about half an hour, struggling feebly to walk along till she found shelter, when they came back for her. She intimates that she has new respect for American manhood since the adventure. The parents, on their behalf, had the highway police out in search. They were rather certain she had fallen into the hands of the Apaches.

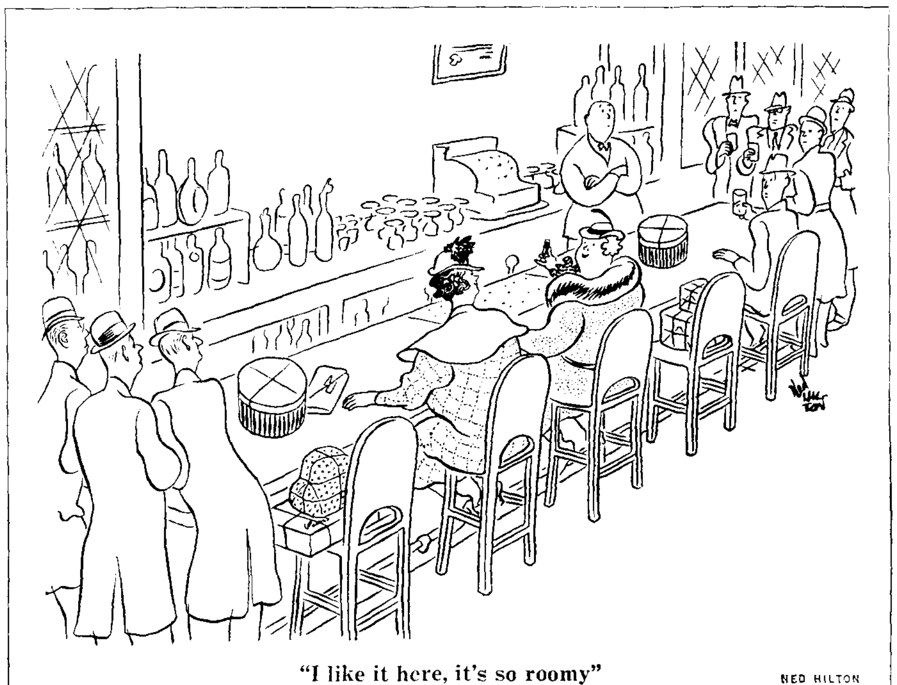
Rainer is five feet, three inches—if that means anything to anybody, and is the worst automobile driver in a section which possesses, in bulk, the most atrocious drivers in the world. She can be on both sides of a sidewalk in the space of a block, and if M-G-M thinks she is worth anything to them, they'll pay the expense of a Rainer chauffeur and to hell with the auditors. In spite of her independence, she would be taken at first sight as a quiet, mousy little girl and indeed is so regarded in her native land.

"The relatives say, 'Luise is nice but a little dumb,'" reports Luise herself.

Right at the moment she has ideas of marriage, babies and no more stage or screen.

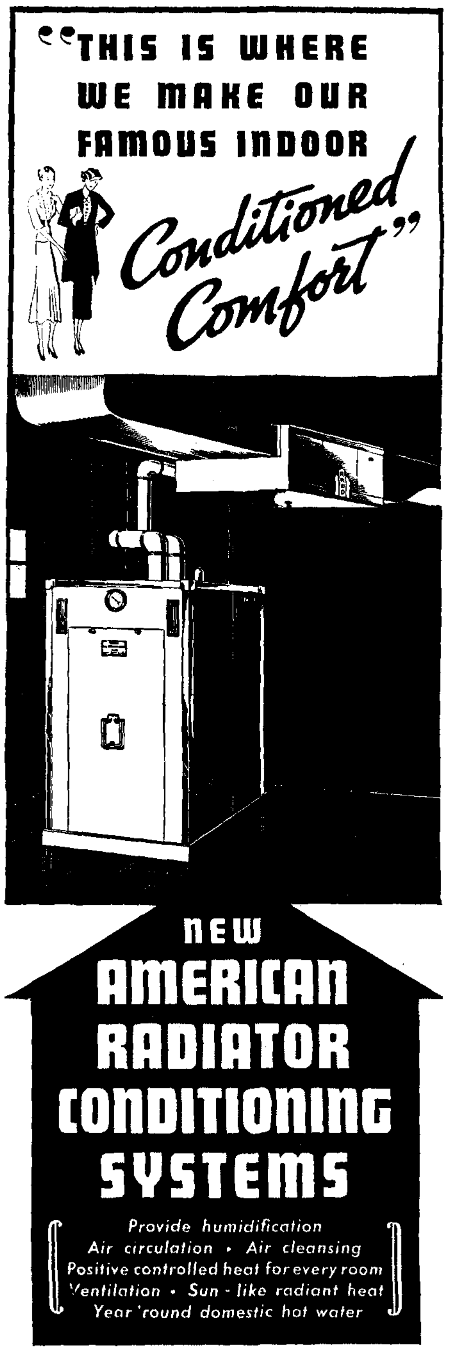
"Two or three years," says Luise, "and then 'phut'; I'm gone."

Which means that she is in love . . . with somebody in Vienna. . . . Not with either of the Arrowhead boys.



"I like it here, it's so roomy"

NED HILTON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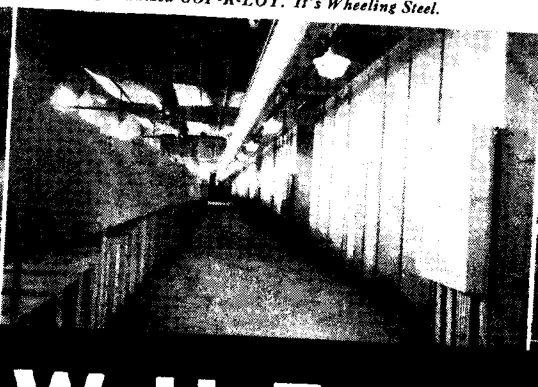
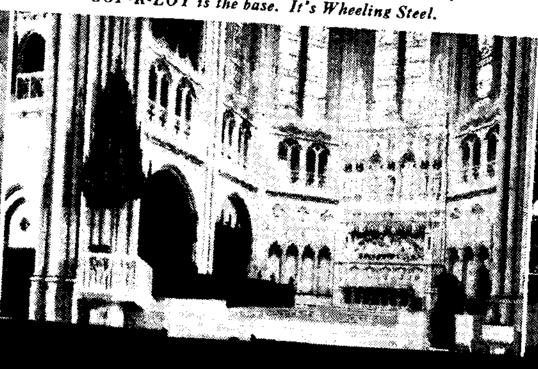
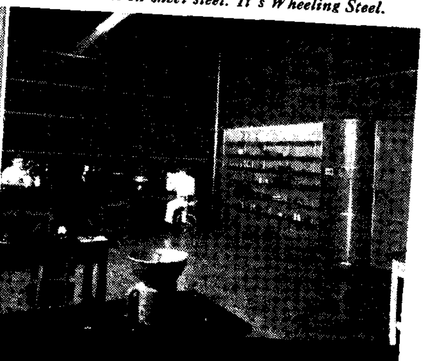


For plastered walls in this modern church, lath of COP-R-LOY is the base. It's Wheeling Steel.



For walls of this modern laboratory, Porcelain Enamel on sheet steel. It's Wheeling Steel.



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I feel like a dog!"
THEN HE STOPPED NEXT-MORNING JITTERS...
YOU'D SNAP, TOO, IF YOUR HEAD ACHED LIKE BLAZES AND YOUR STOMACH WAS IN A WHIRL—
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DID ME A GOOD TURN JACK! FEEL LIKE A DIFFERENT MAN AFTER THAT BROMO-SELTZER!
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Makes you feel fit FASTER!

BROMO SELTZER

Proud People

Continued from page 25

to favor this belief, for the whole town knew that the aging Henry Bland had laid upon his daughter the obligation of paying off his debts. The debts he didn't legally owe and yet could not forget.

None of us knew the truth, though all the sharp eyes of the town were upon those two. It was a little after the bank's crash that Camilla went to Omaha, leaving a neighbor woman to look after her father. And it was around that time, too, that Phil Hendry bought himself some wagons and started a freighting business. I remember the town had its skeptical thoughts about that, for Phil Hendry had never been a serious man and it made no sense that he who would one day inherit old Alex's wealth should be striking off for himself like any other moneyless boy. Six months later Camilla Bland returned from Omaha with a teacher's certificate, and that fall she took the third grade of the old Ward One school—the first woman to teach in our town.

I used to see these people walking their lonely way along our streets and be possessed by a wonder that would not diminish. Old Alex, turning into the stairway of his building, dressed more poorly than any stable roustabout, with a sly and strange backward glance at whoever might be passing behind him; and Camilla going soberly down Custer Street in the mornings, with an inner grace that was like a shining light; and old Henry Bland, passing the bank without ever looking at it, his age coming upon him like quick winter; and Phil Hendry sitting up on the box of one of his wagons, his big shoulders bowed over against the sudden slant of our March rains. I used to watch them and wonder, and I know now that all New Hope was also watching them—trying to resolve this puzzle.

IN THE middle of the following year old Henry Bland died, and when they lowered him into the grave on Locust Hill I could look up and see all the people I ever knew standing bareheaded there, crying or near to crying. In his young years he had been a strength to our town; in his tragic years he had been a strength. I can still feel the emptiness of that day. He had left behind him twenty thousand dollars in life insurance, which was, for our time, a large amount. And he had said to Camilla as his last word: "People trusted me, Cam. You remember that."

When the insurance company's check came, Camilla Bland turned it over to Father, to be applied to the old debt. I remember Father telling it to Mother that night. His voice went out on a note that I can still hear—deeply stirred and proud, and regretful in a way that hurt you to hear.

My mother wasn't happy. Just and fair as she was, she could not find it right to balance Camilla Bland's life against old Henry Bland's stern sense of honesty. She said: "It has gone too far."

"Perhaps," my father said, "it has."

Mother said: "Is she giving you part of her teacher's pay, too?"

But Father never answered that question. I recall that we were still grouped there in the soft spring night when Phil Hendry came down Prairie Street on his big, high-wheeled freighter—headed outward toward the west. He had his hat off and his blond head swayed a little to the wagon's motion. He sat in freighter style, bowed on the seat, his heavy hands clasping the reins. After he had gone on, my father said something that surprised me:

"Perhaps that's gone too far, also."

He said no more, and after all these years that silence is what comes back to me, freighted with a thousand memories. All those people look across time to me now, stiff in their clothes, tightlipped and almost grim in the way they faced the world. I know now I misjudged them. There was somewhere in them an imaginativeness almost wild, a strain of hidden sentiment, an honesty they were afraid to reveal.

I remember Phil Hendry stolidly riding his freight wagon through that summer and that fall. There were parties in New Hope—hayriding and skating on Beechey's pond, and dances, and long trips out to Buttermilk Farm during the hot spell. But Phil Hendry, who once had lived this way, never went. I think the younger crowd avoided inviting him. Once, under the arch of the Bon Marche, I saw him come face to face with Camilla; and for a moment they stopped, stepped suddenly back from each other, and stared in a way that even to me was somehow bitter and hopeless and strange beyond belief. In a moment he bowed his head and turned.

THIS was the way it went, all our eyes upon that pair, with nobody knowing and nobody satisfied. With the feeling of something unfinished in the air. And then Alex Hendry, who had moved so obscurely through New Hope that year, came to the end of his time and, like a shadow, passed out. He had a moment with his son, a moment in which all the misery of his life seemed to break forth. He had sent Doctor Gillespie from the room so that he might have his word with Phil. But Gillespie heard the old man's voice, high and strident, come down the full length of the hallway:

"It's your money now and you can do what you damned please with it."

Gillespie heard Phil Hendry speak in a slow, sad way. And then old Alex broke in, still bitter: "No, you'll find out what I found out long ago. I can't tell you—it's something you've got to learn. But you'll never buy a dime's worth of happiness that way. It's pleased me to see you turn to work this last year, though you've been a fool in the way you've used what you made. I know you like a book, Phil—and I see what you're going to do now. It won't work. You'll find out."

When the Menefee's big black horses drew the hearse up Locust Hill there was only one carriage to follow and only Phil Hendry there to see his father buried. The resentment of our town was that strong, its memory that hard and that unforgiving. My mother cried a little; she could not bear to think of this anger following Alex Hendry to his death. But my father had no pity.

"He lived his life the way he wanted. Never gave any sympathy and never asked for any. I give him credit for consistency. That was his one virtue."

A week afterward, with soft dusk falling out of the sky, Phil Hendry came down Prairie Street and stopped at our gate. My father went out there and the two of them talked for a long while. When Father returned to his chair he lighted a fresh cigar and smoked it entirely through, so silent that my mother gathered up her sewing and went to bed. . . . How indelibly stamped upon my memory that scene is.

THERE was something in the wind. I felt it, and our town felt it. And then, a month or more later, I turned into St. Vrain and saw Camilla Bland come out of the Bon Marche and pause deliberately and turn and wait for Phil Hendry, who had been standing across the street. He came over and lifted his hat and for a little while they stood like that, with a graveness deeply covering both their faces. She said something in a low voice and lifted her cheeks and I noticed how fair and pale and proud she was at that moment. There was something in Phil Hendry's eyes, like pain, and his lips came together and were very thin. They walked down the street together.

One day, a little after school had started in the fall, they were married without announcement in Judge Rawl's office and left on the next stage for Omaha. They were gone about a month, I remember, and while they were gone my father announced that Phil Hendry had made a settlement of the bank's old debt, clearing up each depositor's account and assuming a share of each stockholder's assessment. I do not think New Hope realized until then how large Alex Hendry's fortune had been; for Phil had paid out in that transaction over a hundred thousand dollars.

I remember that when they returned and had settled in Syl Connoyer's house at the end of Prairie Street all the friends of the Bland family went there to see them; and I remember my parents talking about it on the porch of our place, later in the evening.

Mother said: "I'm happy for Camilla. She looks lovely. But I didn't see Phil there."

My father said gently: "He was playing seven-up in the back room at Dolph Oliver's saloon."

"Tod!"

But Father made an impatient gesture with his arm. His face wasn't pleased. "It's Camilla's friends who called to pay their respects. Not his. That's why he wasn't home."

She said: "That's over, Tod. Nobody's holding Alex Hendry's sins against Phil."

"Perhaps not," my father said. "But perhaps Phil is holding New Hope to account for its sins."

I didn't understand and I know my mother didn't. And as the months went along, New Hope had no answer for that puzzle either. For there was a strangeness here that nobody could explain. They had returned from Omaha—two tall, fine people who once had been in love and who once had been so quick to find laughter in living; and who maintained now a reserve New Hope could not penetrate.

It was like a riddle that wouldn't leave you alone; our town perplexed itself more and more with the little clues that furnished no answer. We all knew that Alex Hendry had secretly bought the old Bland mansion and that it was now Phil Hendry's. Yet the Bland mansion remained empty while Camilla and Phil stayed on in the little place at the end of Prairie Street. It would have pleased New Hope to have seen those young people move back into old Henry Bland's big house; it would have been like the happy answer to a troubled story. But there was something here between Phil and Camilla too bitterly remembered; some pride stung beyond forgiveness; some thought that, married though they were, built its barrier between them. We could see it. We could feel it. We could watch it grow.

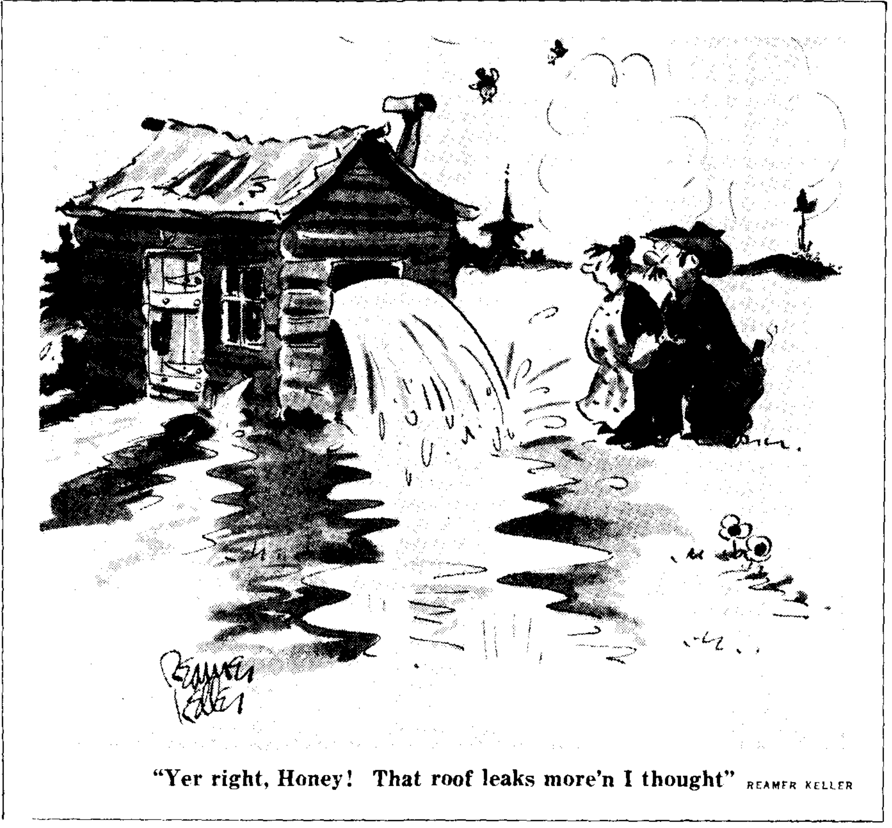
AT TIMES they walked the pleasant dusk together, which was a habit of the folks in our town. From my porch I could see them pacing along the uneven boards of Prairie Street, saying little and very grave; as though each was deep-caught in some loneliness that could not be shared.

Otherwise New Hope saw them seldom together. She seemed to stay habitually in the little house at the end of Prairie. As for Phil, he had his office in the Hendry Block. Now and then he liked to take over the reins of one of his freighters and make the long week's trip westward. Sometimes in duck season we would see him ride out along the Missouri and disappear behind the long banks of autumn haze hanging a lovely color across the horizon; and sometimes we saw him, late at night, come slowly back. Somewhere, through all this time, he had kept two or three of his oldest friends and if there was need to find him in the evenings it was best to look first in the back room of Dolph Oliver's saloon. Ordinarily he'd be there, playing seven-up in his shirtsleeves, an old pipe clenched in the deep corner of his mouth, his heavy eyes thoroughly unreadable.

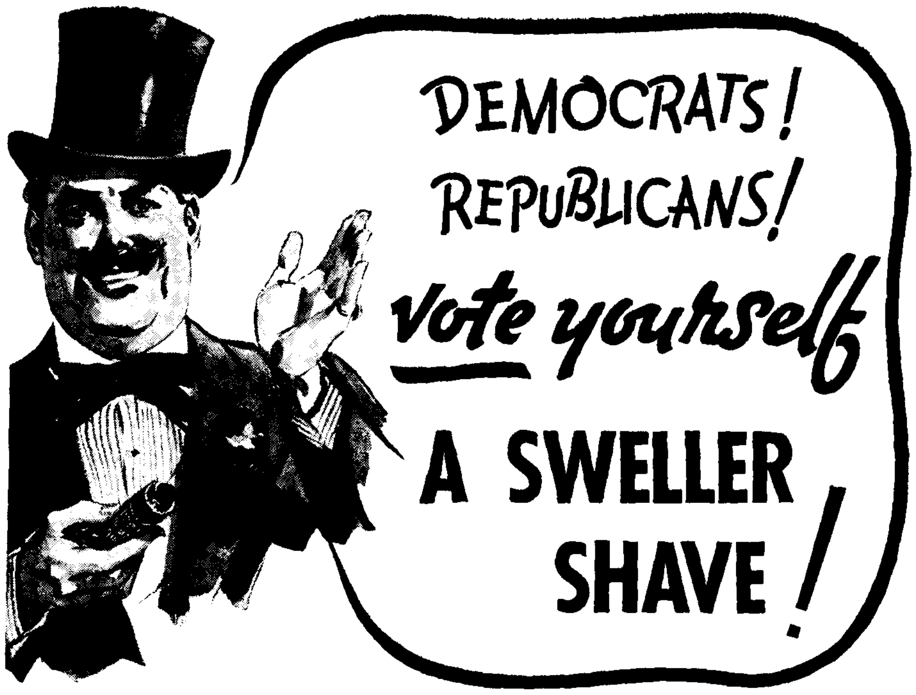
I saw them once meet at the stairway entrance of the Hendry Block. He was leaving the building and she was turning up the street in company with Fay Stayton, who had just been married. And I recall with what exactness he removed his hat and looked down at Camilla, giving back to her the same measure of thoughtful, steel-hard courtesy she was giving him. I heard her say:

"I'm giving Fay and Billy a dinner. What night would be best for you?"

(*Continued on page 48*)



"Yer right, Honey! That roof leaks more'n I thought" REAMER KELLER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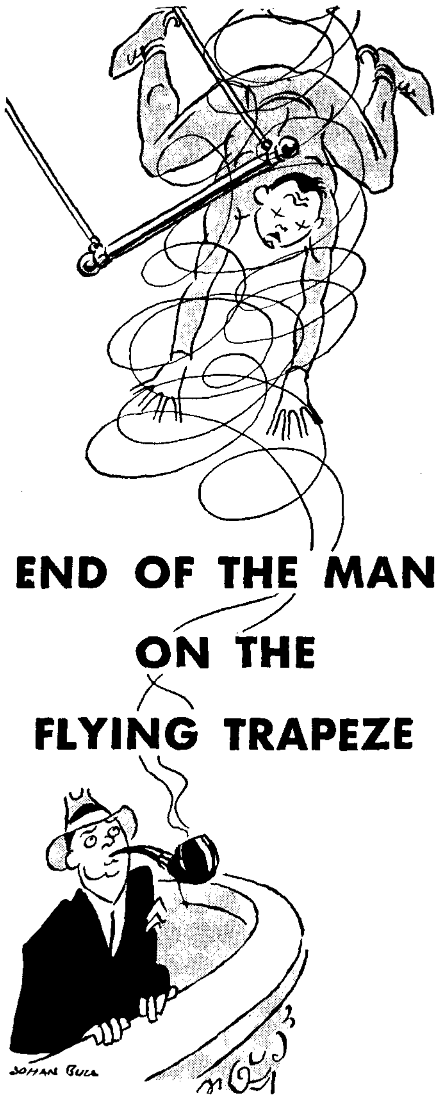

HE fell from the bar with the greatest of ease when the fumes from that gooey briar got him. Won't some usher please rush out for a pack of pipe cleaners and a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh's peaceful blend—and let the show go on? Sir Walter burns slower, cooler. The air stays cleaner, your tongue stays calmer, and its delightful aroma wins applause from any crowd. Sales go up and up as smoker after smoker finds Sir Walter Raleigh the answer to a pipe-lover's prayer for mildness and fragrance. Sold everywhere. Ever tried it?

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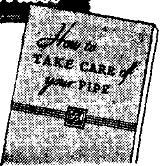

How to Take Care of your Pipe

Proud People

Continued from page 45

He said: "Whatever night you choose."

She said: "I do not wish to interfere with your plans."

He said: "They are not important."

That was all. The women turned away, leaving him paused there.

I think my mother mirrored the sentiment in our town. Kindly and tolerant always, she watched this affair until she could no longer be still. There was a desire in her to do something about it. She told my father so.

"They are both so proud. They'll go on like this—never making up." And then, because she felt, as all New Hope felt, that Father knew the roots of this affair, she challenged him directly. It was a thing she seldom did. Yet, as I say, she could no longer look idly on. "What is it, Tod?"

HE WAS a long time answering. I can see him now, seated quietly in the rocking chair, his face rather grayly fixed. Shadows were running across the housetops of our town and the smell of summer drifted in from the prairie. He said:

"Maybe she wonders if it was a fear of assuming her debts that made him drop away from her when the bank crashed."

"Then," said my mother, "why did she marry him?"

My father said, so softly, so deeply regretting: "She told her father she'd pay the debts he left behind. Maybe Phil went to her, when the money became his, and offered to pay off what she owed. Maybe it was a bargain."

"Tod," said my mother, completely outraged, "don't say such an indecent thing! No man would want to buy a woman."

But my father said: "They were in love once and then they got caught in the crash. A man might have things in his head he couldn't speak—particularly if his father was hated like Alex was. Who knows what Phil thinks—what he thought then, or what he thinks now? We can't tell. There's the chance he thought he had to do it this way, to correct the wrong old Alex did. And now, maybe, he's remembering what old Alex told him. That money will buy him no happiness."

Mother said: "Is that what he thinks?"

But she could press Father no farther. He put his cigar between his lips and fell into a deep silence, leaving Mother restless and unhappy.

It was the way all the town felt, seeing tragedy work its way with two people who had a right to something better. And yet there was nothing to be done, for Phil and Camilla Hendry held New Hope away with that gravity, that cold and distant pride.

PERHAPS it might have gone this way for the rest of their lives, the laconic habit of our times holding their tongues still and their real thoughts hidden. Our days ran along, slow and uneventful until it seemed the world stood still. And then Belle Mellish took to her bed and called in Doctor Gillespie; and late one night Gillespie sent Belle's fifteen-year-old boy down to the end of Prairie Street to summon Phil Hendry.

All this New Hope had from Doctor Gillespie, a man who had attended our town from its beginning. There was a sharpness in him that punctured our pride when it suited him to be that way, and a knowledge of our secrets that made him a little bit feared. He was like my father, faintly grim and past the stage of hoping for very much out of life. And yet if he knew how to hold his silence, he knew also when silence was no longer good. And so he spoke of that scene, so that New Hope might understand.

When Phil Hendry came into the room, Belle Mellish said: "I want you to take my boy. He'll not bother you long, but he needs care the next three years."

Hendry said: "I'll take him, Belle."

She said: "You're a good man, Phil, and the town has treated you poorly."

Gillespie said: "What's that, Belle?"

"The day the bank closed," said Belle, "Phil Hendry came to me with a promise to make good what I had lost. That's why he drove freight wagons, Gillespie. He's got old Alex's money now, but it was his own, not Alex's, that I got. There's others on Custer Street that can tell you the same."

Gillespie said: "You hear that, Camilla?"

She had been on the porch, and she had heard. It was the way Gillespie later told it that made my mother cry. For pure happiness. For sorrow at all those two fine, proud people had gone through. Camilla came into the room then. Pale, Gillespie said; pale and her eyes terribly dark. Phil Hendry stood there, looking at her in the way a man might look when desperately hungry and hurt.

Camilla said: "The day of the auction I saw you standing across the room—and I thought you were afraid of what I might cost you as a wife. I thought you didn't want me at that price. How could I believe anything else? You never said anything."

"There was nothing to say," said Phil Hendry. "I couldn't shame my father by letting New Hope know I took on a debt he refused to recognize."

"Then," said Camilla, "you inherited his money and it seemed to me you thought you could afford me as a wife."

He said bitterly: "You took up my bargain."

"Yes," she said in one breath. "Yes, I did."

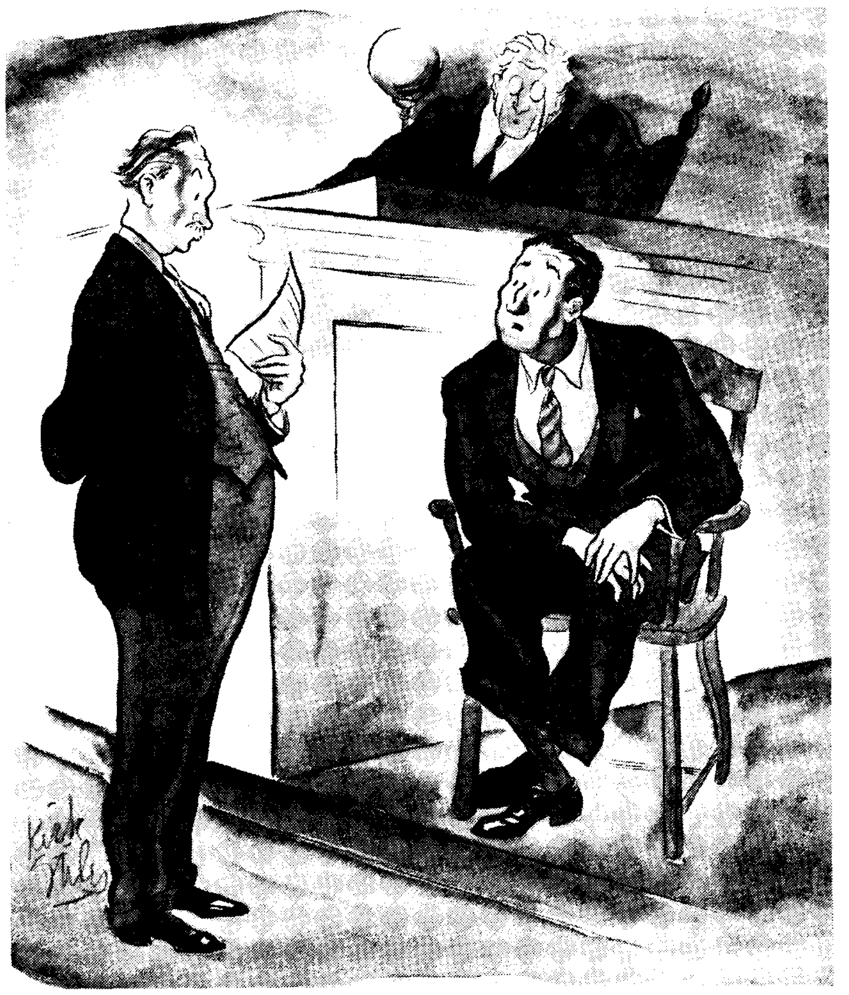
They were all so still. Belle Mellish and Belle's boy and Gillespie, who had turned his back to them because, he said, he had a little decency left in him, even after forty years of practice. But he heard Phil Hendry say:

"I'm awfully proud of you, Cam."

When Gillespie turned around, Phil had taken this girl solidly between his big arms. Gillespie told the story to Mother many times because she so loved to hear it, and always at this point Mother would say with an eagerness she could never suppress, "And then, Doctor?" And always Gillespie would smile a little and shake his head. "What," he would always say, "do you suppose a man would tell his wife after a year wasted? I think they forgot there was anybody in the room."

A DAY or two later, in passing down Prairie Street, I saw men cutting the weeds of the old Bland mansion. The door was open and Camilla was inside, a towel around her head, sweeping like fury.

I look back to that town and that time and I can understand why Phil Hendry could say that he was proud of her for having made that deliberate bargain. There was love between them, long-delayed and hard-used, but it was another thing that made him smile and reach out with his big hands—a sense of stubborn honesty that could silently applaud what she had done. In my boyhood people were like that, doing what they had to do without crying and without explanation; hiding the heat and the strength of their lives so often behind silence.



"Where was I December 25th? Why, wasn't that Christmas?"

KIRK STILES

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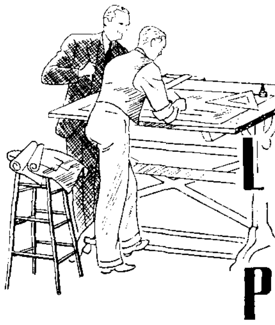

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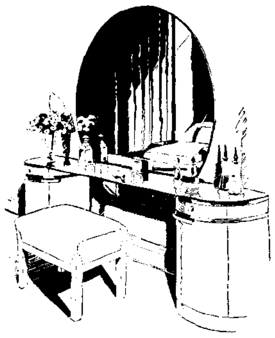

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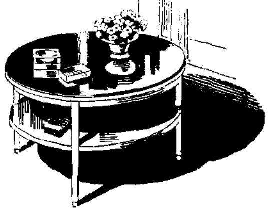

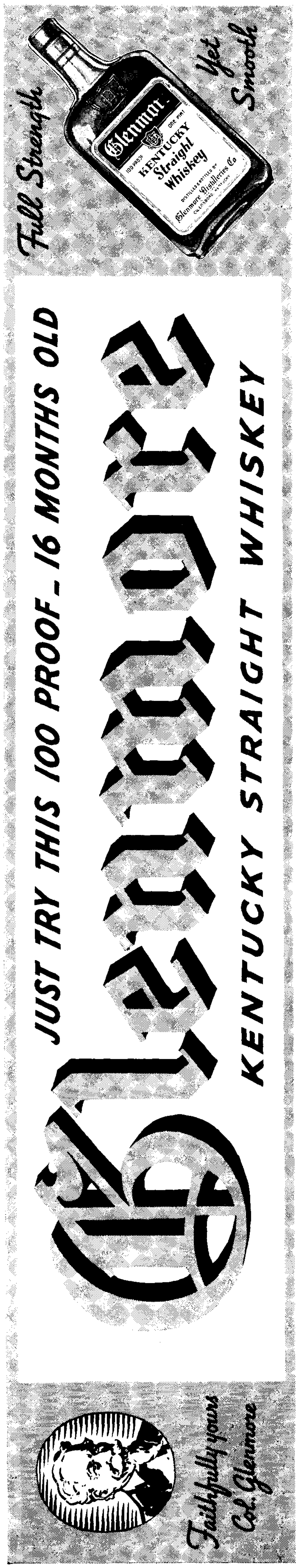
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The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 9

plays the field, and never in the world would he understand that a girl might work for a living and prefer to earn her living that way. In the end, Celia, being fast on her feet, somewhat faster than Mr. Jepler, escaped to the guest-room where she had dressed, and locked the door behind her. Miss Miller's uniform was lying over a chair. Somehow, it was comforting to see that uniform and to know that, eventually, Miss Miller would appear.

CELIA sat down and waited firmly. She did not weep. She wasn't the sort that weeps, and besides, she was furious. What a case! What a case to send a girl to! She thought with loathing of Miss Klapham. What a night! What a night. . . . But these things did not happen! Men locking one in, stopping one from leaving. . . . She sat staring, being angry, swinging her foot. After a time she got out of her uniform and into her street clothes, even to her hat. She could not think of trying to sleep in that house. And after a long time, after a night of reading and angry walking, the first good signs of day appeared at the window, the gray light in the panes, and sounds of the city waking, and finally the knock at the door. She would not open it at first, not until she heard Miss Miller's voice.

"Locked in?" Miss Miller demanded, watching her, observing the packed and closed bag, studying this latest recruit into private nursing. "What's the big idea?"

"I'm leaving," Celia stated.

Miss Miller closed the door and sat down on the bed and laughed heartily.

"The man's a criminal!" Celia blazed.

Miss Miller stopped laughing and her eyes softened. "You poor young nut," she said, after a time. Then: "What are you going to tell Klapham?"

"Just what happened."

"That will get you a long way." Miss Miller started to change into uniform. "I'll try to help you out with her," she said. "I'll let her in on the news that Jepler knows only two things to do with his hands and one of them is to raise glasses. But besides everything else, he's yellow. What do you bet he's telephoned Klapham already, saying he's had to dismiss you for incompetence?"

Celia looked ill. "I don't care what he says. I'll tell her the truth."

"Run along," Miss Miller told her. "I'll call up Klapham from the extension in the pantry." She was fastening her cuffs. "You'd better try some other line of work," she advised, "or stick to hospital cases. There are a good many baddies like Jepler loose in this town."

SHE took Celia out to the elevator. "So long," she grinned before the door closed on New York's newest nurse and her bag. "See you again sometime. You're not a bad egg, but you might get along better if you crack up that face of yours in a taxi accident. Good luck and three cheers."

Cheers, however, were not the order of the day with Miss Klapham, as Celia had known would be the case.

"All that may be so," she said bitterly to Celia's explanation, "but the fact remains that Miss Miller has managed to stay on this case without any such untoward incident. It is not pleasant for us, Miss Landis, to have patients complain about our nurses."

So Jepler had telephoned! It took some courage for Celia to remind the registrar that she had put herself on record against men patients and night work.

"Very well." Miss Klapham tapped a pencil against the desk. Antagonism against Celia, against all youth and good looks, flowed from her. "I do not know when another case will come your way," she said disagreeably, "as you are now on the bottom of the list. But I trust that if we arrange to send you out again you may acquit yourself more creditably."

"No one could be creditable with Mr. Jepler!" Celia said hotly and then remembered Miss Miller. Miss Klapham's raised, supercilious eyebrows remembered Miss Miller also, Celia saw, and she felt that the ground had been cut out from under her feet. She walked out proudly. The registry was so stuffy and dark brown and Miss Klapham was so hateful. Oh, where were the stiff fairness of Miss Cox and the grateful faces of the ward patients whom sometimes she had disliked and who now seemed so delightful? Where was Anthony Starr?

He was not there now but it was later that evening that he was sitting beside her at a corner table at Le Mirleton. She had decided against disclosing to him the dismal failure of her first case. Her heart longed to tell him but her mind counseled her not to. All the more reason, he would logically contend, that she should marry him and forget her stubborn insistence upon finding out about life for herself. And something gallant in her, too, made her wonder if a girl so little able to take care of herself was the fitting mate for this man.

And for once Anthony Starr's instincts about her, his "cat's whiskers," as he called them, were a little blunted. Blunted by his own incredible good fortune. He told it to her when they were seated and the dinner ordered. Over the wine which he had ordered to celebrate.

"We'll drink to the end of my private practice," he told her. And in his trance he almost neglected to tell her what he meant. But then she learned that he was giving up his surgical work, giving up his position at St. Martha's, to begin research at the Channing Institute.

"A marvelous opportunity," he said quietly. "Chester, *the* Chester, wants me to work with him!" She stared at him. "And Leeds!" he said. "Think of it. I'm to work with Leeds!"

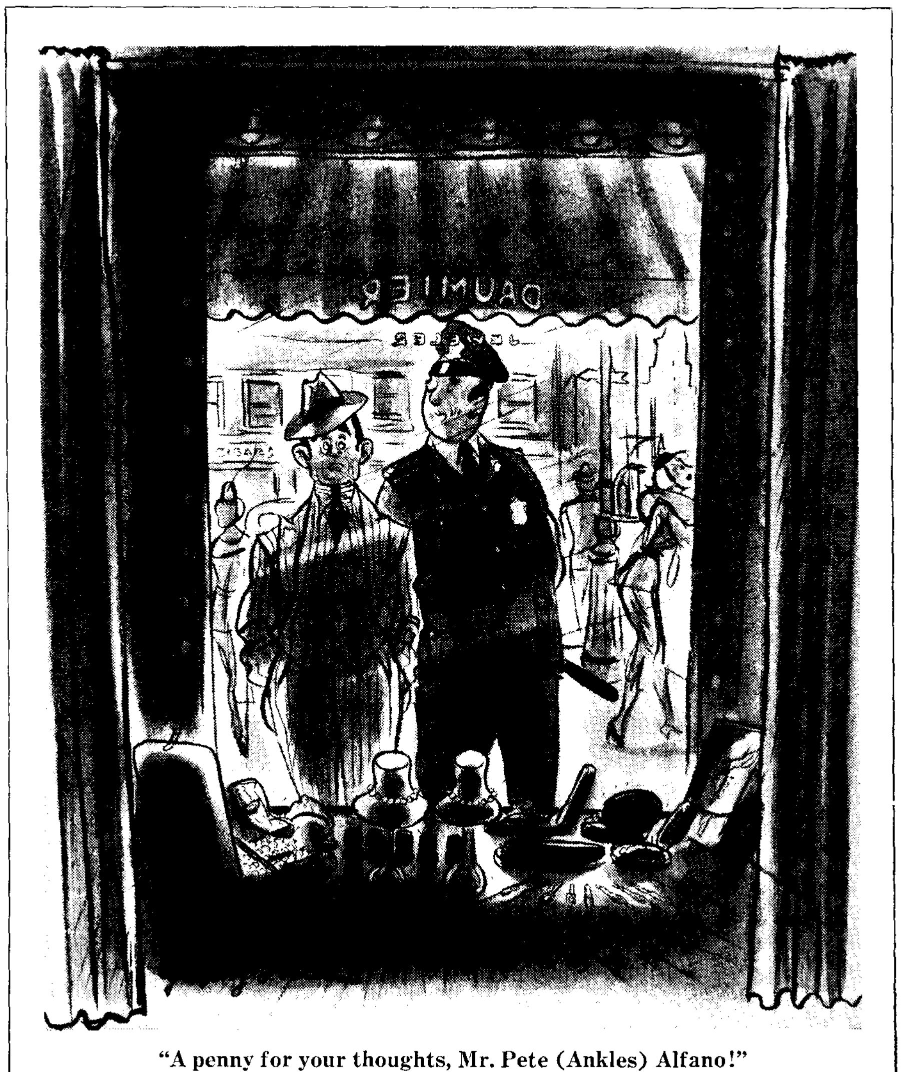
Celia, who was aware how much this meant to him to whom research medicine was even more important than surgery, tried to look impressed. She realized how shockingly unimportant it seemed to her and choked down the selfish thought that now she would not be able to rely on cases from him. She had not before sensed how much she had been counting on his large practice to see her through.

"It is wonderful, Tony, wonderful!" she said, swallowing suddenly, remembering Miss Klapham, recalling Mr. Jepler with a shudder.

HE SMILED and for a moment she trembled inside herself. "He will get farther and farther away from me," something cried within Celia, looking into those blue eyes, noticing again how beautifully the dark hair grew on the finely modeled head. "Celia! Don't be a little fool! Follow him!" her heart cried.

The waiter arrived and the moment was over and Celia Landis was glad that she had eluded a temporary madness. Later he sat with her hand lying lightly in his own and she knew that never again would Anthony Starr urge her to give up her own life to share his, that he would

(*Continued on page* 52)



"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Pete (Ankles) Alfano!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

. . . and what's more—

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR G3 THAN ON ANY OTHER TIRE

No more positive vote of public confidence has ever been bestowed upon any product than that accorded the Goodyear "G-3" Tire.

When it was first introduced, we advanced as reason for preferring it the pointed facts reprinted at the right.

The public has had ample time to put these promises to the acid test of experience — and today no other single tire at any price enjoys such a wide sale or so great a public acceptance as the Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather.

What more do you need to know about a tire than that it is the voluntary choice of more shrewd, tire-wise, careful-buying American car owners than any other single kind?

G3 ...A GREAT TIRE ON THREE COUNTS

1. 43% MORE NON-SKID MILEAGE than even its famous predecessor.
2. THE GOODYEAR MARGIN OF SAFETY due to traction in the center, where tire meets road.
3. THE BEST BLOWOUT PROTECTION that can be built into a tire — Supertwist Cord in every ply.

The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 50

allow her, fully and freely, to find out for herself what might be coming around the next corner. Allow? He would not so much as suggest that he had any claim whatsoever, as indeed he had not, unless love be a claim.

She did not see him except casually for the next ten days, and for all that time she waited for the case which was to prove to Miss Klapham and the world that she was an accomplished nurse. The delay, she knew, was due partly to hard times for nurses but mainly to Miss Klapham. She did not argue with the latter. She looked at her thumb, which a palmist had once told her denoted tact, and held her peace. Stubbornly her mind told her that Mr. Jepler was one of the most horrid of men and that Miss Klapham would have departed from him herself, and her heart waited eagerly for her next venture.

AT THE end of the ten days of discipline Miss Klapham acknowledged her on probation, if not forgiven. She had to, since the fashionable Dr. Kallock asked especially for Miss Landis and would have none other.

"Dr. Kallock!" Celia felt like dancing. You were made, any nurse was made, once Dr. Kallock had put you on his list. Merciful Providence, what a chance!

"I noticed your work at St. Martha's, Miss Landis," Dr. Kallock told her over the telephone in his suave, polished voice, "and I feel sure you are precisely what I want for this patient. Mrs. Carleton Daklin on East 73rd Street. She has just gone home, convalescent, from my sanitarium." He went on with the details of Mrs. Daklin's operation and with the case history. "You will find little to do medically," he continued in the smooth tone whose Harvard vowels did not entirely cover the traces of his Midwestern accent. "This is, rather, a situation in which the patient is to be humored as an individual, not as an invalid. She insists upon a young and, ah, lively nurse. I feel confident that you will please her greatly."

"Oh—" murmured Celia modestly, wishing that she shared his confidence. She was young but was she—lively?

"This, Miss Landis, is an important case," he murmured in closing, by which she knew that it was socially and financially one which was vital to his coldly calculated career. She hung up, a little apprehensive, so unsure was she now that she could be socially a success. "Oh, dear," she thought, "perhaps I should have gone in for surgical work at the hospital!" It seemed easier now to deal with an exciting peritonitis or a fractured leg.

Her bag was packed and ready. Rubber tubes and clinical thermometers, hypodermic cases, charts and fountain pen and, lightly on top of all, the impeccable white uniforms and the airy organdy cap.

And so she was off. The taxi whirled her out of Fifty-third Street and northward up Park Avenue. Now, positively, she was going on her first real case, to taste the fruits of three strenuous years of preparation. Behold Miss Celia Landis, R. N., diploma summa cum laude, drilling through Manhattan's traffic in a taxi which looked like any other taxi, but which, if the world had eyes, was a jumping-off place from which one flung oneself into life. New sights, new sounds, new demands on one's hidden powers. . . .

The door was opened promptly to her ring by a maid in violet uniform and the frilliest apron Celia had ever seen. There was also an explosion of small, curly white dogs, of a macaw glittering like jewels, and somewhere in the near distance a burst of voices singing.

"Is this Mrs. Daklin's residence?" Celia asked. It seemed scarcely possible, for surely there was no sick-room atmosphere here.

"Yes, madam."

"I am Miss Landis. Dr. Kallock sent me."

The maid stood aside. "Mrs. Daklin is expecting you, miss." She took Celia's bag and led her to a small elevator done in oyster-white satin. She pressed an ivory button and the lift rose skyward.

"You are to occupy Mrs. Daklin's sitting-room," said the pretty maid, ushering Celia into a room all apricot and silver with flowers on tables and a wood fire burning lightly at one end. The fire and the flowers, tall yellow roses of the variety known as Souvenir de Claudius Pernet, with their long red thorns and heavy shining leaves, were reflected in many tall mirrors.

"Mrs. Daklin's room is on your right," said Violet Uniform gently. "And Mr. Daklin's," she said, staring at Celia thoughtfully, "is on the left."

"Oh, yes."

"This is your bathroom." She opened a door onto an affair of chromium and leaf-green tiles with a glass shower cabinet gleaming in the triangle of one corner and with a huge sunken green tub across a wall.

"When you are ready," she said, "if you will ring, please, I shall take you to Mrs. Daklin."

The maid left, untroubled by doubt, and knowing things, certain things, perfectly. Celia looked after her, then around the exquisite room. Her mouth quivered and her eyes danced. This was all marvelous. From the bag which the maid had opened on a satin-covered bench, she brought forth the linen uniform and changed. She regarded herself, that long, slim thing, in the mirror. She had never seen anything so incongruous as that useful chilly linen amid this profusion of satin and flowers.

"Well, well," said Celia, making a curtsey to the girl in the mirror, "what are you doing here, my little maid? Who," she demanded, sighing with happiness as if something beautiful was about to happen, "is that crisp creature rustling about with a cap on its head?"

SHE wanted to stay and admire her surroundings, like a lady enjoying an hour in a scented garden, but she knew that she should speed at once to her patient. She did linger a little, however, before ringing the bell. Most of her life she had spent in a rambling, chilly house with one maid and another who came in once a week to clean. After that had come the hospital. Never, she realized now, had she been really warm and happy since her mother died; but in this room, somehow, there was the same mellow, embracing peace she remembered in her nursery.

"But home was never like this!" Celia said aloud, as if it were a slogan. Indeed, it seemed almost blasphemy to compare commonplace surroundings with this fairylike satin cave. She stood there, tall and slender and glowing, and in that moment, as often, to an observer it would have seemed absurd that she was a nurse. She belonged, it seemed, in the room. Her bronze hair was beautiful against the apricot background and her eyes wide and luminous, matching her hair in color, looked as if they had never known ugliness.

"Well!" her long slender hand reached out and touched the bell. Violet Uniform punctually appeared. "Mrs. Daklin is in the morning-room," she murmured and indicated that Celia should precede her downstairs. As they descended, the sound of voices and of laughter grew until they reached a door on the first floor. This Violet Uniform opened so expertly and quietly that it seemed the door had opened itself, and Celia was in the presence of her second private patient.

It must be, Celia thought, that vision on the white brocade couch, though it looked, really, less like an ill person than anything one could imagine.

"Miss Landis," the maid murmured and the door closed behind Celia.

The woman on the couch looked up quickly, a cup poised in her hand. She was a long, golden woman in flesh-colored lace and chiffon, over whom was spread a light covering of white fur which was probably ermine. About the room were assembled five or six young men, rather elaborate, with one older and less elaborate at the piano. He was talking a song in a low, almost whispering voice to a rippling accompaniment. What he half said, half sang must have been funny, for it met with laughter and applause. "Dwight Fiske would be jealous," someone said.

WHEN the low laughter had died down, the incandescent golden woman on the couch, who had not taken her great eyes from Celia, lowered her cap and spoke.

"And you," she said, in a husky voice, "don't tell me you are the nurse!"

The young men turned and looked at Celia. So did the older, more sardonic, taller one at the piano, the one whose song had filled the room.

"Yes," said Celia. Her name, she went on to say, truthfully enough, was Landis.

The white-hot creature on the couch turned her bright head slightly and presented to the man at the piano a peerless profile outlined against Wedgwood-blue satin pillows.

"Carleton!" she said in her lazy, soft voice, her voice which said she had enchanting things to say but did not know whether she could take the trouble to say them, "Carleton, do you hear what I hear and your old eyes see what I see?"

"Are these people mad?" thought Celia, "or are they the most delightful human beings I have ever met?" She thought they were probably both.

She waited to see what the long detached man would do and say. He had looked up at Celia, had been regarding her ever since the door opened. There was something gay and casual in his manner, but for all his pretended listlessness she could see that he was not in the least listless. This weary-looking man with the prematurely gray hair had, for the moment at least, fastened his entire attention upon her.

He unfolded himself without haste from the piano and now advanced upon Celia as if intent on learning by heart every feature and expression of her delightful, purposely aloof face.

"I not only follow you in seeing and hearing," he said to the golden woman, "but am ahead of you."

And, while Celia stood, being professional, trying to think she was in the operating-room and waiting for orders but not succeeding, his glance enveloped the coterie of young men. "I saw it first," he said, "and the market is cornered."

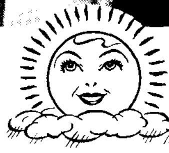
He moved closer to Celia, to his wife's new nurse, and held out his hand.

"I saw it first," said Carleton Daklin to this somewhat startled work of God standing near the doorway, "and already friendship has ripened into love."

(To be continued next week)

LAST EVENING—

ALL FAGGED OUT!



ALL O.K. AGAIN

Here's the secret

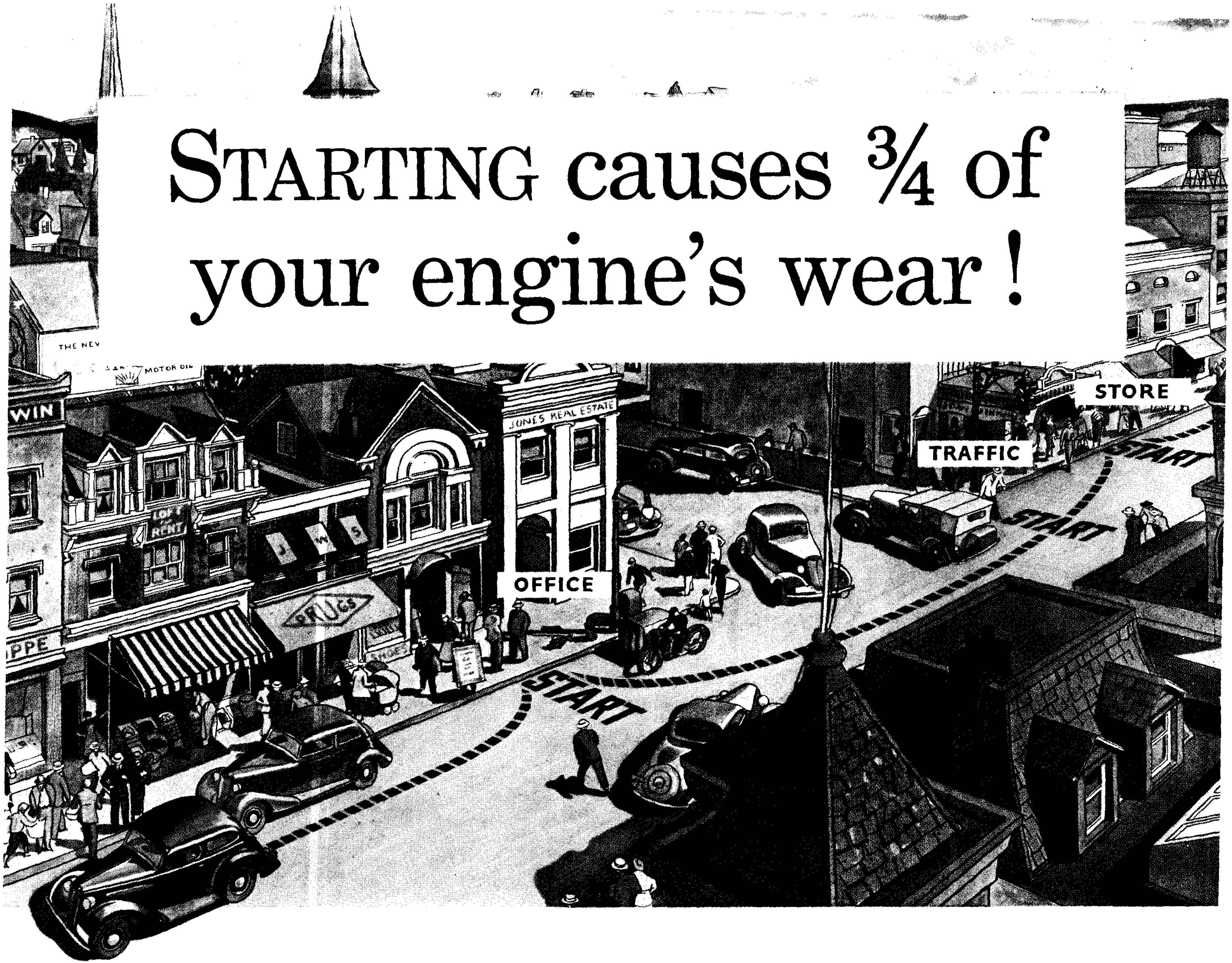
Bothered with constipation? Tired of harsh, griping, "grin-and-bear-it" cathartics? Then here's my suggestion: try delicious FEEN-A-MINT. All you do is chew it for 3 minutes,* before you go to bed. Any time I have that dull, logy, constipated feeling, I take this pleasant "3-minute way" at night—and start the next day full of vim and pep. It's the *chewing* that helps work the magic.

And be sure to make a note of this: Children love the minty, chewing-gum flavor of FEEN-A-MINT. It's good for them, too, because it's a mild regulator that's not habit-forming. Better get some FEEN-A-MINT today. A generous family-sized supply is only 15c or 25c at any drug store...(slightly higher in Canada).

*Longer if you wish

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT
THE 3 MINUTE WAY
THREE MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE difference!

STARTING causes ¾ of your engine's wear!



This New OIL checks wear of today's "Stop-and-Go" driving

An Oil that is FAST-FLOWING for starting, yet TOUGH

30 SECONDS after your engine is started, your pistons have traveled up and down inside your cylinders from 200 to 1500 times!

If your oil is too "thick" and flows too slowly (like molasses)—serious *wear results!*

This is why many engines lose their new-car "purr" . . . and soon need new piston rings . . . bearings . . . and other parts.

To combat this wear, leading automobile manufacturers urge car owners to "use FASTER-FLOWING oils"—*provided* these oils are TOUGH enough so they stand terrific heat.

After 3 years of work, Shell engineers have now developed such an oil.

The new Golden Shell is FAST-FLOWING yet TOUGH!

In starting, it flows quickly to delicate moving parts. In steady running, it holds its body under high heat—and resists breaking down into sludge and carbon.

Detroit automotive engineers . . . leading oil technicians . . . and professors in large American universities call the process behind the new Golden Shell Oil the most important advance in oil refining in 25 years.

And so, the recommended grade of Golden Shell can:

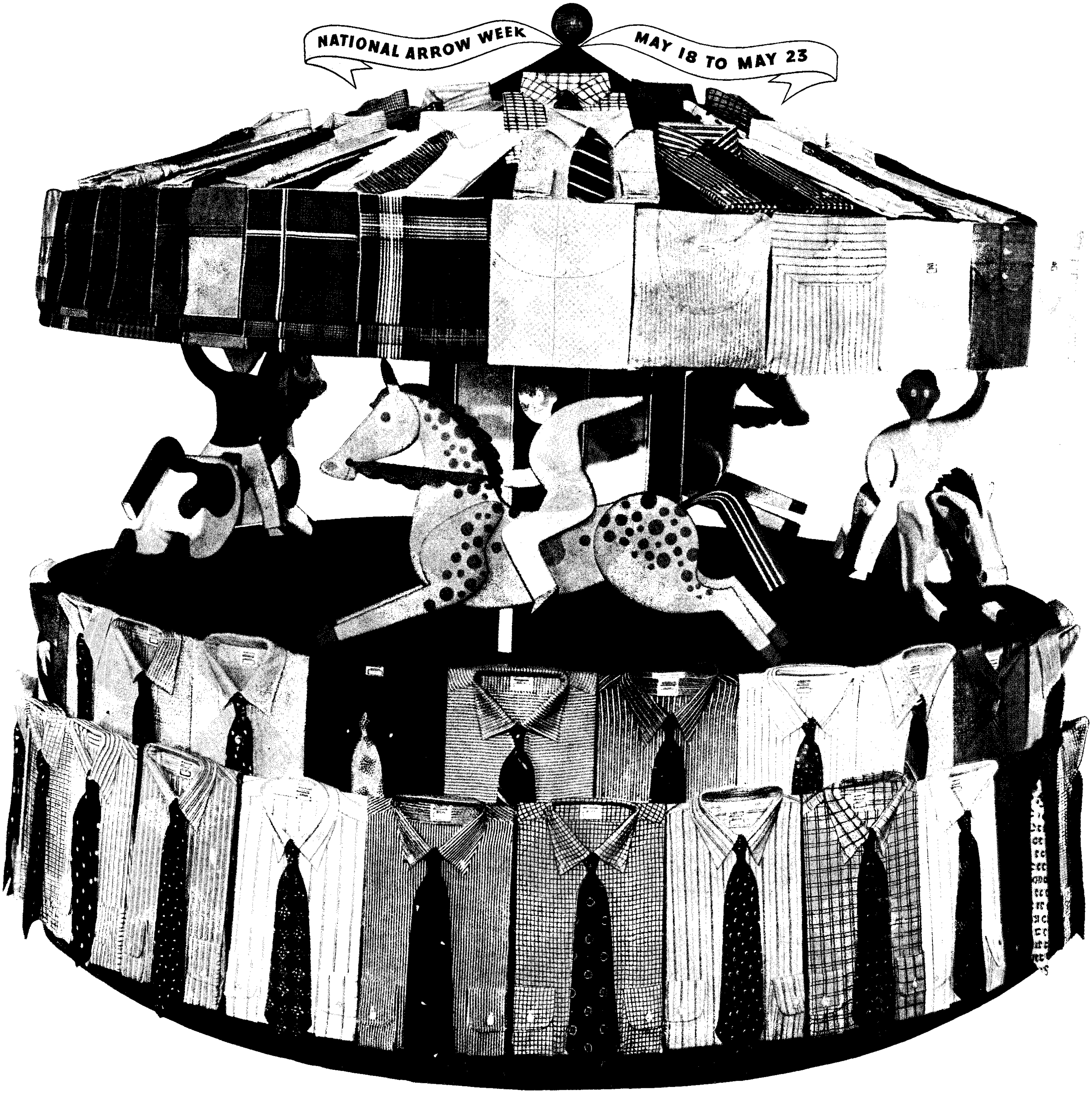
Add a year to the life of your engine!

SAVE you up to 50% on your engine repair bills. (*Many repairs can cost from $10 to $100.*)

SAVE you a gallon of gasoline in every tankful. (The "drag" of an oil that is too heavy can waste over 5% of your power.)

Stop at any of the 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from coast to coast. Fill your crankcase with Golden Shell today!

THE NEW Golden Shell MOTOR OIL



This Merry-go-round will take you places!

GENTLEMEN, Arrow's spring merry-go-round can take you to new style heights!

Note those new Arrow Shirts. This spring they hit an all-time high in variety of pattern, originality of color combination, assortment of collar styles! And all are blessed with genuine Arrow Collars . . . all are *guaranteed* against shrinkage . . . all are tailored with custom care. $2 to $3.50.

Next, the new *Arrow Ties*. They're *specially designed* to go with Arrow Shirts. And they're as nearly wrinkle-proof as it's reasonable to ask a tie to be. $1 and $1.50.

ARROW
SANFORIZED SHRUNK
SHIRT
WITH
ARROW COLLAR

If it hasn't an Arrow Label it isn't an Arrow Shirt

Then, *Arrow Handkerchiefs*, styled by the designers of Arrow Shirts and Ties—with an eye to color and pattern harmony. 25c and 35c.

And finally, *Arrow Underwear*, featuring famous Arrow Shorts with the Seamless Crotch—the most comfortable underwear ever devised *by* man *for* man! Shorts are 65c up—Undershirts, 50c up.

The best time to see these styles is this week—National Arrow Week—when Arrow Dealers everywhere are putting on a special style show. If dressing well interests you, you shouldn't miss it! © 1936 Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.

ARROW
SHIRTS

Sanforized Shrunk
a new shirt if one ever shrinks

Never Help a Woman

Continued from page 13

came to the door. He said it was late for supper, but his wife would find something if he didn't mind eating in the kitchen.

He led the way into the kitchen. Mrs. Jones opened the drafts in a big range and put on a fresh stick of wood. She got out a thin slice of round steak and pounded it with a wooden mallet on a board and rolled it in flour and salt and pepper and fried it in butter. Jimmy Banks ate and almost fell asleep in his chair. He hadn't been in bed for thirty hours.

He slept till he was awakened by sounds in the kitchen below and looked out of his window at a lake sparkling in the sun. He was no longer afraid.

He told Mr. and Mrs. Jones at breakfast that he had lost his job in Minneapolis. He had been working nights in a restaurant. He had decided to spend the summer outdoors. He had a little money. Did they know where he could rent a shack and a boat?

Ed Jones led him out on the front porch and pointed to the east.

"You see that patch of wild rice yonder?" he asked.

Jimmy Banks didn't know wild rice. But he saw the place that Jones meant.

"There's a channel in there," Mr. Jones continued. "You can't see it from here. But it's there. I'll lend you a boat and you row over there and find the channel and you go down the channel about half a mile more or less and you'll come out in a pond. On the shore you'll see a couple of shacks. Old man Marlin lives in one of them. You see him."

JIMMY got into the rowboat Mr. Jones indicated. He hadn't rowed a boat since he was a boy in Indiana and not much then. But he had the idea. He paddled down the shore toward the wild rice bed and found the channel and followed it until he came out on a pond and saw two shacks on the shore. There was a flat-bottomed boat upside down on a pair of horses in front of the nearest shack. A man with a bucket and a brush was busy painting the boat a bright green.

Jimmy rowed over and pulled his boat up on the shore. The man looked up. He had a tangled gray beard.

"Are you Mr. Marlin?" Jimmy asked.

"I'm old man Marlin," the man said. "Who are you?"

"Jimmy Weldon," Jimmy said, remembering the name he had suggested to Edna for himself.

The old man filled a pipe and sat down on a log. Jimmy explained his errand. The old man deprecated the idea of renting the other shack, while admitting he didn't rightly have any need of it. He had rented it some summers. He supposed he could rent it again. He led the way over to the other shack. It consisted of one fair-sized room with a bunk and a table and a couple of chairs. On beyond was a lean-to with a wood stove and a kerosene lamp in a bracket and a few cooking pots.

"YOU aim to work or just loaf?" the old man asked.

"I haven't got much money," Jimmy said. "I'd like work if could get it."

"Too bad you ain't a young woman," old man Marlin said. "Jones, he's looking for a girl to wait on table. Girl he's had for years up and got married on him t'other day. You can get four dollars a day rowing city sports round and around the big lake trolling for muskellunge or casting for bass when Jones has got city sports that wants a guide. Sometimes he has and sometimes he ain't."

"I'd like to try that," Jimmy said.

"'Tain't what you'd rightly call hard work," old man Marlin said. "But a city man's got to get hardened up to it. I'll let you have this shack and my other boat for one month for ten dollars."

Jimmy gave the old man the ten dollars and rowed back to Jones' Camp.

He drove to town that afternoon and got bread and bacon and beans and matches and a suit of blue denim dungarees and some fishing tackle. Before dark he was dining in his own house on beans and bread and butter and coffee. Old man Marlin came over after supper and sat with his feet on the fender of the wood stove and talked. Winters he trapped. There wasn't much high-priced fur. But there were plenty of muskrats. In the spring and summer he caught all the fish he could eat. In the fall he shot ducks and a few partridges and a deer or two.

"I don't see more than three hundred dollars cash money in a year," old man Marlin said. "But I live well and do what I please."

"It's the way to live," Jimmy said.

He drove to town the next afternoon and parked the old roadster a few yards from the post office and did some shopping. He got back to the car just at dusk. He saw Edna coming down the street.

There was, he reflected, only one catch in old man Marlin's scheme of life. You couldn't marry. You could have everything a man needs except a wife.

"Hello, Jimmy," Edna said.

He asked her to get in the car. They could talk while he drove down the road and back.

"I've got the money," Edna said. "It came hours ago."

She gave him ten dollars. He stuffed the money in his pocket.

"What are you going to do now?" he asked.

"Go back to Poplar Bluff," she said. "What are you going to do?"

He told her about the shack.

"You're lucky," Edna said.

"I don't have to worry until cold weather comes," Jimmy said.

"Oh," she said, "I envy you. I can't bear to go back to Poplar Bluff and live with my uncle and aunt. I'd rather scrub floors for a living."

Jimmy drove her out to Jones' Camp. The Joneses were a little doubtful. They couldn't believe a city girl so pretty and so smart was used to work. Edna convinced Mrs. Jones she knew how to cook. Edna won her over. She got the job.

Jimmy spent a happy summer. He saw Edna almost every day. He got enough work rowing city fishermen round and round the lake. His face and hands and forearms grew brown as saddle leather. Edna seemed to like it as well as he did. Evenings, after the supper dishes were washed up, they would sit on the back porch and listen to the radio bringing in dance music from Chicago and Jimmy would do a tap dance. And sometimes Jimmy would turn off the radio and Edna would sing.

Edna refused to take any more wages in October, when the last of the muskellunge fishermen left. Jimmy counted the money he had stuffed into a tin box. He had eighty-nine dollars. He had enough money so he could drive somewhere, to Minneapolis or St. Louis, and try for a job as a hoofer. But he would be lucky to earn enough to get by on when he was working. He never had earned enough hoofing to carry him over the weeks when he didn't have a job.

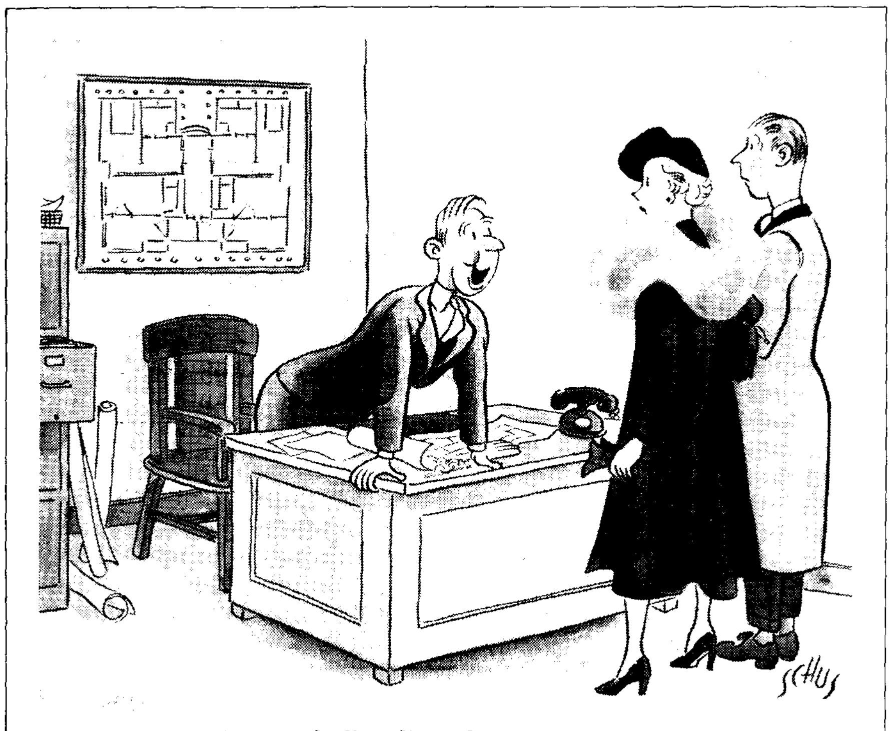
OLD man Marlin dropped in every evening after that. He'd pause on the porch and take the shells out of his shotgun, and walk into the kitchen and stand the gun in a corner and pull game out of the enormous pockets in the skirts of his old canvas shooting coat.

Edna and Jimmy and old man Marlin and the Joneses would eat wild duck and sit around the kitchen afterward listening to the radio. They depended on the radio for news. They had no city papers.

The government men were hunting a bunch of bank robbers in the wilderness a hundred miles to the northwest. There was a report about it on the radio every night.

The report on the night of Halloween was exciting. The government men had caught up with the gang that morning at a place on Lac Belle Isle not forty miles away. The bandits had shut themselves up in a log farmhouse and stood

(*Continued on page* 56)



"I've a darling little love nest for you. The couple in it, now, are getting divorced!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

EVERY BLOW IS A BOOST

UNDER COVER
DUBBLE-COVER
INNER-CUSHIONED FOR DURABILITY
TOURNAMENT-WOUND FOR DISTANCE
THE MACGREGOR
VULCANIZED
Dubble Cover
PATENT PENDING

50¢

When your game is off, every punishing blow on this new Dubble Cover is a boost for the ball that can "take it." Top it, hack and bash it—and the resilient under cover of vulcanized latex and balata acts as a shock absorber. But when you are going good it will pay off with premium distance because it has high-tension tournament winding and a thin vulcanized balata outer cover. Play it and prove it—today. The Crawford, McGregor & Canby Company, Dayton, Ohio.

★

- VULCANIZED DRY-ICE CENTER BALLS, 75c
- PACE-MAKER FOR TOURNAMENT DISTANCE
- PAR-MAKER FOR EXTRA DURABILITY

TROUSERS tailored with TALON

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

make any suit
a Better suit

BETTER—because the Talon fastener eliminates the undesirable features of the button closing . . . the gaps, the bulges, and the extra thickness—even more obvious to others than to yourself. In their place, the Talon closing creates a smooth, continuous closure . . . convenient and secure!

Already, 8,000,000 men are wearing trousers tailored with Talon. This Spring 474 manufacturers are licensed to make trousers with the Talon closing. For them, thousands more Talon fasteners are being produced every day.

Leading retailers are offering an ever-increasing variety of trousers with this modern improvement. Be sure to ask for trousers tailored with Talon in *your* next suit.

Hookless Fastener Company, Meadville, Pa.

WITH BUTTONS WITH TALON

The Talon trouser fastener is made especially for trousers. The slider locks so that it cannot slip down. Talon is precision-made . . . always dependable . . . always works easily. Can't catch in underclothing because of protective underflap. Makes disarray impossible . . . refines drape and finish. Rustless . . . unharmed by dry cleaning and pressing. Gives perfect service far beyond the life of a suit.

Today . . . well-tailored trousers are closed with the TALON slide fastener

(Continued from page 55)

siege. The government men had attacked with rifles and sub-machine guns and gas. They had killed three of the men. But two had got away. They'd stolen a foreign car belonging to some wealthy Chicagoan who had a preserve in that region. The car had Illinois license plates.

Old man Marlin got out a map and found Lac Belle Isle.

"I've hunted that country," he said. "I remember that log house on Lac Belle Isle."

Edna had baked pumpkin pies and mince pies and apple pies in honor of the season. It was like Thanksgiving. Jimmy got some dance music on the radio and did several of his old routines. The summer was over. But he could be happy as long as Edna was there.

They heard a horn outside. Jimmy took the lantern and went out. It was black dark. He waved the lantern and saw a big, muddy car. Two men in Mackinaw jackets came forward. They wanted to know if they could get a meal and spend the night. Jimmy said they could.

He took them into the dining-room. There was a fire laid in the big fireplace. Jimmy put a match to the fine kindling and the blaze rose flickering and roared up the chimney. He went out to the kitchen. Edna said she'd get them a supper of cold meat and homemade bread and pie and coffee. Jimmy went outside with the lantern on his arm. He went out to the car the two men had left. It was a big black car. It was some kind of foreign car. It had Illinois license plates. Jimmy went back in the kitchen. Edna was starting in with the platter of cold meat. Jimmy stood watching her. When she came back she closed the door softly.

"They're drunk now," she said. "They've finished a bottle of whisky and they want more."

"Give it to 'em, Ed," old man Marlin said. "If they get right drunk they'll go to sleep."

Ed Jones got a bottle of whisky out of the kitchen cupboard and pulled the cork and took it in.

"They're drunk," he said when he came back. "They're wild drunk."

One of the men opened the kitchen door and stared in. He saw Edna.

"Come on, sweetheart," he roared at Edna, "give us some more of that mince pie."

"Right away," Edna said.

THE man went back into the dining-room. Edna cut a pie into four quarters and started toward the dining-room. Jimmy took the pie away from her and carried it in himself. They demanded to know where the blonde was. They swore at Jimmy. They had opened their Mackinaw jackets as the fire got hotter. Jimmy saw they both had guns in holsters under their arms.

Jimmy went back into the kitchen. Jimmy whispered in Edna's ear. Jimmy told her who they were.

"What shall we do?" Edna asked.

"Beat it," Jimmy said.

"Oh," Edna said, "they don't know we know. They think we're dumb. They won't do anything to us if they don't know we know."

Jimmy lit a cigarette. Jimmy lit a cigarette to have time to think. It wasn't like that night at Rich's. These men weren't racketeers. They couldn't go higher up. They were bank robbers. They had no power in Minnewaska. There was no danger from them except the danger that they might shoot you. And if you kept quiet and took what they said there wasn't much danger of that.

Jimmy saw old man Marlin's coat hanging on a nail. He took two shotgun shells out of the side pocket and loaded old man Marlin's gun. Old man Marlin heard the sound the gun made when Jimmy closed it. Old man Marlin looked up sharply.

"It's all right," Jimmy said. "I'm only doing it—in case."

The men in the dining-room were yelling for something.

"Let me go in, Jimmy," Edna said. "I can manage them."

Jimmy nodded. Jimmy stood close to the door jamb with the shotgun beside him while Edna went in. They wanted coffee. One of them got up and put his arm around Edna and tried to kiss her and told her in obscene language to bring coffee.

Jimmy had had enough. He waited only till Edna got out of the room. Then he walked in with the shotgun half raised to his shoulder.

"Hands up," he said bitterly.

The two men looked at him. He was glad he had a dead pan. There is something convincing about a dead pan behind a shotgun at close range. They were twelve or fourteen feet away. They had no chance to jump him before he could fire both barrels. They put up their hands.

JIMMY stood there pointing the gun at them and wondering what he would do next. He didn't really want to kill them. But for a moment he thought he had no choice. Then he called out to old man Marlin to bring the axe and to Ed Jones to bring some line.

Jimmy told the two men to stand up and turn their backs. He gave old man Marlin the shotgun and took the axe. He held the axe poised over one man while old man Marlin put the muzzle of the shotgun in the small of the other's back. Ed Jones tied their hands and then their ankles. When he had them tightly tied he took their guns away from them.

"Now get down on your faces," Jimmy said.

The two men tried and fell. They fell hard. But they got down.

"Now," Jimmy said, "call up the police and tell them we have the two who got away from the government men at Lac Belle Isle this afternoon."

When it was all over Jimmy Banks put his arm around Edna.

"I don't know how I'll take care of you but I want to try. I love you."

"Oh, Jimmy," Edna said, "I was afraid you'd never, never say it. I was afraid you thought I was just a little tramp."

"I've always loved you," Jimmy said. "But I didn't know how I could take care of you. I don't know now."

"You don't have to do it all, Jimmy," Edna said. "I—I—I own the Spofford Block back in Poplar Bluff. It only brings in a hundred dollars a month over taxes and insurance. But maybe we can sell it for enough to buy this place and then the Joneses could go to California the way they want to."

"You mean," Jimmy said, "you mean you had money all the time?"

"I—I have a little money," Edna said. "Enough so—so we can get a start."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because," Edna said. She put both arms around his neck. "Because—I was afraid I'd never see you again if you knew. You were only nice to me when you were helping me. You only got me this job when I told you that hard-luck story about having to go back to Poplar Bluff. You only told me you loved me tonight because that man swore at me."

"I don't believe in helping women," Jimmy said. "Women can always take care of themselves. That's what I always say—never help a woman."

Edna tightened her arms around his neck.

"But dearest," Edna said, "that's only what you think. It isn't the way you are. It's only what you think."

A Dame with Some Sense

Continued from page 17

"*I* know. Mr. Kanstein is a Russian spy in disguise. I know because Mrs. Price told my mother at a Parent-Teachers' meeting that all kinds of foreign-looking people come to visit him all hours of the night. An' Miss Becker is mixed up with them in somepin!"

Alarmed, Alfie grabbed ol' Jacqueline's wrist and twisted it.

"You keep your blabber shut," he said. "Don't you go saying I told you . . . uh . . . anything about ol' Becker. You hear?"

"Quit, Alfie!"

Footsteps shuffled on the back walk. Alfie released Miss Logan.

"H-hello, Joe!" she said.

Joe was walking toward the garage. He looked up, said, "Oh, hello, Jackie," and started on. Then he halted and looked at little brother Alfie.

"Uh . . . let's have a game of catch when I get back, Alfie."

"Sure! How long you gonna be gone?"

"Not long," Joe said.

Joe did not act natural. It was not so good. Joe used to come bouncing out of the house and do a half handspring over the back entrance railing and give Alfie a Dutch rub and say: "C'mon, kid, I'll let you try to burn me out!"

Alfie and Jacqueline stared after Joe in silence.

THAT evening it was not any better. Alfie, pretending to read a baseball guide on the front stairs landing, heard Dad and Mother and Joe having another big row in the living-room. Dad started it. He said Miss Janey's uncle, Mr. Morrison, would give Joe a job in his factory.

"No, thanks," Joe said.

"Joe feels that Jane influenced her uncle to offer the job, Alf," Mother said, trying to smooth it over as she always did. "Naturally, he doesn't want to be under obligations to Jane."

"Joe has mighty tender feelings," Dad said.

"I'm not asking anyone to get me a job," Joe said.

Joe's feelings were hurt. Alfie could tell that. When Joe got his feelings hurt his voice sounded like he had a cold or maybe tonsilitis. Dad did not know how to talk to Joe right. He did not talk serious enough to Joe. Dad alla time wisecracked at Joe and laughed at him. You shouldn't oughta laugh at Joe—

"Well, sonny," Dad said, "when you're a big Commissar in Russia—"

"Now, Alf—" Mother said.

"Let's not start all *that* again, Dad," Joe said.

Joe walked out of the living-room and up the stairs. Alfie saw Joe's face. It was all red and he had a frown between his eyes and his lower lip trembled a little. Alfie felt awful sorry for Joe.

The next day it was worse. Joe had left the house before Alfie got up for school. Alfie slipped into Joe's room. The room was empty and alarmingly neat. Alfie, fear tugging at his throat, looked in Joe's closet.

Joe's big carry-all bag was not on the shelf. It rested, partly packed, on the floor.

Alfie was thoroughly frightened. Joe had packed up to go to Russia. Maybe Joe would leave before he came home from school. Maybe Joe wouldn't even say goodby.

Slowly descending the stairs, Alfie announced to Martha that he had a terrible stomach-ache and could not attend school.

Dad had not left for the office. He came into the front hall.

"What's this, Brother?" Dad said, in his very worst wisecracking, "acute appendicitis? I'll have to call the ambulance!"

"We-ell, my stomick *does* hurt!"

"What's the matter? Are you really sick?"

"N-no, but . . . but . . ."

He could not tell Dad what was the matter. It would be squealing on Joe. Alfie was not a squealer; and, besides, then Joe would really be off of him.

"Where's Mom?" Alfie demanded.

"Your mother is still asleep. She was up most of the night worrying about that precious big brother of yours."

Alfie made one effort to break through his aching inarticulateness.

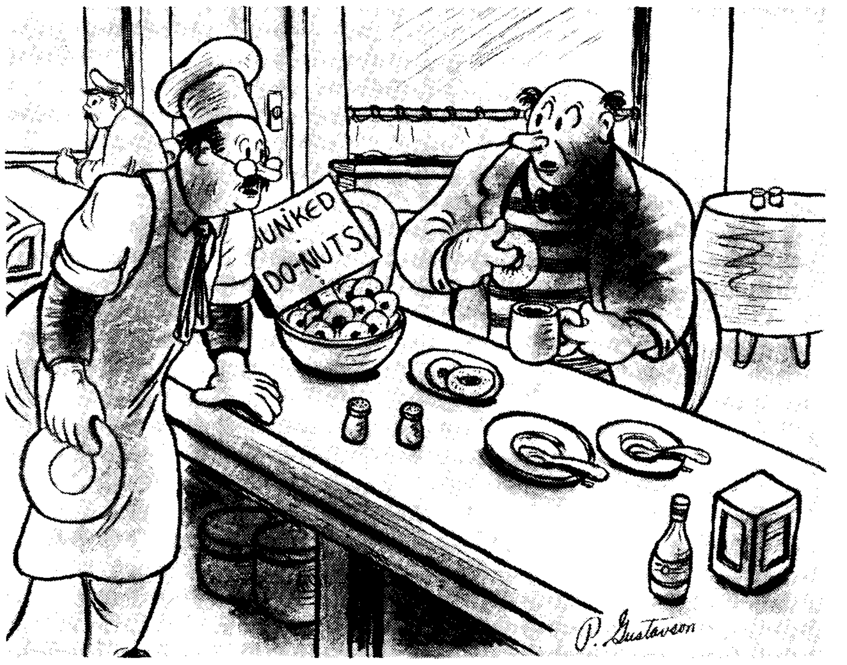
"I'm gonna kick 'at ol' Becker dame right in her stomick!" he said. "I'm gonna jest kick her!"

Dad laughed.

"I'd like to do the same thing, Brother," he said, "but there's a law against it."

Alfie trudged off to school.

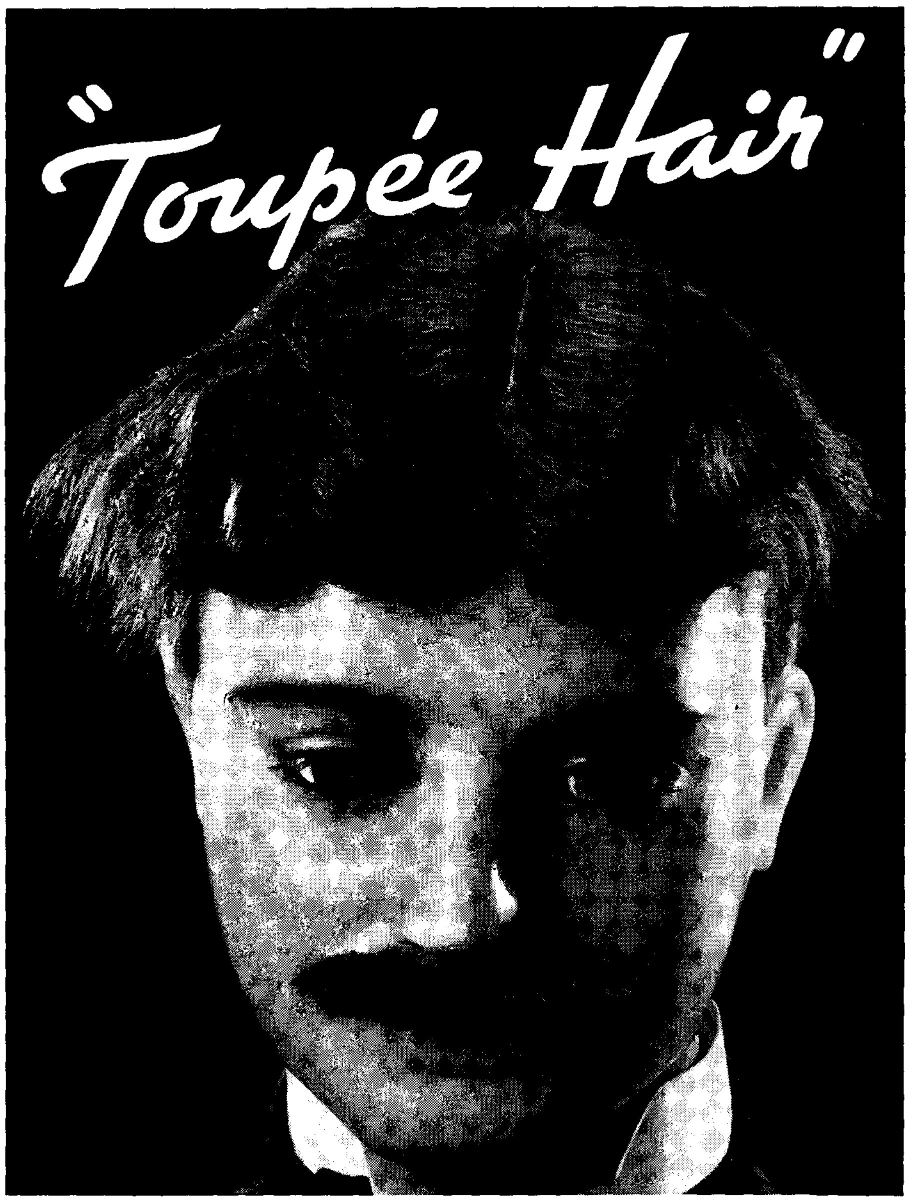
(*Continued on page* 58)



"They're already dunked, Buddy!"

P. GUSTAVSON

You don't have to wear a wig to have "Toupée Hair"



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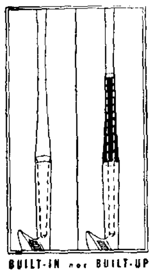

On the left, Kroydon's Hy-Power Shaft which tapers out where it enters the neck of the club head to form a powerful, all-steel shoulder. *On the right,* a single-taper shaft reinforced with a celluloid collar. Kroydon's power and strength are BUILT IN, not built up!

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Kroydon CLUBS
FOR BETTER GOLF

(Continued from page 57)

At morning recess, Petey and Marsh cornered Alfie.

"You're gonna get in trouble," Petey informed him. "Huh! You told a big lie."

"Whut lie did I tell?"

"You said Thyra Becker got married secrutly to 'at foreigner in the Coronado Apartments and they're both Russian Cummonists and the G-men are after 'em!"

Alfie gulped.

"Who said I said 'at?"

Marsh shook his head.

"Jacklin Logan said so, Clayburn."

"She's a big, dirty ol' liar!"

"So are you, Clayburn," said Petey.

Alfie was indignant. He announced loudly that he was gonna get ol' Jacklin and make her take it back. With Petey and Marsh behind him, Alfie made for the girls' side of the playground. But en route there was an interruption:

"Alfred. One moment—"

IT WAS Miss Janey. Alfred gulped, removed his fedora felt hat, hitched up his knickers and marched over. Miss Janey had a playground ball under her arm. Her cheeks were very pink; her blue eyes were bright and to Alfie she looked like she had some sense to her.

"Er . . . the school nurse is coming this morning, Alfred," she said. And she handed Alfie a small penknife.

"Thanks, Miss Janey," he said.

The knife was for fingernail cleaning; Miss Bowdley, the school nurse, was very strict about fingernails.

"Haven't you been eating Puppy Snax?"

"Me? Uh . . . yeah."

Puppy Snax, a concoction of licorice, peanuts, chocolate and other things, had been flatly forbidden by Miss Bowdley.

"Go wash your face and eat this apple," said Miss Janey.

"Thanks, Miss Janey. Uh . . . uh . . . Joe . . . he . . ."

Miss Janey stiffened.

"You mean . . . your brother?"

"Yes'm . . . he . . . he's gonna go to Russia."

"Oh . . . he is?"

"Yes'm, and we're awful worried about it 'cause he's li'ble to get shot and . . . and it's all *her* fault and . . ."

"I'm sorry, Alfred. You'll miss your brother, won't you?"

"Uh-huh . . . yeah."

The recess bell rang. Alfie, relieved, went trotting off. 'At Miss Janey was a good ol' girl. She didn't want Joe to go away, either. You could tell she felt like bawling about it. But of course Miss Janey wouldn't actually cry right out loud. She was not a sissy girl.

On the way back from lunch, Alfie was accosted by Miss Jacqueline Logan. She hopped off her bike, breathless with a great excitement.

"Oh, *Alfie!* Guess what?"

"I been lookin' for you—"

"It's true! Mr. Kanstein is a big criminal crook! The detectives arrested him this morning!"

"Yuh big ol'—"

"It *is* true, Alfie! Mrs. Towne's maid saw them arrest him and Mrs. Price called my mother. They arrested him for forging checks and that's a criminal offense—"

Panic-stricken, Alfie grabbed the lady of his heart by both arms.

"Don't you say I said anything about 'at guy!" he warned ferociously, "nor about Miss Becker neither, 'cause I didn't—"

"Why, Alfie, you did too! You said you saw her wearing a veil and sneaking into his apartment and I told my mother and she told Mrs. Price and Mrs. Price said she was gonna mention it to the police!"

"I did *not!* You take 'at back—"

"Ouch, Alfie. Quit."

"We-ll, why didja hafta go tell your mother?"

Jacqueline tossed her head.

"My mother says it's high time Miss Smarty Snooty Becker was exposed in her true personality and Mrs. Price doesn't like her either and—"

Devastatingly, Alfie made his most goggly-eyed fish-face.

"You dames," he said, "you *dames.*"

Miss Logan was outraged.

"I did it merely because for Joe's sake and you got a crust—"

"Oh, golly," Alfie said, "oh, golly!"

The girl of his dreams heard the five-minute gong sounding and picked up her bike.

"Pooh on you," she said.

With bland unconcern, Jacqueline rode off.

But Alfie was frightened and worried. It was not so good. He had started Jacqueline on the lie-telling against Joe's girl. Maybe the police would arrest Miss Becker. What would Joe say then? What would Joe do if he knew that Alfie had put the lie into that darn' ol' buttinsky Jacklin's head?

Alfie bore his guilt until afternoon recess. Then, after writing Jacqueline a note which said, "You better not squeel or you will be sorrie," Alfie went to Miss Janey's office in the school gym.

Miss Janey was morosely filling in reports. On the threshold of confession, Alfie began to sob.

"Why, Alfie . . . did you hurt yourself?"

"No-m-m-m . . . I . . . uh . . ."

Soon Alfie had blurted out the whole story.

Good ol' Miss Janey did not laugh or wisecrack. She helped Alfie blow his nose and dry his tears. She hugged Alfie close.

"You were very unjust to Miss Becker," she said. "I think the manly thing is for you to go to Miss Becker and apologize. Don't you, Alfie?"

"Yes'm. But Jacqueline oughta got to go too!"

"No. Jacqueline is a girl. You're big enough to take all the blame, aren't you, Alfie?"

"Yes'm." Then, "B-but she'll be awful sore at me, 'at ol' ugly-face—"

Miss Janey looked very grim.

"She'll forgive you, I'm sure. You go over to her house right after school and tell her you are sorry."

ALFIE stubbed and scuffed his toes along the walk leading to ol' Thyra Becker's big house. He had dawdled, trying to make sure Miss Becker was not at home. The coast looked clear. Alfie braced himself with the thought maybe detectives had arrested ol' Thyra and had put her in jail. He was resentful of Miss Janey's good counsel. Why did *he* hafta go and apologize when ol' Jacqueline had started most of the trouble? Besides, would that make things any better with Joe?

"We don't want any magazines, little boy."

"No'm . . is . . . is Miss Thyra Becker at home?"

"Why, yes . . . she is . . . but . . ."

Past the maid's shoulder, Alfie saw his enemy approaching the door. She looked very cross and upset. She looked awful mean. And then Alfie heard a familiar voice saying: "You're taking this much too seriously, Thyra. It's just stupid neighborhood gossip."

It was big brother Joe. He and ol' Miss Becker had been quarreling about something. Alfie tried to turn and flee. But he could not. Miss Becker saw him and said: "Oh . . . hello, Alfie."

Alfie began to snuffle.

"What's the matter, Alfie?"

Joe's voice again, asking: "Is something wrong at home? What's wrong, Alfie?"

Hastily Alfie addressed Miss Becker: "I come to apologize and it was me who told the lie about you and Mr. Kanstein and I didn't mean to and I'm sorry and I gotta be going—"

Ol' Thyra Becker frowned.

"*You* told Mrs. Price that I—"

"Yes'm."

Alfie dared not look at Joe. He turned away. An angry hand grabbed his arm—swung him around. Joe said: "Hey, now, Thyra . . . it's just kid foolishness—"

"Kid foolishness, is it? The whole neighborhood gossiping about me and detectives questioning me?" She looked down at Alfie, her hand still on his coat. "Why did you lie about me, Alfie?"

PANIC turned to anger in Alfie's bony chest. He jerked his arm away.

"You're an ol' mean ugly-face; and I hate your guts!" he blurted.

Miss Becker slapped Alfie across the mouth.

"Why, Thyra—" Joe said.

"Oh . . . I'm sorry—" ol' Thyra said hastily. "It's my nerves. I've had a hellish day—"

Alfie, his lips feeling thick and stingy, looked at big brother Joe. The blow did not hurt. It was big brother Joe's voice that hurt—his voice saying: "She didn't mean it, kid. Come in. Uh . . . got any candy around, Thyra? Sure . . . uh . . . come in—"

"I don't want anything," Alfie said.

He wrenched his shoulder away from Joe's hand and ran down the walk. Tears burned in his eyes and his throat ached so hard he could hear it aching. Joe had gone back on him. Joe had let her hit him. Joe had tried to smooth it over. Joe was *against* him. . . .

"Hey, Alfie . . . hold on—"

Alfie felt Joe's hand on his shoulder.

"Lea' me alo-o-one—"

Suddenly Joe had his arm around Alfie's shoulder and was holding him close. Like ol' Miss Janey had done.

"Did she hurt you, Alfie?"

"No. But she's a mean ol' ugly-face—"

Joe nodded.

"We're off of her," Joe said.

They walked on a few steps. Alfie looked up at Joe. He seemed so tall and wide and strong. And his eyes were funny-looking like he'd just waked up. Joe was talking a lot of grown-up words about how he knew Thyra went to Mr. Kanstein's only once to attend a meeting of the Workers' Committee for Communism and she knew nothing about the bum-check charges against Kanstein; but Thyra simply had no sense of humor and no control over her temper and he could not understand why she had acted this way about children's gossip—

Alfie smiled wisely.

"These *dames,*" he yelled, "these goofy dumb ol' *dames!*"

Joe nodded.

"Yep, kid. We're off of dames."

"All exceptin' maybe Miss Janey," Alfie said hastily.

Again Joe nodded.

"All except her," Joe said.

All except Miss Janey and that awful tattletale buttinsky Jacqueline. For in the cool of evening, while Alfie rested on the back steps after a swell game of catch with Joe, Miss Logan appeared.

"Hi, Alfie!"

"Hi, Jacklin."

The maiden sidled close, her eyes softly shining.

"Didja really take *all* the blame, Alfie?"

"Yeah."

"You're awful sweet, Alfie!"

Looking up, Alfie perceived that this was a genuine tribute, containing no catch or wisecrack or fib. His savage heart was touched. He grinned at ol' tattletale Jacklin like there might be some sense to her some day.

He made a very moderate fish-face.

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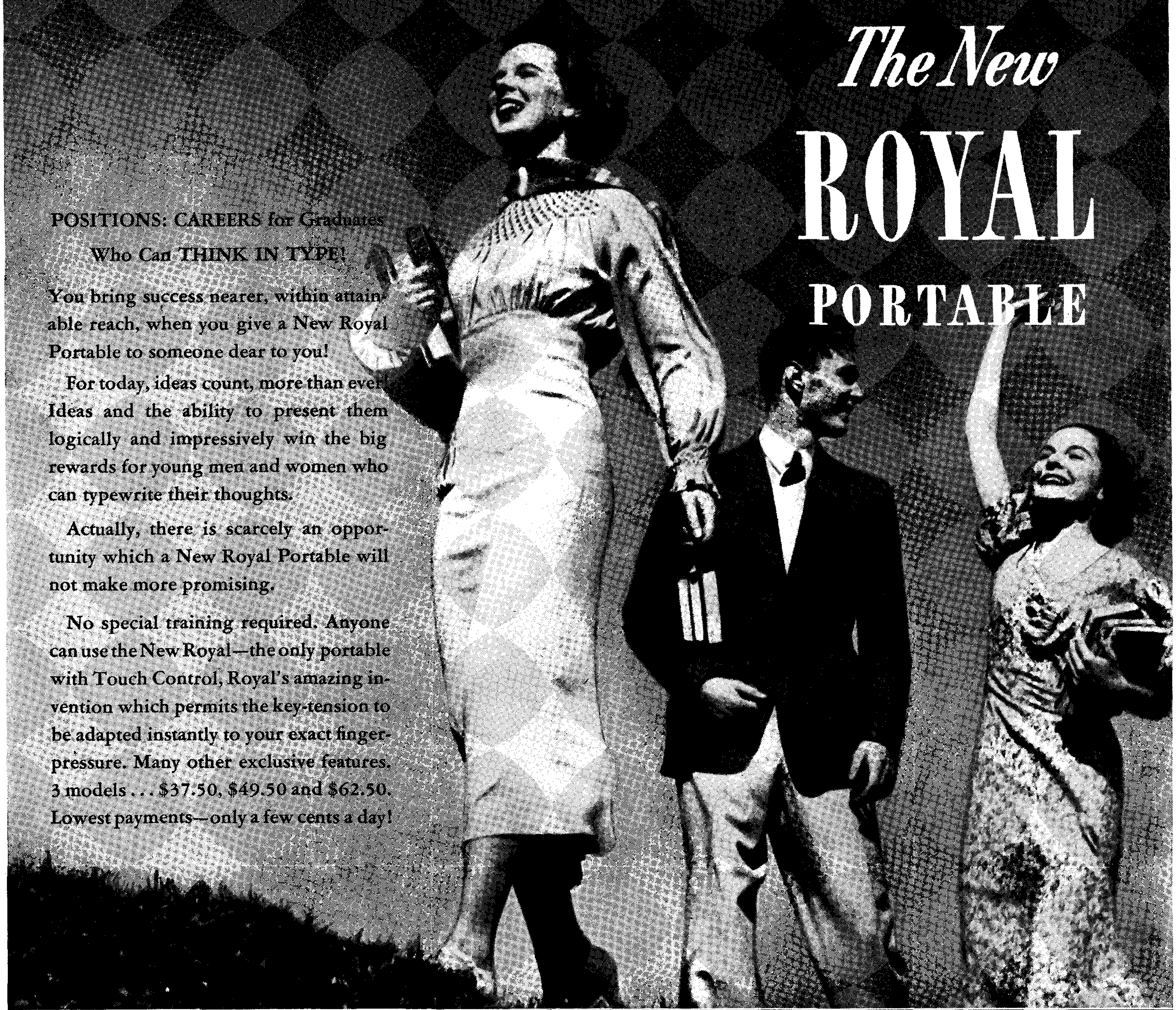

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NEW ROYAL . . . the only portable with TOUCH CONTROL

"There are no bunkers in the air," says Bobby Jones

"When I am asked what qualities a good golf ball should have, I immediately think of the great number of times when a few extra yards in the air mean a saving of two or three strokes.

"That is why, in my opinion, one of the first requirements in a golf ball is long flight in relation to roll. When you add uniformity of performance, a pleasant 'feel' at contact, and durability, I believe you then have a ball which meets the four basic requirements."

Spalding agrees:
Long carry and controllability are vitally important

Many golfers have seen a cheap ball's long roll compensate for its lack of carry. They have asked: "What difference does it make whether I get distance with *carry* or with *roll*—as long as I get it?"

True, roll will often add fair distance to a short-carry drive, if the ball happens to land where it can roll safely. But remember this: when trouble lies between you and your objective, it's *flight* that gets you over it. A cheap ball's short carry, plus roll, too often gets you *into* it.

A cheap ball is a particularly serious handicap when playing to a closely-guarded green, where its excessive roll may cost several strokes. A better-grade ball, with its higher trajectory and controllability, will drop to the green and "sit down," for it has the proper ratio of flight and roll.

A cheap ball accentuates hooks and slices

The demand for a seemingly inexpensive, hard-to-cut ball forced manufacturers to provide a soft-wound ball with a relatively thick cover. Such a ball breaks down more quickly and loses shape.

Perhaps it doesn't always go enough out of balance to be noticeable, but the off-true variation often will accentuate slight human errors that otherwise might not have been serious. Result: hooks that should have been sitting pretty on the fairway—slices that should have flown straight to the pin.

For true economy, play a high-grade ball

A "cheap" ball is not cheap, for the simple reason that any better-grade ball, made with the Geer patented vulcanized cover, will not only give you longer, truer flight and more accurate performance, but will outlast the cheap ball several times over. This is because the Geer patented cover (which due to the cost of manufacture can be provided only on balls costing 50c or more) allows *both* distance and durability to be built into the same golf ball.

Spalding, it is true, also makes a 35c ball and a 25c ball, in which Spalding has built every bit of quality it is possible to put into golf balls at their prices. But to those golfers who are intent on getting the most out of their game, Spalding recommends these three top-quality balls:

Needled **KRO-FLITE**
Ideal ball for the average golfer—75c.

TOURNAMENT
For championship golfers—75c.

TOP-FLITE
For low-handicap golfers—75c.

Spalding makes still another ball that is outstanding in its price range—
THE PAR-FLITE—50c.

All of these famous Spalding golf balls have a Geer patented

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for maximum durability—plus Spalding's "know-how" in *internal* construction; for long carry, accuracy, uniformity and controllability.

IT PAYS TO PLAY

A. G. Spalding & Bros.
GOLF EQUIPMENT

The Colonel's Ladies

Continued from page 28

firm's athletic success, and provided their masculine coworkers with an attractive cheering section in their twilight and Saturday afternoon endeavors.

Then the young ladies approached the Colonel with a proposition to help them organize and operate a girls' basketball team to compete in a Park Department League for working girls. The Colonel milked his mustache reflectively. He'd never coached girls. He was a fairly crusty bachelor. He didn't know where the processes differed, if any. He told 'em so, but they said they didn't mind, that he could forget they were girls and coach 'em like boys.

He wasn't exactly red-hot on the proposition but they wouldn't take No and so he said he'd give it a try. Other teams in the town had already been playing, but this firm had never tried it. They had to start from taw.

His first move was to climb into a balcony seat at a high school gymnasium and watch a couple of the girls' teams do combat. The first thing that caught his eye was the superfluity of attire. The misses were weaving around down there in baggy woolen bloomers, long stockings and flapping middy blouses, really bogged down with dry goods in a lightning-fast contest that called for as little personal luggage as the law would allow.

Summoning his athletes next day, he told them if they wanted to waddle around in that swaddling raiment it was okay with him, but if they had no objection to playing in shorts he felt they could play better basketball. Shorts were a revolutionary topic for that part of the country. In fact, they were a revolutionary topic anywhere in the world at the time. A controversy was fairly raging at the moment in the English press over the propriety of young ladies playing tennis at Wimbledon in sawed-off pants that revealed a length of leg, while the patrons and patroons of tennis and track in this country were much concerned when the athletic Amazons threatened to swap their skirts for half-trousers in the interests of faster sprints and greater freedom of the knees.

This was the first time the issue had been raised in Texas—a surprisingly modest and God-fearing bourne, despite the way the boys have of occasionally shooting it out, but the young ladies didn't quail. In fact, they said it sounded like a swell, not to say a sensible, idea to them, and they'd see how the other girls felt about it. The other girls said it sounded great to them, too, but they just didn't have the nerve. One crowd, however, representing a store, said they'd strip down to shorts if the insurance girls would do it first. The local sports pages got wind of the mighty problem and went to town with it, typographically, bringing in fiery letters pro and con from Pro Bono Publico, Constant Reader and other correspondents.

McCombs' Wrecking Crew

This publicity made the Colonel's team a box-office attraction before it ever took the floor, and when it finally did shatter tradition by appearing in a high school gym attired in attractive blue shorts and snappy white jerseys, the ovation it drew from suddenly packed stands was terrific. The team was so much faster and shot baskets with so much greater freedom than its beswaddled sisters that after a reasonable wait in which the devil didn't come to burn up the town and the local police blotters showed no perceptible increase in hijacking or knob-knocking, out came the other gals similarly shorted, and business picked up from there.

Before the girl athletes changed their attire, a crowd of 150 or 200 at

Philbert By FRANK OWEN
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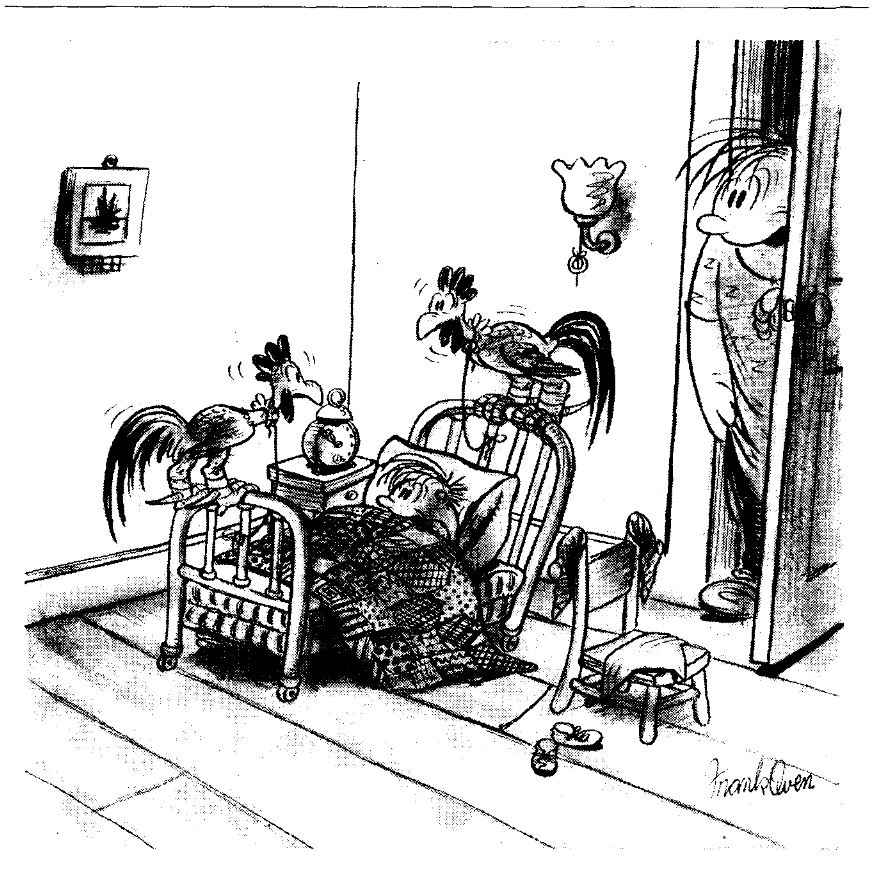


"So you don't trust your alarm clock!"

these bloomerized games was considered a bumper night's business. By the middle of the next season it was nothing unusual to be playing to turn-away crowds of five thousand at fifty cents, seventy-five cents and one dollar a ticket.

Of course, the competition in the league had got better with the entry of the insurance lassies. Maybe that was the reason. They improved athletically in fast fashion, the Colonel proving he could coach girls as well as boys; but they likewise turned brighter sartorially. The second year, they changed their blue and white colors to orange and white, and took the floor wearing orange-and-white plaid. The next year, they hit high C in the eye-brightening department by shedding the woolen shorts permanently for panties of bright orange satin.

That's when lyrical sports writers dubbed them "The Golden Cyclone."

Cyclone they were, too, for they were razing and wrecking every form of competition like a southwestern twister whirling through the cow sheds.

Playing twenty games a season, by 1928 they had flattened all local competition, had won the league and state championship and had gone to the national championship in Wichita, Kansas, where they failed to win the national title by one point in a 27 to 28 game.

In 1929, they won through again to the Wichita national championship finals and lost again by one point, 28 to 29. In 1930, they were back again, and again were licked by the one-point hoodoo, losing 31 to 32, but in 1931, their dreams came true. The national championship that year was held in Dallas, and they smacked the Wallenstein-Raffman team of Wichita 34 to 32 to become officially the best women's basketball team in the nation.

But were these the lithe young ladies who had approached the Colonel so demurely some three years before about the possibility of organizing an office basketball team? Most assuredly they weren't. Here's where the proselytizing part comes in. The Employers' Casualty was a booming concern and it hired a lot of young ladies. The turnover in jobs was fairly regular as girls were married, promoted, just quit or were occasionally discharged. Colonel McCombs established relations with the hiring department, and had a major percentage of new jobs on the distaff side of the office held for young ladies of his selection.

Then he made it his business to peruse every newspaper in Texas and points northward that printed anything about girls' basketball, and he kept a card-index system on every kid in the section.

He Picked Well

When he spotted a girl whose record seemed to be outstanding, he'd quietly go down to her vicinity and first of all watch her play. If she had sufficient size and looked sufficiently promising, he'd inquire about her education and training—with the requirements of the office work in mind—and then, if still interested, he'd introduce himself to the girl and her parents and ask if the young lady would be interested in an office job in Dallas.

That's the way be picked up Babe Didrikson in 1928. She was star forward of her Beaumont High School team and he saw her shooting baskets from all angles in the State High School championship at Houston.

The situation was something like a college's, at that. The girls had to have some brains; it couldn't all be brawn. The office requirements corresponded to college-entrance requirements; the ability to hold a job at least simulated the ability to keep up in classes. The big boss, like a good college dean, didn't "ease up on athletes." The Colonel had to be careful, and he did his picking well. In all, he hired at one time or another almost one hundred women for these jobs which corresponded to college "athletic scholarships." They were set to work as clerks, stenographers, mailers, filers and in even better positions when they could qualify. The records show that in that sizable number the Colonel made only two bad guesses.

In other words, only two young ladies chosen with one eye on brawn, the other on business potentialities, fell down on the business side, which is not alone high tribute to the Colonel's skill as a scout, but seems to say a powerful mouthful of rebuttal to those who still sometimes insist that athletes are usually a trifle muscle-bound between the ears.

They were country girls, for the most part, but *what* country girls!

Alexander-the-Great Trouble

The famous Babe Didrikson came, as above, from the town of Beaumont. Belle Weisinger, fine center and forward, hailed from the little town of Grapeland. Lucy Stratton, who became All-America guard, was a Greenville girl. Margaret Whitcomb, rangy center, came from Dallas. Mary Lake, a guard, was likewise a Dallasite. Mary Carter, a great forward, came from the little town of Hutchins. Addie East, guard, was found in the small Texas town of Borger.

Ruby Mansfield, forward and perhaps the greatest free-shot artist the game ever had, came from Cisco. Gypsy Williams, All-America guard and forward, and, according to the Colonel, one of the greatest forwards ever to play the game, was a Plainview girl. Lalia Warren, great forward, usually called "The Blonde Bombshell," marvelous grip-shot artist, who could curve 'em in from anywhere with unbelievable English, came from the little village of Grand Prairie on the pike between Dallas and Fort Worth.

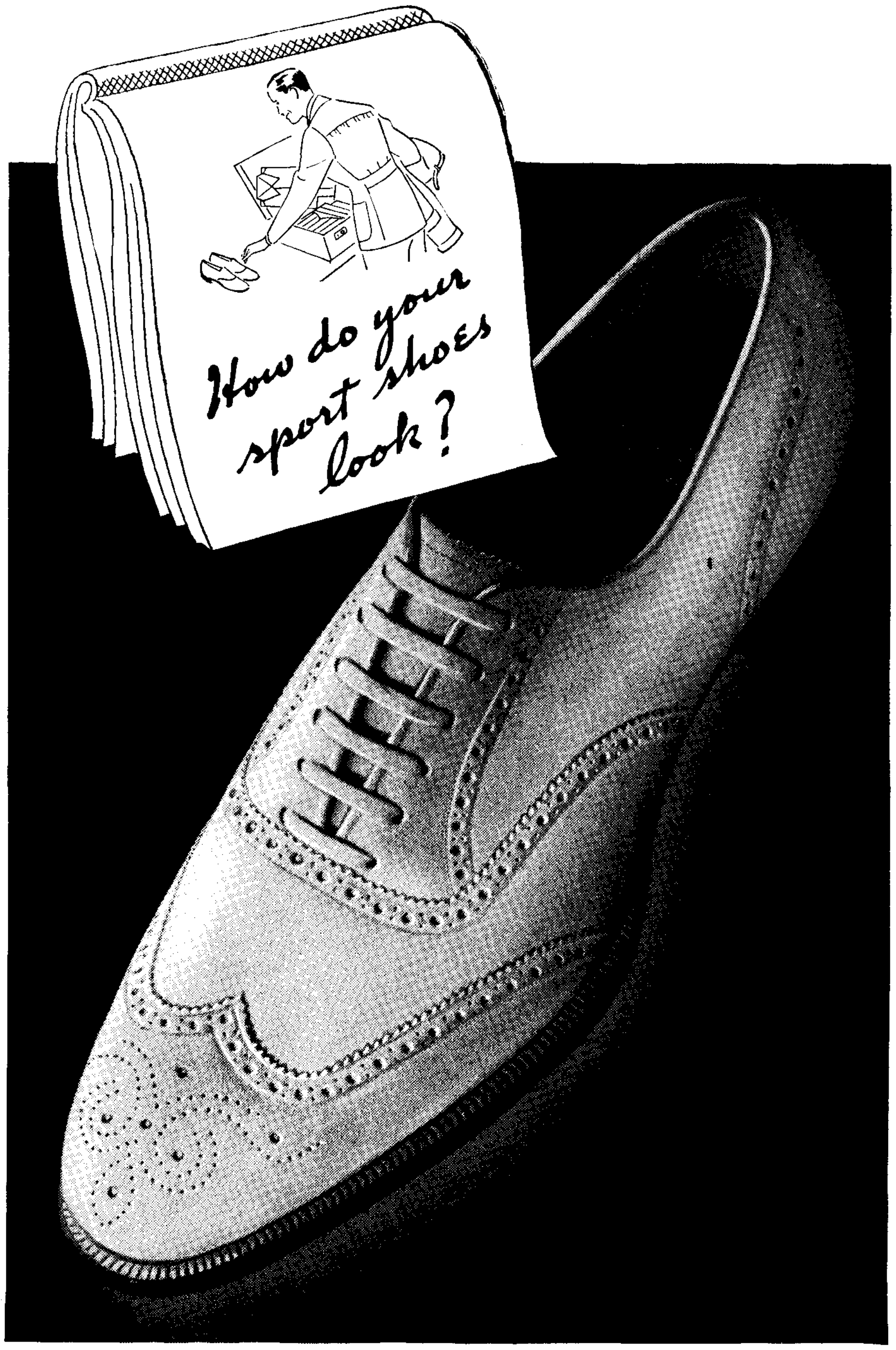
Statistically, they were statuesque and impressive. The average height was 5 feet 10½ inches. The forward court averaged in weight 144 pounds, the speedsters up there tipping the indicator from 135 to 150. The guard court averaged 165. The heaviest girl was a broad-shouldered giantess of 182. The famed Agnes Iori weighed 168. Babe Didrikson, lean as a slat in those days, although she's developed contours since, weighed around 135 in playing condition. The average age of those agile Amazons was nineteen years.

The girls asked the Colonel how about a little track team endeavor in off-season from basketball in the interest of staying in shape. He said "Great," and the Golden Cyclone, under his tutelage, began to sweep every meet in the state and the South. The list of sectional, state, southern, American and Olympic records this truly remarkable band of girls forthwith amassed would fill as much space as this entire article.

Babe Didrikson became America's, the Olympiad's and the world's greatest all-round feminine star. Her specialties were the hurdles, the sprints, distance runs, the javelin, the high jump, the baseball throw and the discus. Limited by Olympic rules to three events, she shattered all existing records in the hurdles and in the javelin throw and cleared the bar at higher figures in the high jump than the miss who was declared the official winner, but the lanky Babe was denied the higher notch on the charge that there'd been too much dive in her roll over the bar.

But the Babe wasn't the only star of this troupe. Belle Weisinger became a medal winner with the discus, the shot

(*Continued on page 62*)



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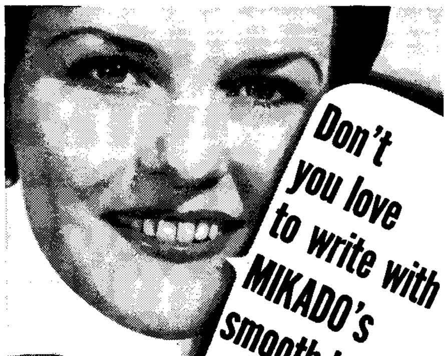
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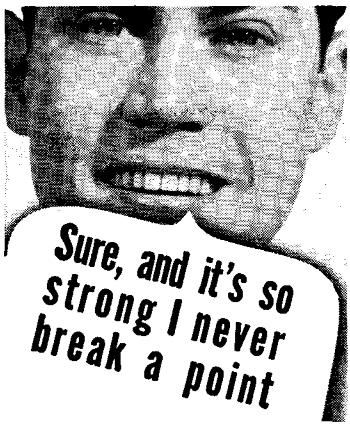
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(Continued from page 61)

and the 50-yard dash. Lucy Stratton hurled the discus and put the shot for championship distances. She likewise hurled the javelin and threw the baseball. Margaret Whitcomb still holds the American record for the hop, step and jump. She likewise was a medal winner in the 100-yard dash. Mary Lake ran the 100 to 220. Mary Carter ran the hurdles, the 50-yard dash and threw the baseball for championship distances.

The Golden Cyclones also had a great baseball team. They became champions in the art of bicycle racing. In fact there didn't seem to be any team sport at which they couldn't excel. It's a wonder they didn't try football.

But there's such a thing in sport as building too well. A team, to score triumphs and win championships, must perforce have something against which to compete. The Colonel had really pulled a Frankenstein. By 1933, there was nothing in sight anywhere to give the Dallas damosels even the start of an argument. In basketball, they were beating championship teams by such lopsided scores as 59 to 7, and the other team wouldn't even get the seven if they really bore down. In track, when it was announced that the Golden Cyclone intended to compete, all other teams shrugged their shoulders and quietly withdrew. In the few instances where they didn't, the beating was routine and complete.

Other firms that had sponsored girl teams had to abandon the idea because of the depression, it costing about five thousand dollars for an average basketball unit, and women's colleges couldn't even give the Cyclones a workout. So in 1933, the phenomenal troupe officially disbanded because of what might be called Alexander-the-Great trouble.

The Colonel now sits in his office, the walls of which are covered with the framed photographs of his feminine stars. And the stars? Some have married, some have moved away, but most of them are still working in the office outside—tall, capable, trim-figured young ladies, giving this particular company perhaps the most distinctive office staff in America physically. Nor have any stuck in the lower clerical niches. Most of them have clearly earned and have been given promotions, some of them several promotions.

Loyalty Ran High

"It was a great experience," he said to me, as he finished identifying the portraits on the wall and leaned back in his chair—"a great experience and a valuable one. I mean valuable for the records of health as well as athletics. Critics of active sports for women often claim they make girls less feminine, and unfit them or weaken them for marriage and motherhood. It's the positive bunk and the records of this group show it. I've kept an accurate check on the Cyclones, even on those who have left the company, and their health average is higher than that of any other group I can find.

"We watched the girls carefully. If one was hurt she couldn't play. We had but one serious injury. One girl broke her leg in a basketball mix-up, and then Belle, here, got a trick knee, but she says it's all right."

The tall, blonde and pretty Belle Weisinger, now one of the company's mathematical experts, was seated near the Colonel's desk. He'd called her in to check his recollection concerning scores and facts. This she did in cool, quick and capable fashion, speaking in a well-modulated voice.

"It was great for the company, too," the Colonel continued. "We had the finest esprit de corps in this office I've ever seen anywhere, even in the Army. The lessons of field and floor were actually translated into terms of work. There was no that's-not-part-of-my-job attitude anywhere in the place. Everybody pitched in and helped everybody else when we got loaded up. There was a definite team spirit. Enthusiasm and loyalty ran high.

"We were never unfair nor unjust about any part of our athletic policy. Nobody was fired to make room for an athlete. Girls were hired frankly with an eye to their athletic possibilities, but their jobs didn't depend upon their making the teams. I naturally picked as carefully as I could, but we had one or two cases where I guessed wrong on the athletic side. These girls kept their jobs just the same. The mistake was on me, not on them.

"And they've turned out to be a fine bunch of young women, a credit to themselves, their firm and to sport. So far as wives and mothers go, I don't know a finer group than those of the former Cyclones who have set up homes for themselves. They know the rules of sportsmanship, which, after all, are the rules for successful homemaking. So far as I've been able to find out, their homes are happy and I know that their children are healthy."

Speaking with Authority

"Well, what do they do for exercise now?" I asked. "The male athlete usually grows fat and slovenly if he stops exercising."

"That's an important point," said the Colonel. "They've learned to love exercise and they practice it regularly. It's no longer basketball and track, for, after all, they are older, and those are primarily sports for the young, but they play tennis and golf. They swim and a lot of them bowl. Addie East, for instance, averages 178 with the pins. They all take exercise regularly, of one sort or another. As athletes, they learned the priceless lessons of sensible diet, plenty of sleep and first-rate care of their physical equipment. There isn't one who has grown, as you say, 'fat and slovenly' or who shows any signs of that unattractive condition."

"And you, Colonel?" I asked. "What did you get out of it?"

"A great experience," he replied, "a lot of fun, a lot of thrills, a feeling that maybe I'd helped some kids along the road to fuller, healthier lives—and this!"

Here he handed me the gold medal about the size of a quarter that had been dangling from his watch chain. On the back was engraved: "To Colonel M. J. McCombs, the greatest coach in the world." Underneath was inscribed the name "Babe Didrikson."

"Was she your favorite?" I asked.

"They were all my favorites," he smiled, "but naturally I was pretty proud of the Babe."

"By the way, Colonel," I said, suddenly remembering another question after I'd started for the door, "are you married?"

"I am now," he said.

"You mean you weren't when you coached the Golden Cyclone?"

"No," and it seemed as though he even blushed a little, "I became a benedict only four months ago."

"And was Mrs. McCombs, by any chance . . . ?" I began.

"You guessed it," said he, "she was Ruth Almand, one of the Cyclones."

"When you say that the young ladies make ideal helpmates, then you speak with authority, do you, Colonel?" I asked.

"I positively, sincerely and most assuredly do," he responded.

That seemed to make it completely official!

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Joy and Jitters

Continued from page 11

outside the Freiburg railroad station.

"Fifteen miles," he replied. "It's at Breisach."

"Let's go!"

We sped between steep vineyards, sparkling in spring sunshine, tended by sturdy men in blue shirts and comely women in white head-coverings and gay smocks. We zigzagged through winding village streets, with timbered houses on each side. Peace was everywhere; nobody seemed to be thinking about remilitarization, or anything remotely resembling it.

Then, with a sudden jerk, the chauffeur slowed up.

In front of us was a barricade, at right angles to the road, made of boards hastily nailed together. A small opening had been left in it, just wide enough for a car to crawl through. Beside this opening—in full campaign kit, rifle on his shoulder, trench helmet on his head—stood a sentinel, in the uniform of Germany's regular army.

The chauffeur threw me a grim look. "*Kriegszustand!*" he mumbled. "State of war."

A couple of miles farther on we were again slowed to a snail's pace by a second barricade. This one was more elaborate. Several big wagons, of the kind used by peasants all over the Rhineland, heavily loaded with big stones, had been hauled across the road. Beside them, obviously ready for use at a moment's notice, were a number of big coils of barbed wire.

A bit farther along we had to negotiate another barrier consisting of heavy obstructions of wood, two rows of them, with barbed wire strung to right and left. Again the chauffeur threw me that grim, questioning look.

At Breisach, the sense of imminent peril struck us like a blow.

The little town—a lovely place of moss-grown walls and sleepy streets, all fringed with vineyards and woods and peace—is set squarely on the right bank of the Rhine. Across the great river, only a few hundred yards away, is France. From the height surmounted by Breisach's venerable church, we looked straight down to an iron railroad bridge connecting the German with the French river bank.

Too Risky for Troops

My chauffeur pointed to a heavy iron gate, close to the French end, which had been drawn across the bridge, from one parapet to the other.

"Before Hitler remilitarized the Rhineland on the seventh of March," he said, "that gate was always open. On the day of remilitarization it was closed. Ever since, it has been opened only when a train crosses. After the train has passed it is immediately shut and locked again. Now look down there—"

He pointed to a bridge of boats, for vehicles and pedestrians, stretching across the Rhine. Across both ends of it, gates, like those at American grade crossings, had been swung. Clustered around the German barrier were a group of vigilant German customs men. Over the river, in France, were knots of equally vigilant French officials. Groups of onlookers, obviously suffering from suppressed excitement, walked restlessly along both banks.

The French officials were arguing with a man in a car. After some minutes they pulled the barrier aside and the car came bumping over the bridge toward the German shore.

"That driver passed his examination," commented my chauffeur. "Believe me, that's no easy matter nowadays!"

"But there are no soldiers about," said I.

"You bet they're not!" he agreed. "None on the German bank. None on the French. Too risky. One ugly word, one sudden shot, and—" His features puckered eloquently.

We returned to Freiburg by another road. It also had three military barricades ("All put up since the seventh of March," said my chauffeur). Two of them had barbed wire, strung in deadly thickness, for quite a distance into the fields to right and left. One had been placed athwart the road, in the very center of a pretty village, in such a way that machine-gun fire from near-by windows might render murderous aid to the barricade's defenders. Beside a narrow opening, a young sentry, the butt of his rifle on the ground, its muzzle pointed toward us at a disquieting angle, eyed us severely. Remilitarization had revealed itself with a vengeance—also the fact that fear of sudden invasion is not all on the French bank of the Rhine.

Soldiers Mean Business

Even at towns situated a comfortable distance from the nearest frontier, the jittery feeling brought by Adolf Hitler to the entire Rhineland, along with the joy attendant upon his audacious assertion of full German sovereignty there, was reflected in the glum looks which often followed whoops of patriotic elation.

"The world is standing on its head," grumbled one newspaper vender. And a chimney-sweep who had just remarked triumphantly, "Now we needn't call those big buildings over there storehouses any more—we can call them what they really are—barracks!" suddenly lost his smile, as he added: "What do you think is going to come of it all? Another war?" Hearing these alternate outbursts of exultation and fear it is easy to believe the story, going the rounds of the Rhineland, about the man who walked down to the cathedral square in Cologne on the morning of the seventh of March, and, noticing that the police had roped off all approaches to the Rhine, asked:

"Why are they doing that?"

"Because the army is going to march in."

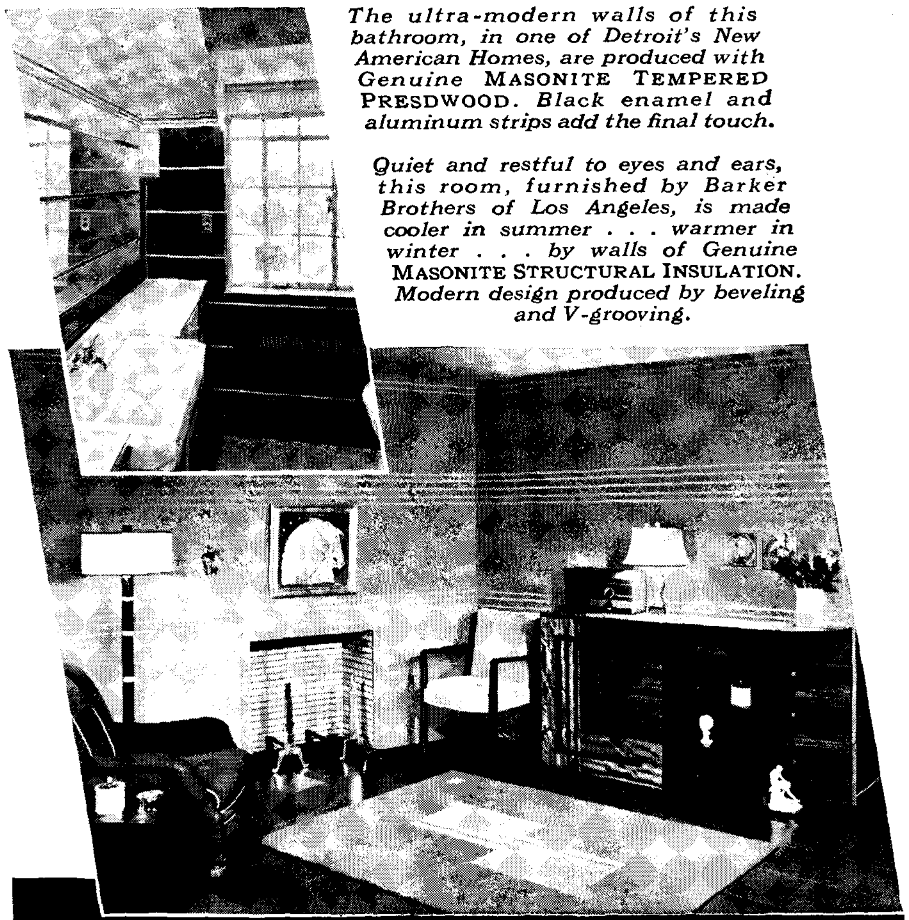
"What army?—the French?"

In towns fringing the Rhine, the sudden arrival of remilitarization caught everybody by surprise. In Frankfort, one of the leading citizens, who might be expected to know what was scheduled to happen, went to bed on March 6th without the slightest suspicion that anything remarkable was brewing. Next morning, he was as much bewildered at the sight of long gray lines of marching German regulars as were those regulars themselves. They had supposed that they were headed for humdrum maneuvers—only to find themselves suddenly goose-stepping over ground barred to them, in the most solemn terms, by the winners of the World War.

Coblenz, headquarters of the American soldiers in the days of the Allied occupation of the Rhineland, welcomed remilitarization with very special rejoicing. To the Coblenzers, you see, the couple of companies of German regulars, who suddenly marched over the bridge of boats connecting the city with the right bank of the Rhine, on that historical morning last March, did not merely mean the glorious restoration of full German sovereignty.

Those soldiers meant also the possible

(*Continued on page 64*)



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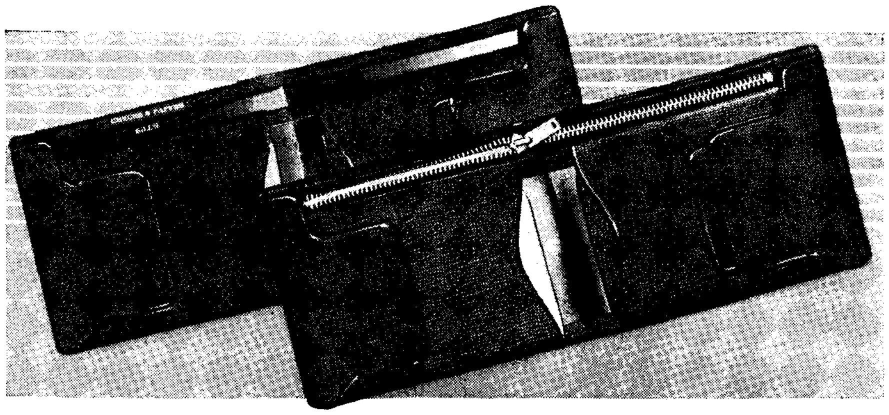

A Buxton "Stitchless" Billfold in English Pin Morocco. One piece of leather, ingeniously interlocked, can expand to meet almost any load. Plenty of compartments, too. $5.00. (At right) In India Goat with zipper, $4.00. Others from $1.50.

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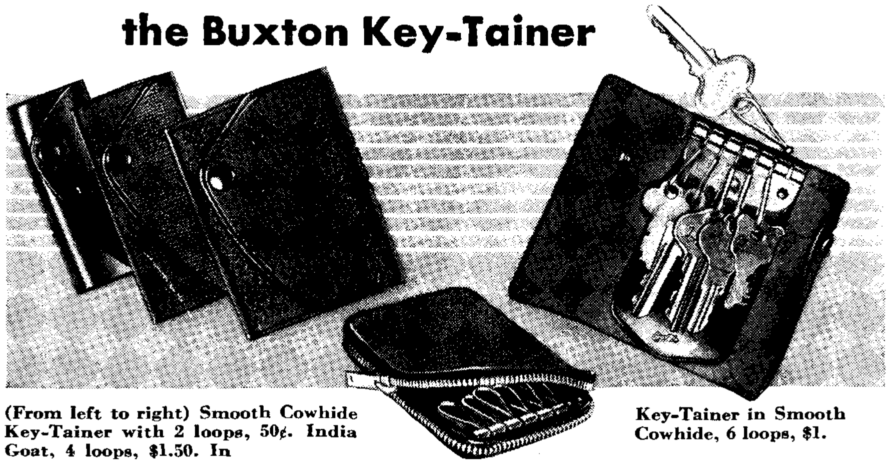

(From left to right) Smooth Cowhide Key-Tainer with 2 loops, 50¢. India Goat, 4 loops, $1.50. In Mandalay Goat, 8 loops, $2.

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Buxton KEY-TAINERS . . .
BILLFOLDS . . . POCKET CASES

(Continued from page 63)

return of good business, the possible replenishment of empty pockets and fattening of lean bank accounts. For Coblenz, unlike other Rhine towns, has no industries.

"We Coblenzers have only two sources of money-making: tourists and soldiers," a native explained to me. In addition to being one of the most beautiful spots in the Rhineland, a delight to multitudes of visitors from all over the world, Coblenz was, for a long time before the World War, an important garrison town. To its sixty-odd thousand inhabitants used to be added as many as eight thousand soldiers—one to every eight civilians! This meant a constant stream of uniformed purchasers into the little city's shops, a steady demand, in cafés all over town, for potent drinks of "schnapps;" and, in suburban roadside inns, for beer and more beer and still more beer.

Tempered by Nervousness

Then, when Germany lost the war, and the American troops came marching in, the natives, though pained as patriots, continued to profit as businessmen. For the Americans were armed not only with rifles and bayonets but also with good American dollars, at that time the most powerful currency in the world, each one of which was worth a scandalous number of German marks. The shopkeepers of Coblenz, who had been depressed at the thought that Germany's military collapse would mean the end of their prosperity, suddenly awoke to the fact that the foreign invaders were better customers than the old-time German garrison. Golden days dawned.

"How those Americans spent their money!" a barber sighed to me, as he swept the razor over my face. "Why, each soldier used to get one dollar a day, which, in those inflation times, meant more marks than I earn in weeks! The American occupation put business in Coblenz on its feet."

In Karlsruhe, the wild outburst of joy which greeted the German soldiers on their first appearance has been tempered by considerable nervousness. Because, you see, the Rhine is only five miles from the heart of Karlsruhe. And, on the far bank of the Rhine, is Alsace, and Alsace is France, where—if you believe the Karlsruhers—the woods, plainly visible from the German bank, are filled with French soldiers, all ready to rush down to the river and jump into pontoons and invade Germany. Just outside the city, unobtrusively stationed outside an inconspicuous dwelling, I saw a squad of trench-helmeted German regulars. One of them kept training a field glass on those woods and taking long looks through it.

Saarbruecken, amid its dark coal mines and bright green hills, is a jittery town nowadays. No trouble finding the frontier in Saarbruecken! Hail a taxi, travel ten minutes or so, coast down a slope just outside the city proper into a deep ravine, and—there you are!

My chauffeur motions toward the other side of the ravine.

"France," he says.

"Over there," he continues, pointing out a steep wooded ridge, "is the Spicherer Hoehe. In 1870, the Germans, starting from where we are now, stormed that ridge. It was alive then with Frenchmen. And so it is now," he adds, with a grim twist of his mouth. "You can't see them; but they're there just the same!"

Standing among the graves of a military cemetery—where Germans and French, officers and privates, lie jumbled all together in the merciful fraternity of death—I gazed upward at the Spicherer Hoehe, wondering whether, before long, it would again belch murderous showers of steel. The chauffeur guessed my train of thought.

"The cannon on those heights could shoot Saarbruecken to pieces in a few minutes," he says. "That would be pleasant for us people here, wouldn't it?" And then, between set teeth: "Anything but another war!"

He tries to take a road skirting the Franco-German boundary line.

"Turn back!" a guard curtly commands. "Closed to all traffic!" As we drive off in the opposite direction I notice that the guard—like that soldier outside Karlsruhe—has put a field glass to his eyes and is carefully observing the Spicherer Hoehe.

It isn't only in the Rhineland that jitters are rampant; symptoms thereof are also common across the border, among the French and Belgians. Just after Hitler remilitarized the Rhine region, an old German couple who had as their guest, in their native German town, a little niece from a French border province received from the child's parents a frantic telegram:

"Send Louise home immediately!"

"But everything is quiet around here," they wired back.

"Send Louise home!" commanded a second telegram. The line of reasoning of the little girl's parents was obvious: "Whether Germany invades France, or France invades Germany, we want to have Louise right under our eyes." So home Louise went, bag and baggage.

Restoration of complete German sovereignty over the Rhineland is not merely a matter of enhanced prestige for Hitler and a source of patriotic satisfaction to the German nation.

The banks of the Rhine, with the adjacent territory in which Germany's regular soldiers showed themselves this spring for the first time since the end of the World War, are of enormous importance in wealth, area and population. The zone which Hitler abruptly remilitarized includes a large part of the celebrated Ruhr region, where Germany's greatest industrial plants are located, also the entire coal-mining district of the Saar, returned to German sovereignty following the plebiscite of January, 1935, after sixteen years of an international regime administered by the League of Nations.

When the Bells Tolled

The total area of the remilitarized Rhineland is about 21,500 square miles, or approximately one eighth the total area of Germany—equivalent, roughly, to one half the total area of Virginia or four times that of Connecticut. It is about equally divided between German territory on the left bank of the Rhine, demilitarized in its entirety by the Versailles Treaty, and an additional strip, fifty kilometers (31 miles) in width, extending along the whole right bank of the river, from the German-Dutch to the German-Swiss frontier. On that strip, also, by that same treaty, the Germans were forbidden to keep armed forces or build fortifications. The total population of the zone is slightly over 14,000,000—more than one fifth of the total population of Germany. Some idea of its vast importance may be gained from the fact that, of the 243 cities and towns with more than 20,000 inhabitants in all Germany, 77—or nearly one third—are in the formerly demilitarized Rhineland. In *all France* there are only 84 cities and towns with more than 20,000 people—a fact which Rhinelanders delight to point out to visitors, when they boast of the huge value of their native district. Some of the biggest and richest of German cities are on or near the banks of the Rhine—Cologne, Düsseldorf, Essen, Dortmund, Elberfeld, Frankfort, Mainz, Mannheim, Karlsruhe, Saarbruecken.

To enforce the treaty of Versailles, France, Great Britain, Belgium and the United States sent armies of occupation into the Rhineland. Americans and British soon got tired of their watch on the Rhine; the Americans soonest of all. Only for a short time did the Stars and Stripes fly over the great fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, opposite Coblenz; and in 1926 the last of the British troops had been withdrawn from Cologne and Wiesbaden.

But the French stuck grimly to the banks of the Rhine until the end of June, 1930, when the final detachments of their army of occupation marched homeward from Mainz.

At once the bells of Rhineland churches tolled madly and multitudes of Rhinelanders cheered and wept in delirious thanksgiving. But, though foreign soldiers had left the Rhineland, German soldiers could not enter it. The Versailles Treaty—reinforced by that of Locarno—still stood in the way. Nearly six years were yet to elapse before, through Adolf Hitler's audacious disregard of both Versailles and Locarno, demilitarization came to an end, to be replaced by remilitarization, as symbolized by German battalions marching, behind brass bands and beneath swastika-emblazoned banners, into the zone formerly forbidden to them.

In Cologne, when I got there some time after Hitler's audacious blow at what was left of Versailles and Locarno, joy was still uppermost. As in the rest of the Rhineland, the German troops which had so abruptly made their appearance were being kept well under cover. There was no goose-stepping, no parading, no bursts of martial music. One hardly ever saw more than two or three soldiers together. To find remilitarization, you had to go out and look for it.

In the barracks (tenanted, until 1926, by the British post-war army of occupation), a few hundred German regulars—young boys, all of them, drafted last autumn into Hitler's conscript army and showing the results of only a few months' training—loitered by doorways and windows, well-pleased with the friendly glances which they drew from male and female passers-by. The rest of the remilitarizers assigned to the Cologne area (some three thousand, to start with) were scattered about in schoolhouses, or among the ruins of the city's old forts—blown up by the British in fulfillment of the Versailles Treaty—or out around the aviation field. At the latter, inquisitive Cologners, largely small boys and girls, craned their necks from near-by treetops, or pressed their noses against wire fences, in the hope of getting a close-up view of those two strange things, unknown these many years in the Rhineland: German military planes and German military aviators.

Fun for the Kiddies

Among the ruined forts outside Cologne I saw only a sprinkling of soldiery. The most conspicuous was a young sentry marching up and down on top of a crumbled, grass-grown bastion, while a little boy, aged five or thereabouts, strutted proudly beside him, aping his military bearing to the minutest detail, or—whenever the sentry paused on the edge of the bastion—squatting down beside him and looking up trustfully into his face, the very incarnation of childish hero worship.

Children, by the way, are getting lots of fun out of the remilitarization all over the Rhineland. "Playing soldiers" has become their favorite game.

In one town, I had to get out of the way of two little boys, as they came goose-stepping along the sidewalk, pounding vigorously on two big drums. In another, a small urchin, who had been obviously watching some drill sergeant belonging to the newly arrived regular forces, was putting a squad of little playmates through a military drill with a stiffness of demeanor and gruffness of voice which would have done credit to Hindenburg.

The keepers of toy shops, having noted the martial trend of childish thought, have pushed things like dolls and toy engines and miniature villages into the background of their window displays, and shoved into the foreground all the tin soldiers that they have in stock.

For a long time the novelty of remilitarization will not wear off along the Rhine. At Coblenz a group of inquisitive natives stood in absorbed contemplation of a lot of machine guns of the newest type, wrapped in up-to-the-minute canvas coverings.

"Mine-throwers, I suppose?" ventures one onlooker.

"No, anti-aircraft guns," declares another.

"You're both wrong," scoffs a third. "Those are new contraptions for anti-tank defense. I've read all about them."

Once a German—

While the discussion goes on the young soldiers listen amid chuckles of superior amusement. Finally, one of them, with lordly condescension, deigns to explain what the mysterious monsters really are. And the onlookers are filled with patriotic joy, and they swell with patriotic pride, and they quite forget for the moment the apprehension which thought of the French army, just over the near-by boundary line, has been arousing in them ever since incalculable Adolf Hitler bestowed on the Rhineland his springtime gift of remilitarization.

Joy and jitters. That's the Rhineland —now that it has been remilitarized.

Already talk is rife along the Rhine about new fortifications (prohibited by the Versailles and Locarno treaties) which German army engineers are expected to build soon, from secret plans drafted long ago by the German general staff, in imitation of the supposedly impregnable steel-and-concrete forts of the Maginot Line, France's superb system of defense against Hitlerism and rearmament and remilitarization and whatever else of the sort may spring up in and beyond the Rhineland. Even the most nervous Rhinelanders, in the very midst of muttered misgivings as to what the return of Germany's regular soldiers may eventually bring in the way of trouble, almost invariably exclaim, without hesitation, in reply to sudden questioning: "Of course I'm glad our soldiers are back! Of course they won't get out unless they're thrown out!" Whatever the Rhinelanders are not, they are certainly one hundred per cent patriotic. It's *"Deutschland ueber Alles"* with them nowadays—to the limit!

Most typical of this spirit was the attitude of a native of Saarbruecken, that exposed and jittery town.

"How's business?" I asked.

"Bad."

"Was it better when the Saar district was separated from Germany and governed by the League of Nations?"

"Much."

"Was it better when English and Italian and Dutch and Swedish troops were here while the plebiscite was being held?"

"Sure."

"Yet nearly ninety per cent of the votes cast in the plebiscite by the people of the Saar were in favor of rejoining Germany."

"Of course they were!"

"Did you vote to rejoin?"

"Of course I did. I was born a German. All my life I have been a German. I mean to die a German!"

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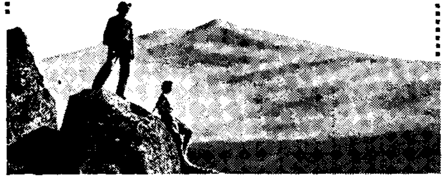

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Under Pressure

Continued from page 21

bridge, relic of more prosperous times. But there was no bridge; it had been carried away in the last floods. He jammed down both feet, reached for the emergency brake and brought the car to a halt on the very lip of an *arroyo* fully twelve feet deep and twice as wide.

"Numskull!" growled Arnaldo.

"I stopped her just in time," rejoiced Juanito, preparing to shift into reverse.

"You didn't!" yelled Arnaldo, feeling a weird subsidence that reminded him of the aftereffects of an earthquake. No man could think faster in an emergency than he; it was second nature to reach over and cut off the ignition with one hand while he wrenched at the door beside him with the other. It opened. "Jump, *imbecil!*"

SLOWLY the car was nosing down and but for the emergency brake would have glided forward and then rushed. Arnaldo on one side and Juanito on the other scrambled up the bank just in time to cross a steadily widening fissure. The push of their feet was the last straw; a great block of earth gave way with a dull rumble. The car made a nose dive, bounced and fell on its back, its four wheels in air. Arnaldo squatted on his heels and lit another cigarette while Juanito ran up and down distractedly, half blinded by the tears that gushed from his eyes.

"Oh, Señor, Señor!" he moaned. Then he started on a run back toward Toluca, a hundred miles away. "I must call a wrecker."

"Stop!" shouted Arnaldo. "Idiot! Come back and help me."

Juanito returned at a slow walk, head down and eyes cast to one side as if he shrank from looking again into the *arroyo*. They slid down the crumbled bank and began salvage operations. Crawling through one of the open doors Juanito managed to pull forward the collapsible seat next the driver's and drag out from the tonneau Arnaldo's suitcase and the *petate* in which were rolled all his own worldly possessions. He shouldered bag and bundle and turned.

"Where now, Master?"

"We walk to La Barranca," said Arnaldo and set off, picking his way along the dry bed of the *arroyo* until he struck the fresh trail Juanito had failed to take.

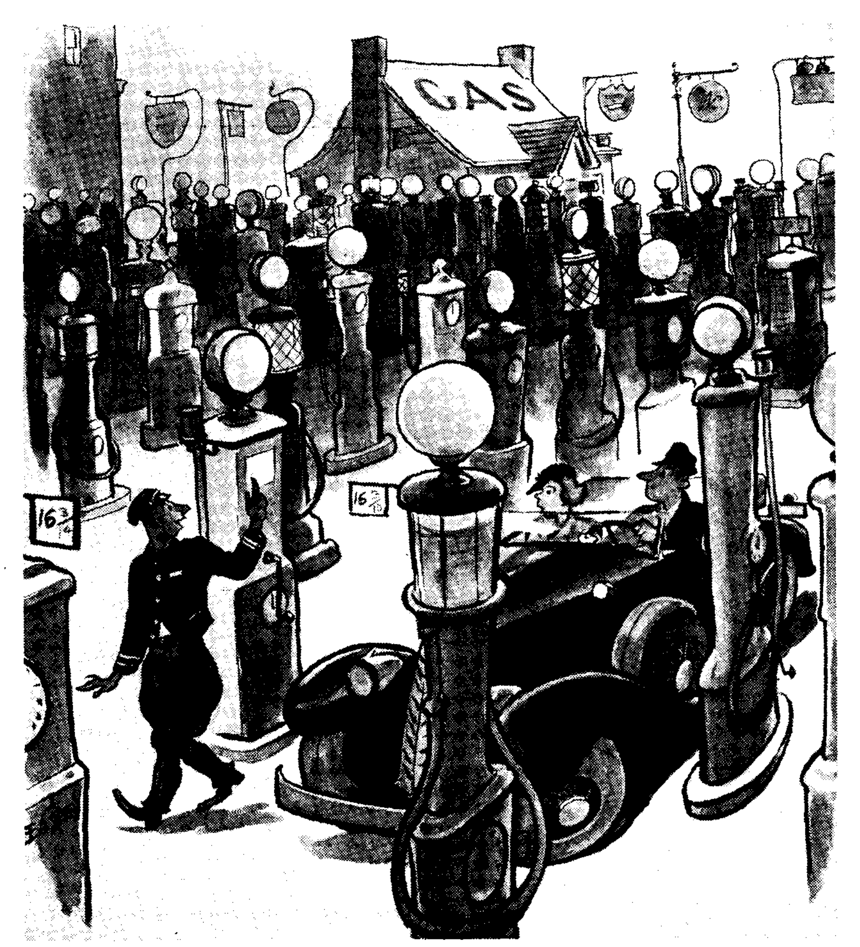
Two hours later they came upon Van Suttart's damaged car and examined it with interest; soon afterward they arrived at the rope bridge, crossed it successfully and headed for the *hacienda's* nearest gate. Several pairs of eyes had been watching them for some time, among them those of Joyce, Dirk and Leonardo. It was Leonardo who had first announced the approach of the wayfarers in a vain effort to get permission to shoot them up if only as a warning before they got too close. Señor Maximiliano, leaning on his staff, was also in the bastion, studying the situation through the eyes of others and striking his own balance. Not until the two strangers were within a stone's throw of the outer wall did Joyce recognize the taller of them and utter a cry. Accompanied by Dirk she dashed down to the great court and with his help opened the *zaguan* and then the outer gate. She held out both hands, her eyes shining with welcome.

"How on earth did you get here? You haven't walked all the way, have you?"

Arnaldo had raised his hat. He dropped it on the ground, took her hands, gave her a gleaming smile, nodded at Van Suttart, shrugged his shoulders and pointed backward with his chin. It was as though he had spoken, told them in so many words where, how and when his car had been ditched.

"So you changed your mind," said Dirk.

"Yes," said Arnaldo. "Something hap-



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pened to make me change my mind."

"What do you mean?" asked Joyce. "What are you two talking about?"

"I asked Arnaldo to come with me," explained Dirk, "but he refused to take part in a sentimental gesture."

"Quite true," admitted Adán, "but that was before I knew Miss Sewell, scorning the role of victim, had shot up Dorado." He looked around curiously. "Where are your eighteen *gringos?*"

"What *gringos?*" asked Joyce, bewildered.

Taking out his wallet Arnaldo extracted the clipping the Minister of War had handed him and passed it to Joyce. "Read it. I'm here on a semiofficial mission to investigate."

She glanced through the inspired account of the taking of La Barranca and the farther she read the more did her eyes and cheeks blaze. She crushed the paper in her fist, started to throw it away, then changed her mind, smoothed it out and slipped it inside her pullover.

"It's an outrageous lie," she said, "based on a grain of truth. You seem to have come prepared to stay. I'm glad, because this fantastic fabrication will need some talking over." She led the way into the inner patio and no sooner had she crossed its threshold than the air of a chatelaine enveloped her. At ease and competent she gave directions to Luz, then turned to Arnaldo. "You're tired and you must be hungry. As soon as you've had a wash there'll be food ready in the small dining-room. Perhaps Mr. Van Suttart will show you where it is."

"He won't need to," said Adán. "I've been here before."

She cast him a curious and startled glance, but the placidity of his expression reassured her. Nevertheless, a certain uneasiness persisted, causing her to put off anything in the nature of a showdown. During the afternoon she attended to her many duties and took another horseback lesson, still omitting to tell Dirk she had ridden as a child. Adán appeared, refreshed by a nap, and encouraged her. The same superficiality marked the dinner hour, Don Jorge alone scorning to utter polite nothings. Gradually his brooding mood infected the others so that by the time Joyce rose she was conscious of an air of expectancy, almost of foreboding. She led the way to what had once been her mother's boudoir, now adapted as a combination sitting-room and office for herself because it was next to Cutler Sewell's former study which Don Jorge had appropriated.

NO MORE diverse group could be imagined. The blind man, in *charro* costume, sat in a big armchair, his chin resting on hands folded over the head of his staff. He was *hacienda* from his close-cropped white head to the pointed toes of his cowhide boots. In contrast, Arnaldo was sheer night club, since out of habit, or possibly for some more subtle reason, he had put on his extremely fashioned dinner jacket and picked a carnation for his buttonhole. Dirk, in his lone lounge suit, felt and looked like a nice college graduate while Joyce, in the same flowered frock of the night before, struck a note so aloof from pillage and sudden death she seemed a vision gone astray. Her knowingly tumbled hair, the peculiar darkened blue of her eyes against a skin as faintly tinged as mother-of-pearl, above all an entrancing glimpse of neck and shoulder, combined to lend her the air of a visiting presence. Save for the rise and fall of her breast, proving she lived, she might have been a vivid portrait, brought from afar.

"Wheels within wheels, many wheels," said Don Jorge quite suddenly, "and a young girl sets them all to turning. Margarida Fonseca, who would never have moved save for her hatred of the Manifest Destiny. Onelia, out to get with a single stone Dorado, his ancient enemy, and the Minister of War. The American Ambassador, trying desperately to save his face and perhaps his job. Adán Arnaldo—"

"Yes?" prompted Arnaldo coolly. "What about me?"

Don Jorge, scowling, avoided a direct answer. "Gentlemen," he continued, "we are here either as guests or servitors of the Señorita Joyce Sewell, lawful mistress of La Barranca. This is a world—her world. Its walls have wide arms—wide enough to embrace all who owe her allegiance, strong enough to repel the alien horde. We have plenty of room for defenders, none for neutrals, tourists or spies. I'll ask you first, Mr. Van Suttart: Are you friend or foe?"

"Friend," said Dirk promptly.

"Now you, Adán," said Don Jorge, "and don't speak too hastily. You and I have met before, though you sat at Dorado's table while I ate with servants. Do you come as friend or foe?"

ARNALDO flicked the ash from his cigarette and sat staring at the brightened tip. "I'm wondering," he said, "for the scales are not weighted all on one side as they seem to have been for my young friend of the American Embassy. Had you asked if I'm well disposed toward the *señorita* and implied nothing more, I could have said yes with all my heart." There was a purring rhythm in his voice, a suggestion of padded claws that now popped out as he continued: "But friendship has its varying shades and values." He paused. "Here is my answer: how far I'll go for the *señorita* is her business and mine and nobody else's."

Don Jorge clapped a hand to his thigh on an impulse that carried back to the days of his sight; then, seizing his staff, he raised it on high and crashed it down in the direction of Arnaldo's voice. "Leonardo!" he shouted as the rubber ferrule thudded harmlessly on the tiled floor, "a spy is among us!"

"Maxie, oh Maxie!" cried Joyce, springing to her feet and running to stand beside Arnaldo, who had not moved. "This is my house, my world—you said it yourself. I love you but you forget you're a servant—not my servant nor my father's before me, but the servant of La Barranca. Adán Arnaldo was good to me in a moment of danger and asked nothing in return. Why assume he's an enemy? Besides, since he has suggested he comes on the part of the government, to do him harm is to harm me and our cause. You almost brought about my ruin once before, and now the same sort of thing happens again. I won't have it—I won't!"

"But he's a Mexican," groaned Don Jorge, "and I distrust Mexicans."

"You, a Mexican," cried Joyce, "and you're not ashamed to say that!"

Luz thrust her head in at the door. "Do I send for Leonardo?"

"No!" commanded Joyce. She turned toward Don Jorge. "Maxie, if you and Mr. Van Suttart don't mind, I'd like to talk to Adán Arnaldo alone."

Promptly Don Jorge turned ceremonious. He rose, bowed, faced toward his own room, stumped straight to the door, stood back to force Dirk to pass, then entered and closed it with emphasis. Dirk caught a strange thought by the tail as it raced through his mind: She said Adán Arnaldo but she calls me Mr. Van Suttart. "Well," he asked himself, "what of it?" and was at a loss for an answer. It would not have helped him to see the smiling ease with which Adán was handling himself.

"The old man didn't offend me," he said with a toss of his head toward the closed door, "since to distrust our kind is our leading axiom. In dealings with each other we are held by blood ties or

(*Continued on page* 68)

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FREEZONE

(Continued from page 67)

personal advantage—nothing else. The funny thing is we can be honorable with foreigners."

"He isn't so old," said Joyce, gathering her thoughts; "it's just that his hair's turned white."

"Let's get out of here," said Adán. "I remember a big shabby room with a huge fireplace."

"That's where I meant to go when we'd finished talking," said Joyce.

THE life of a *hacienda* is not that of a house but of a village, sometimes almost of a town. Articles and values are easily destroyed or lost, but certain ingrained fundamentals take years to die. The hereditary blacksmith, the itinerant piano tuner, a teacher of sorts for the crowded school and a horse and cattle foreman to carry on the banner of scorn for the equally important chief of the muleteers are threads not lightly torn from a social fabric however raveled.

The drawing-room gave evidence of this truth. The furniture had been maltreated, but the curtains had been recently patched by an expert needle. A square had been cut from the corner of a lovely Persian rug to make a saddle blanket for *mi general*, but the elements of comfort remained. Witness a well-tended fire on the hearth and that the piano was in tune. Adán walked to it as if drawn by a loadstone. He struck a chord, then sat down and rippled the keys in melodious undertone to his words.

"We can be honorable with foreigners," he repeated, looking up at Joyce across the corner of the closed sounding board. "I am authorized to offer you fifty thousand dollars for La Barranca if you'll agree to leave the country at once. Think it over. Fifty thousand to get out, nothing but trouble if you try to stay."

The rippling of the keys continued, a light and playful melody which would not interfere with her thoughts. She stood staring down at his face, handsome and inscrutable, trying to read it. There was no sign that he urged her one way or the other; he had laid his cards on the table face up, let her play as she chose. Slowly a great weight seemed to press on her shoulders, bending them and contracting her heart. Her fingers, slender but strong, gripped the edge of the piano and she leaned forward.

"La Barranca isn't something you can sell," she stated. "My father bought it —that's true—but not from people with their roots still in the soil. They were gone, uprooted by their own folly, and he bought it from a bank. I was born here. The fibers of my being are tied to stone, vine and tree. I owe lip service to two governments, but not allegiance. Allegiance from the heart strikes deep. It has to stand on a foundation of faith and love. Where will I find them if not here? How can I sell La Barranca without selling my people and myself?"

ADAN stopped playing, his fingers hovering over an unstruck chord. He refrained from looking up for his own reasons. For years women had hurled the charms of the flesh at his head and in dodging their advances, together with an occasional bullet from an outraged escort's gun, he had attained to a philosophy which the world took for indifference, whereas nausea or merely the instinct of self-preservation would have come nearer the mark. He did not care to look at Joyce because he resented all feminine beauty, nevertheless something had startled him into immobility—something as tenuous as the timbre of a voice enriched by true emotion.

"Then what course do you intend to pursue," he murmured, his eyes on the keys, "and just where do you think it will lead you?"

"There's one word that covers it all," said Joyce. "Fight. That's what we do wherever we are—you in El Tenebroso, I here or in Elsinboro. Every woman, every man, wherever we are, we fight to live though we fight and go down. The agrarians will take my land, section by section. Let them. Do you think my people want it? If they did they could have it, but they know better, they've seen too much. This prairie can't be cut into garden plots. A community can live off it and grow fat, but parcel it out and all will starve. They know it better than I. Then there's love and faith—theirs for me and mine for them." She stopped, looking down at him with an intensity that forced him to raise his eyes to hers. "While that lasts we live though we fight and go down."

Adán's hands crashed out the chord as he rose and faced her. He stared at her out of a daze. "Courage always wears a glorious face," he said as if he were explaining some mystery to himself. "Fight and go down. You, alone—yes. But—" His hands went out gropingly, touched her arms and passed down to her wrists. A voice within him, long stilled, was striving for utterance through fingers and eyes because lips are so prone to lie. She thrilled not to him but to his ardor, since fire is a stranger to no man, warming friend and foe.

His voice, continuing, broke the spell. "But you and I together is another story. I have the power and you the land, and no government—past, present or to come—will fool too much with Adán Arnaldo. It's practical, logical; it will be a cinch."

Adán Arnaldo. The name knocked at her brain like somebody hammering on the door, waking her completely and all at once. She drew back and her hand flew to her mouth, pressing her lips. Yes, she had seen this man before—twice, so he couldn't be altogether a stranger. His name was Arnaldo—Adán Arnaldo—and he had been nice to her. He had taken her home from El Tenebroso and today he had dropped in to visit at La Barranca. Yet he was a stranger—more of a stranger than if she had never seen him. For an instant, unbelieving, he clung to her wrist, then smiled, shrugged and let her go. She rushed from the room and along the balcony of the patio. As she turned its angle she saw Dirk coming from Don Jorge's study and it was all she could do to keep from running to cast herself in his arms. Instead she stopped short and asked herself if she were crazy.

He came to a halt a few paces away. "Señor Maximiliano asked me to make the rounds," he explained and hesitated. "I don't suppose you'd care to be bothered."

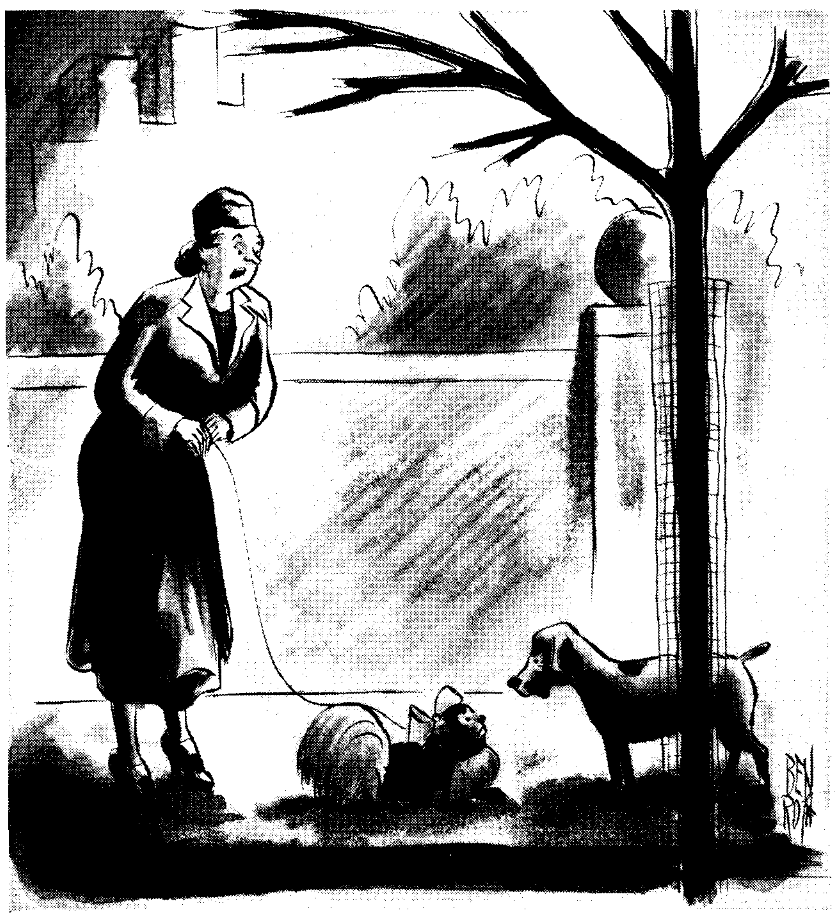
"That's where I was going myself," said Joyce. "Do you want to come along?"

Together they turned down the passage giving access to the stair leading to the esplanade of the roof. As they emerged from the hutch they stopped and caught their breath. They had not forgotten the beauty of the night before, but memory had fallen short of measuring the sweep of the stillness and the glory.

UNDER the blaze of moon and stars Joyce, followed by Dirk, visited the four bastions. "Awake, Leonardo?" she murmured. "Awake, Señorita." "Is everything quiet?" "All is quiet, Señorita." And again. "Awake, Plutarco?" "Awake. Señorita. Nothing moves; all has been still." And so with Nataniel and Julio. The rounds finished, she started toward the spiral stair by which they had ascended, walking slowly at first, then with a sudden acceleration in her pace. As she reached the narrow doorway Dirk put forth a restraining hand.

"Oh, no!" he begged. "We can't! It —it wouldn't be right!"

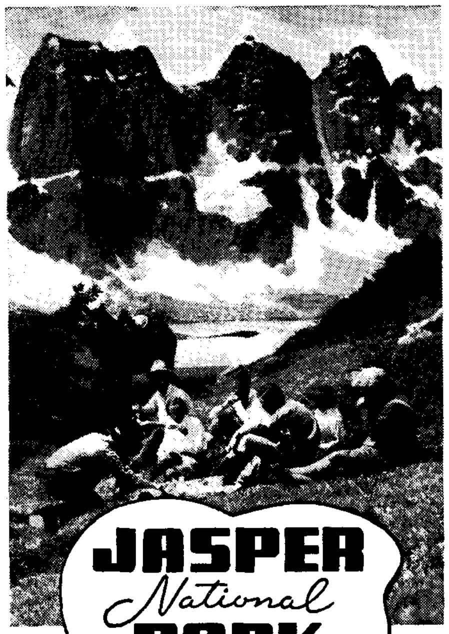
His touch on her arm was like a spark that releases an illumination, an explosion without sound. The night seemed transfigured, a world outside the world of everyday. By its light she could see him as he was, and he her. It was a world with no deceptions, no calculation, no possible goal beyond an all-containing present. His broken words did not sound broken to her ears since they spoke her own thought. She moved toward the parapet and they sat down, he



"Don't let him scare you, Peewee. Bare your fangs"

BEN ROTH

ESCAPE
TO THE
CANADIAN ROCKIES



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"Old Town Boats"

beside her, their shoulders barely touching. They sat in silence, their senses drenched in beauty. Her heart swelled until she knew she must speak or choke.

"It's beautiful and terrible. I wonder if anywhere else in the world beauty and terror walk hand in hand."

"Me, I'm wondering who I am," said Dirk. "You're real. You're part of the night, part of this amazing place. You had a name that meant nothing—nothing at all. But now you've shaken it and become real. If I should never see you again, yet live for a thousand years, I couldn't forget you. I don't have to look to remember your garden of a frock or the set of your hair, the tone of your eyes or the curve of your cheek. I'm not being fresh, I'm not making love, but something belongs to me from now on—something you haven't given that I didn't try to take. You're real but what about me? I've turned into nothing. I can't feel; if I tried to pinch myself I'm sure I'd pinch air. I don't know whether I'm breathing, I'm not sure of sound. These words I'm speaking—are they a dream, or can you hear them too? Can you?"

"I've heard them all," said Joyce, "but I can't be sure you said them aloud or whether my own lips spoke them. Because as I seem real to you, so are you to me. I'm not afraid of you. I wasn't afraid of you before, but I disliked the person you were. You wore a Joseph's coat made up of the things I most despise. Now you've thrown it away—or perhaps you've only taken it off and presently will slip it on again."

"Perhaps," he admitted mournfully, "and you too. Things like this—things that never happened before—can never last. We couldn't stand it if they did."

"I suppose not," said Joyce.

She shivered. He took off his jacket and put it around her shoulders. Nothing was said; he had not asked her if she were cold nor did she protest he would need the coat himself. He might easily have taken a first liberty, put his arm about her on the pretense of holding the jacket in place, but he did not and she had known he would not, for their thoughts were still in communion, still absorbed in the sharing of the breathtaking spectacle of the exterior world.

"Name the things you despise," he said at last, staring straight ahead.

"Your false front," answered Joyce after an imperceptible pause; "your air of We-the-elect-are-holy-and-all-others-are-vile."

"Is that really the way it struck you?" asked Dirk, but did not wait for an answer. "Yes, I'm beginning to see it. From here I can look back and see a clerk who smoked a cigarette and myself as the young man who tried out a polo stick while you waited in the anteroom."

JOYCE drew a sharp breath. "That makes it worse, of course," she said, "but you mustn't think it's just you I meant. It's a lot bigger than any single one of you and it can't be covered by five minutes or five years. The air you wore was the air of the whole place—chancellery, garden and the Embassy itself. They cry out, 'Look at us! Our skins are safe wherever we go; if you want to keep yours, stay home.' It's so silly not to see the other half of that doctrine."

"What other half?" asked Dirk, puzzled.

"Stay at home yourselves," said Joyce with intensity, "do away with the House of Drones and take your consuls with you, guardians of the dollar and nothing else! Then we'd know where we stand. Then we could fight our own battles without carrying the ball and chain of some nincompoop of a clerk in Washington and a secretary in Mexico working the shuttle of a smoke-screen note already frayed at the edges—and calling it protection!"

"Easy now," said Dirk soothingly. "I told you it isn't up to us to look after Americans abroad; nowadays our business is limited to keeping our country out of war."

"How long have there been embassies?" asked Joyce. "Never mind, let's say a hundred—two hundred years. Has any embassy ever kept any country out of war? Read up on your history."

"So you really think you'd get along better if we were wiped out?"

"Of course we would. This place is my home, my property, my life. My people love me. We are a huge family, bound together by fibers stronger than the bonds of blood. I'm not afraid of Mexico or Mexicans. Why should I be? Have I less brains than they? Can't I use the weapons they fight with? There's only one threat I'm afraid of."

"What's that?"

"You! Your House of Drones. What if one of the bullets that hit your car had killed you? From being a parasite, a silkworm living on the pulp of the taxpayer safe at home, you would suddenly have acquired importance—such importance that you would certainly have destroyed me and possibly plunged your country into the very war you're supposed to wave back with a lily hand!" She rose, letting his coat fall from her shoulders, and stood staring at the distant snowy torch of the Nevado. "No!" she cried to the night. "Either protect or get out yourselves. Get out—get out of the way of people who aren't afraid to travel anywhere on the face of the earth, in the air or beneath the sea, live where they please, fly their own flag and fight their own fight."

"You're great," said Dirk, electrified against his will and judgment. "Whether you're right or not, you're great."

"Pick up your coat and come with me," said Joyce. "I want to show you something."

HE FOLLOWED her down the spiral stair and back to the patio. She led him to her former playroom, pushed open the door and turned. "This was the day nursery where I was playing when they came in—a hundred of them riding their horses over the flower beds, trampling the rosebushes and shooting at anything that moved. 'No force against a weaker nation' was responsible for their coming; don't forget it." She pointed. "That's the door where my mother ran out, looking for me. She took three steps—you can measure them—before they shot her. I didn't see what happened then—only the crowding men. The next thing I knew, my father, carrying a funny little trunk under one arm, lifted me with the other and rushed up those steps to the balcony. They turned and saw him in time to laugh and jeer but hardly to shoot. Come; I'll show you where the bullets struck and how we escaped."

She preceded him to the balcony, then through passage after passage until, doubling back, they arrived at steep stone steps leading down into a cavernous pit behind the vast kitchens. Passing around the high stacks of a year's supply of firewood and charcoal they came to a narrow postern so embedded and so overgrown with lichen it would have seemed a part of the wall had it not been for its fantastic key of wrought iron. She tried to turn it, failed and stepped back. Dirk picked up a stick, thrust it through the big handle and using it as a lever forced back the rusty lock. With a strong pull he opened the door and they stepped out into such an umbrageous paradise as only the old-time *haciendas* of the semitropics can boast. Here was a night divided from the night above, a realm to which the heat of the hottest day could never penetrate, balked by the drooping fronds of monster *ahuehuetes*, the trailing plumes of pepper trees and an ash so vast in

(*Continued on page* 72)

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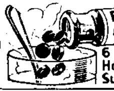

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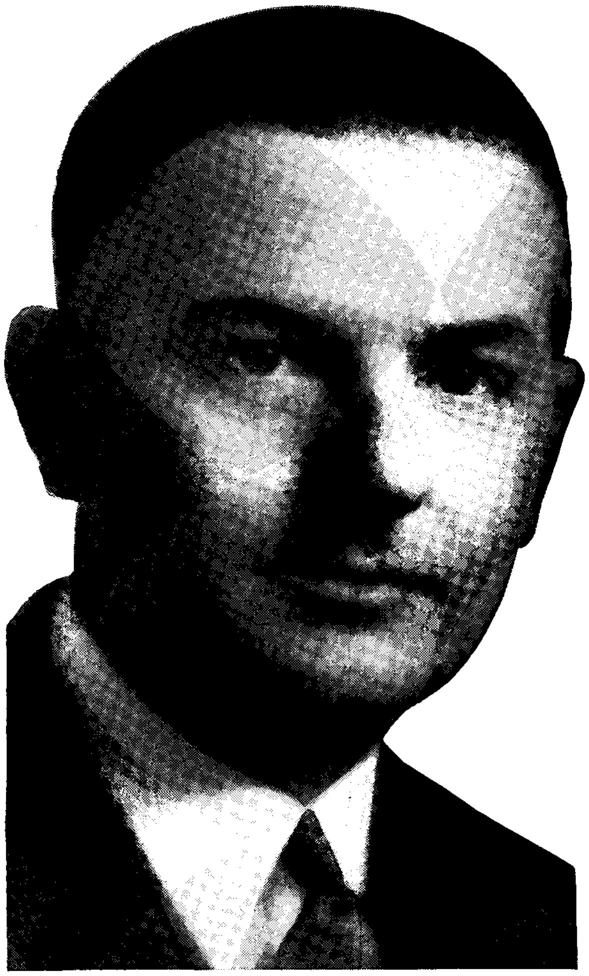

ALFRED C. MOREAU

What more could an advertiser ask of a market? What market would make a bigger hit with his retailers?

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Yet this is not a check-up of a picked income class. You find The American Magazine readers in every neighborhood where advertised goods are sold. They live in wealthy homes and in modest homes—on both sides of the track. Some have high incomes, some medium, some low. But *consistently they are rated tops in their communities as customers and prospects!*

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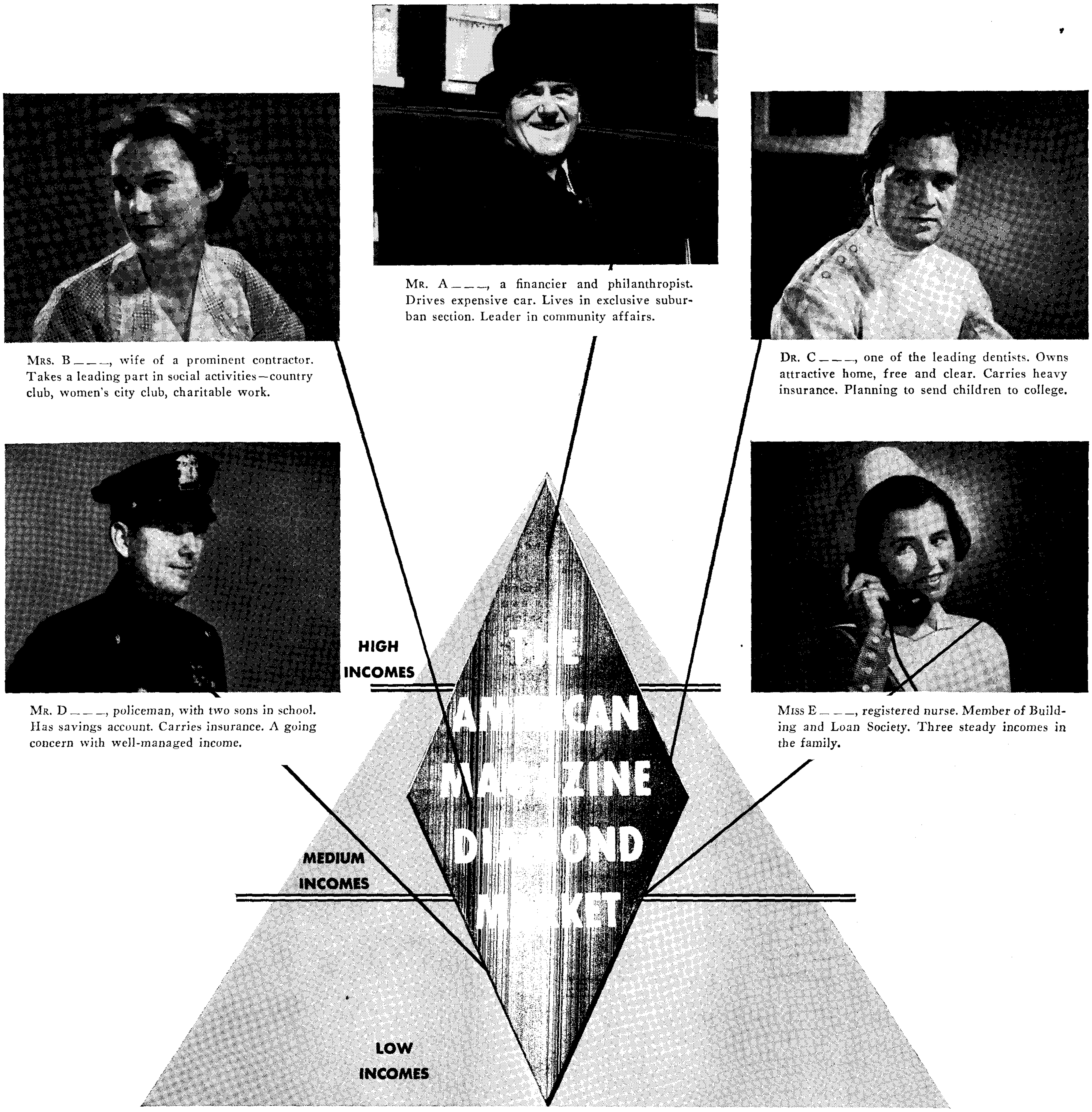

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Magazine

COLLIER'S, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, THE COUNTRY HOME

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YOU WERE RIGHT! I SHOULD HAVE HAD THAT TUBE VULCANIZED WITH A SHALER "HOT PATCH"
LOOK FOR THIS SIGN
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CLIPPED FROM OAKLAND TRIBUNE DECEMBER 10, 1935

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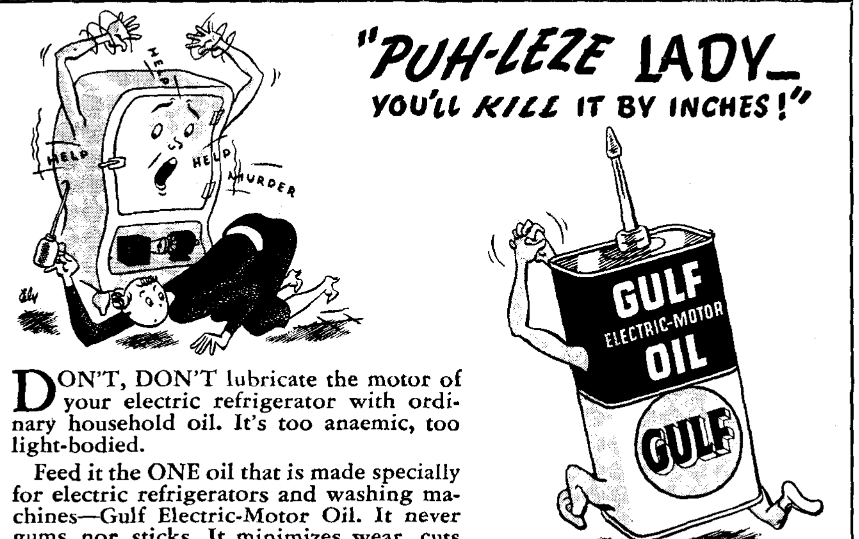


DON'T, DON'T lubricate the motor of your electric refrigerator with ordinary household oil. It's too anaemic, too light-bodied.

Feed it the ONE oil that is made specially for electric refrigerators and washing machines—Gulf Electric-Motor Oil. It never gums nor sticks. It minimizes wear, cuts down repairs. Get the large can with the handy spout; it's just 25c at your dealer's.

GULF ELECTRIC-MOTOR OIL

The ONE oil made specially for electric refrigerators

Under Pressure

Continued from page 69

height and spread it could have sheltered an entire garden party.

"Here, too, is where I played," said Joyce, "under this tree. I didn't tell you, but I had a pony—such a tiny pony and so long ago it didn't seem to count when I asked you to teach me to ride. Do you see that loose hoop around the trunk?"

"Yes," said Dirk, "and I was wondering how on earth it got there."

"The blacksmith made it. It's welded, that's why it's never been stolen. There was a long rope with a swivel at one end and the pony and me at the other. I could take quite a gallop, yet never get out of the shade."

The paths, flanked by banks of myrtle, tangles of hibiscus, rambler roses gone wild and cascades of the trumpet flower, were never straight since they had to yield to the trunks of the mighty trees. Dodging from one fork to another, she brought him out quite suddenly on a platform of mossy masonry overlooking a moon-drenched scene. Below them stretched a black-green carpet punctuated by pale blue flames of bloom.

"This is the lake," said Joyce.

"Lake? Where's the water?"

"You can't see it for the hyacinths," explained Joyce. "If it weren't for them we couldn't be here."

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't be safe. This mass of hyacinths, too thick for a boat to pass or a man to swim, means a lot more to my safety than all the American embassies in the world put together."

"Let up," said Dirk, "please let up. I'm licked. I was licked from the minute you called me a silkworm feeding on the pulp of the taxpayers safe at home. Don't rub it in—please don't."

She turned toward him with an impulsive movement; her fingers barely touched his shoulder. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to be rude. You see, I'd forgotten you ever were that other you. I've been talking only to the real you—the you who is here where I played as a child, where I was happy, where all the world was tenderness, laughter and light."

He took her in his arms so naturally she had no thought to draw back, then realization swept over her; resentment would have been silly before so spontaneous and unthinking an action. This was different from Arnaldo—so different she was another person standing in another world and awake, wide awake.

"I see you—you and your pony," he whispered close to her ear, "solemn eyes and flying hair, chubby legs and digging heels. Oh, please see me too, for I was here, grubby and mean, peppering the pony with pebbles on the sly. I'm sorry I did it—really I am. Please forgive me. Say you forgive me."

SHE had a moment of wonder at the ways of men—or was it at herself? With an effort she visualized Mike Kirkpatrick and Dirk Van Suttart in startling juxtaposition—two poles with the earth between. Still no room for Adán Arnaldo in her thoughts—none at all. But this wasn't Mr. Van Suttart, Secretary of Embassy; it was a boy caught by contagion into the childhood world her words had conjured—a boy who seemed years younger than her present self. She laughed and drew away from him gently; then she sobered.

"The pony is dead; those days are gone. And you, too, Mr. Van Suttart—you should go. I've thought of a way and you'd better leave tomorrow, while there's still time—you and Arnaldo."

"Let him go if he likes but I can't," said Dirk. "I can't possibly—way or no way."

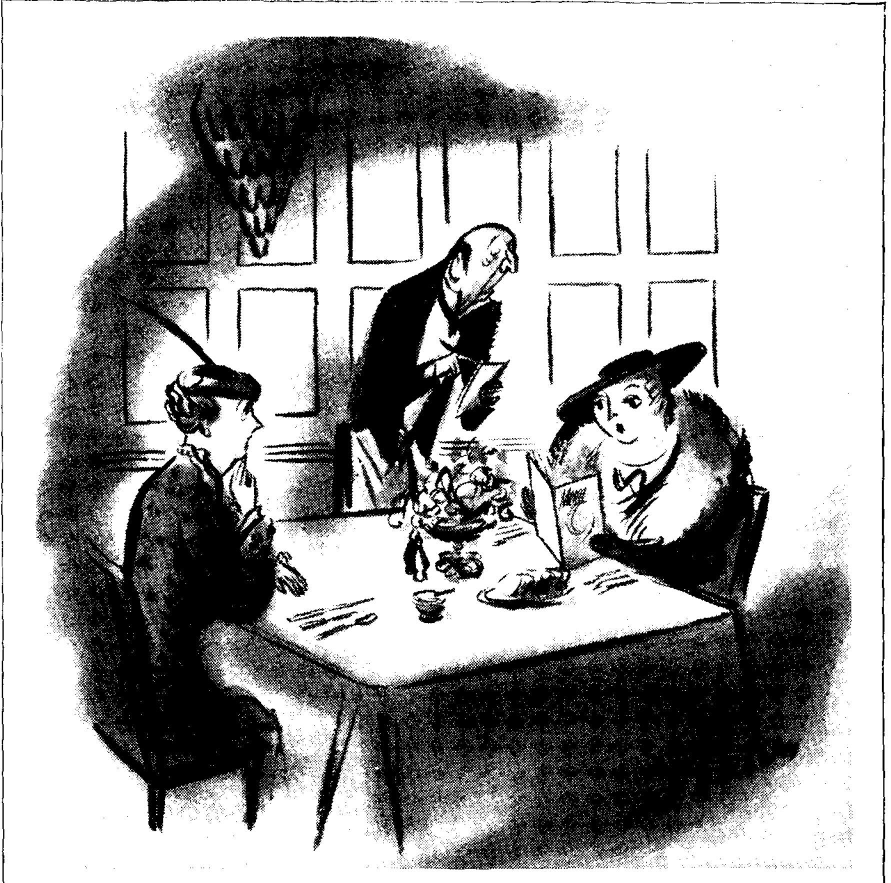
"Why not?"

"Because I'm held by a promise—my given word."

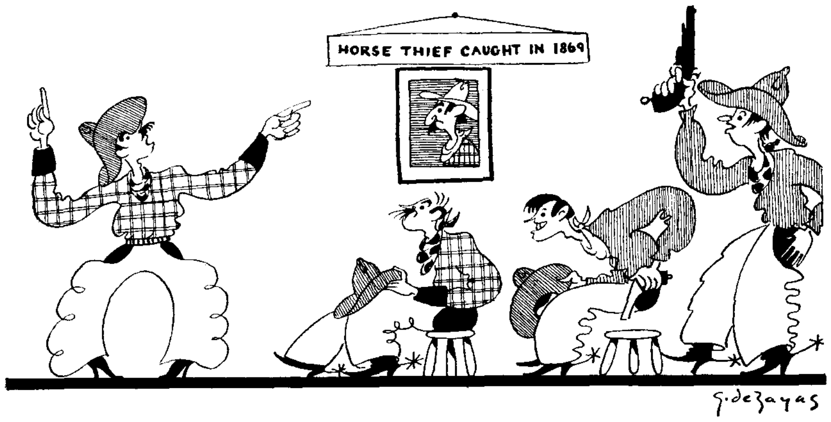
"What promise?"

"To locate you with all possible dispatch, to show you every attention and guard without annoying you. I can't and I won't go back on my word."

(To be continued next week)



"I wish I could remember what I had for lunch yesterday. I hate eating the same thing day after day!"



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Every 13 weeks during the past 68 years, the Spring Valley Anti-Horse Thief Society of Orfordville, Wisconsin, has convened and discussed its chief purpose—the apprehension of horse thieves. So far in its history it has caught and convicted one. The next meeting will be held on the first Saturday in June.—*By Neal Keehn, Janesville, Wisconsin.*

One of the outstanding cases of a hereditary deformity that has defied the eradicating influences of numerous generations is the "Hapsburg Lip," which has been an unchanging characteristic of this famous royal family for the past 600 years.

The death of a character in fiction was considered to be news in London in 1928. The famous "Soames Forsyte" had at last died in Galsworthy's new book *Swan Song* and several newspapers believed his passing to be of such interest that they announced it on their front pages.—*By Mrs. Elton A. Wagner, Lockport, Illinois.*

Vienna now is celebrating the 400th anniversary of the birth of Augustin, its famous citizen whose memory has long been commemorated by statues, festivities and the song "Ach, Du Lieber Augustin." Augustin won his fame in a unique way. One night while intoxicated he fell asleep in an alley among bodies of victims of the plague. At dawn he awakened in a cemetery trench and the startled gravediggers spread the rumor he had "arisen from the dead."

Sports are taken so seriously today that some champions reach the point of absurdity in the selection and use of equipment. Interesting examples are the pole vaulters, whose poles must be made of female bamboo, and divers who adjust their performances to the grain in the springboard.

Cataract, the progressive intransparency of the crystalline lens of the eye, can be caused by an electrical discharge, in the form of either lightning or a short-circuit flash. Usually the length of time that elapses between the discharge and complete blindness is from a year to a year and a half. —*By S. A. Monica, Hollywood, California.*

The only hailstone business in existence, so far as is known, operates in the high mountains of the state of Colima in Mexico. These pellets of ice fall so continuously in this area that it is quite profitable to gather and sell them for cooling purposes in the towns on the plains.

One of the most prolific plants in the world is the *acropera*, one of the 7,500 species of orchids. This beautiful flower produces nearly 75,000,000 seeds in a single season.—*By Byron Defenbach, Boise, Idaho.*

The largest orchestra in history was assembled to play a series of concerts at the World Peace Jubilee, held in Boston in 1872 to celebrate the end of the Civil War. When this gigantic orchestra-band rendered Verdi's Anvil Chorus, it was comprised of 1,689 instruments, which were supplemented by 50 anvils, hammered by 100 firemen, and a battery of cannon—outside the building—operated by an electric button.

The wooden crosstie, used under railroad tracks, is believed to be one kind of industrial equipment for which a satisfactory substitute never has been developed. During the past 50 years, more than 2,500 patents on other kinds of ties have been issued, but not one of them has been adopted.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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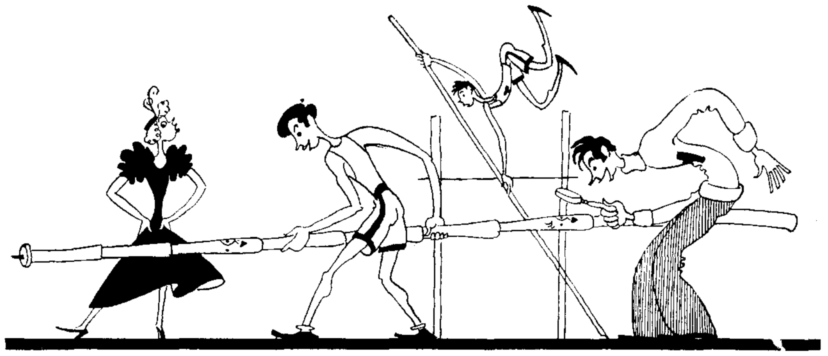

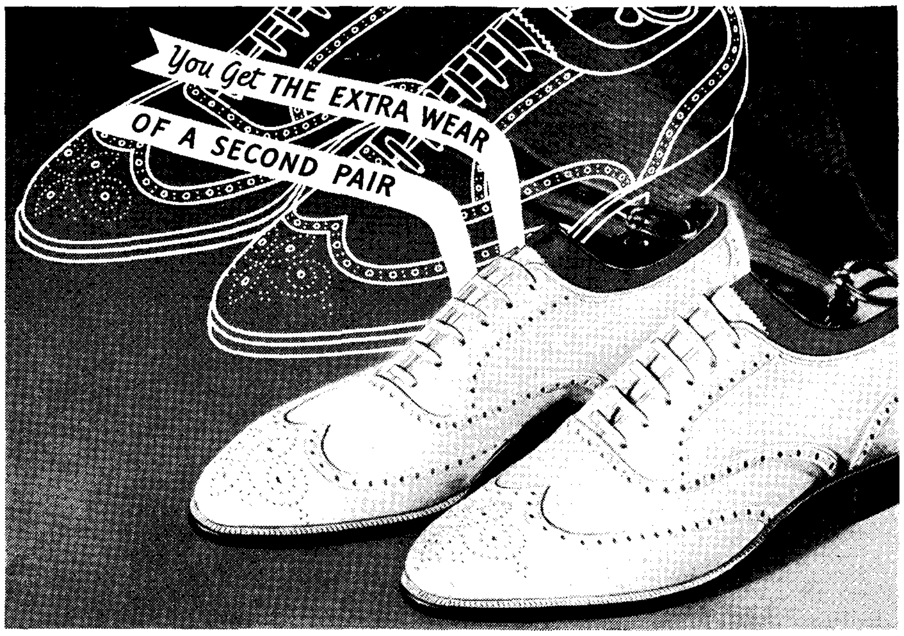
You Get THE EXTRA WEAR
OF A SECOND PAIR

THE FINAL CURTAIN for an ordinary shoe is simply intermission for a Florsheim . . . the show is still on . . . and the second act of a Florsheim is still a grand show! That Florsheims give the extra wear of a second pair is the reason we have built the largest fine shoe business in the world. The GARFIELD, *S-625, in genuine buckskin.*

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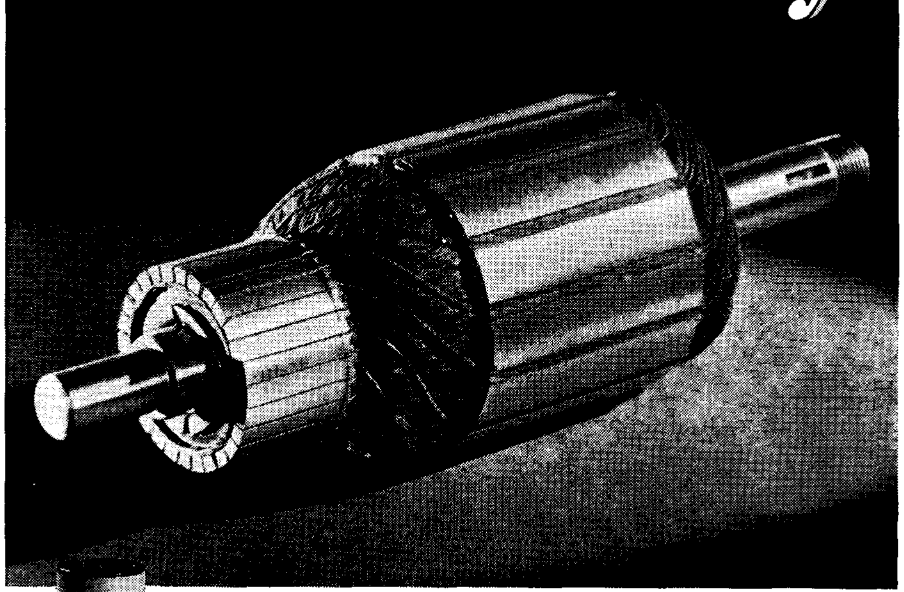

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If you ever have to replace the armature in your Delco-Remy starter or generator, remember that only a genuine Delco-Remy is best. Delco-Remy armatures are especially built to function as an integral part of your Delco-Remy starting and lighting system—hence they are the only armatures that are sure to give you complete satisfaction from every standpoint.

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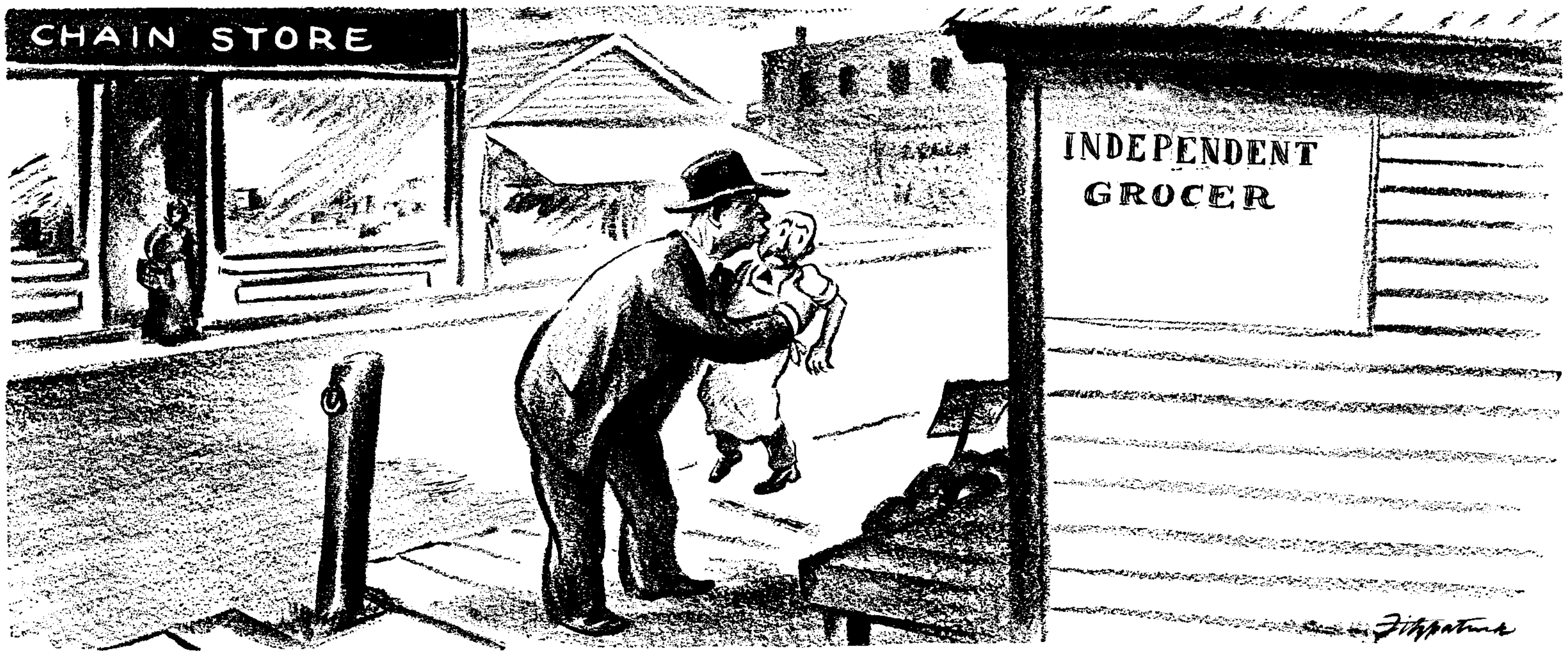


Consumers are Voters, Too

SENATOR Joe T. Robinson of Arkansas, majority leader of the Senate, is the sponsor of a bill intended to hamstring chain stores, mail-order houses, department stores and other large-scale distributing organizations.

The politics which inspired the measure is obvious enough. Small-store owners are a numerous and politically influential class. There were at the last reckoning about a million and a half retail stores in the United States. Four out of every five of them were what the government calls single-store independents. The merchant who operates his own store generally has friends who are voters. As a class, the independent merchants have influence at election time.

This effort of Senator Robinson to restrict the chain stores and mail-order houses in the interest of the small merchant is not a new thing in this country or abroad. States have imposed heavy discriminatory taxes on chain stores. Such taxes increase with the number of stores in a chain. The purpose, of course, is to use the taxing power to restrict the growth of the chains and to benefit the independent dealers. Similar movements have appeared abroad. Hostility to chain stores and department stores is one of the important features of Hitler's Nazi program.

Straight through our history as a nation politicians have opposed the development of corporations in retail trade and elsewhere. Hostility to corporations is one of the continuing political influences in this country. Yet corporations have grown in spite of relentless political opposition.

Evidently corporations have offered advantages which the public desired and demanded regardless of politics and politicians. The department stores offered facilities which the ancient dry goods stores lacked. So customers flocked to the department stores. Later the small chain stores made their appeal and the customers responded.

One of the advantages which chain stores offered was price. It is easy to start a heated argument concerning the prices charged by the chain stores and the independents. Whatever the facts may be, Senator Robinson and others who have sought to restrict the chains assume that the chain stores are able to sell more cheaply than the independents. If the chains have to charge as much for their goods as the independents, there could be no purpose in any such restrictive legislation.

Nobody thinks that chain stores, or any other agency, ought to have secret rebates or any other special privileges such as were current in the past. Senator Robinson, however, seeks to deny to the chains advantages which other merchants are allowed to enjoy.

For example, the chain stores would, by his bill, be deprived of the advantage of large-scale buying. The senator would, in effect, fix the price for large orders and small orders. The Federal Trade Commission would be given the authority to establish the quantity limits which controlled prices. In cunningly devised phraseology the Federal Trade Commission would be instructed by the law not to do anything of benefit to the chain stores in fixing these prices and limits.

Large-scale distribution has grown because of the economies brought about. By placing immense orders the chain-store buyers have been able to obtain lower prices. These economies have been passed on to the consumers.

So the net effect of the adoption of such a program as that advocated by Senator Robinson would be to increase the food prices actually paid by consumers. Politicians know that consumers as a class are unorganized and generally are politically futile. They think it safe, accordingly, to adopt a measure which increases the cost of living. The politically organized small merchants may deliver votes while customers will merely growl impotently.

The truth is, however, that neither this Congress nor any Congress in the near future has or will have power enough to change the buying habits of the American people. We have built up a relatively high standard of living because we adopted the corporate form of doing business. We are not going to abandon a high standard of living and we are not going to give up highly organized business methods. One hundred and fifty years of futile political agitation and effective economic organization make this conclusion certain.

The fact is that our economic organization is changing very rapidly and the chain stores are merely one form of merchandising. The chains have rivals and competitors. Voluntary associations, co-operative enterprises and other organizations are battling with the corporate chains.

In this struggle the consumers are the judges and juries.

Buyers will patronize those merchants who offer the best prices and the most desirable services. It matters little to the customer whether the merchant is a unit in a chain, a co-operative or an independent. The customers want service.

An intelligent government will keep the field free and open to all forms of organizations. Nobody is entitled to special favors of any kind. Rebates of any kind are improper and should be prohibited by law, but that law should deal equally and justly with all. Certainly there is neither sense nor justice in an attempt to discriminate in favor of one class of merchants and against another class.

Still less is there wisdom in a governmental program which utterly ignores the interests and welfare of the great buying and consuming public. In Senator Robinson's scheme the customer is the forgotten man. Yet customers are people and, sufficiently stimulated, they do vote. The opportunity, furthermore, is not so far away, a fact Congress will do well to keep in mind.

THIS SALE
$000
DOLLARS CENTS
Gallons
000
CONTAINS LEAD (TETRAETHYL) AND IS TO BE USED AS MOTOR FUEL ONLY NOT FOR CLEANING OR ANY OTHER USE AVOID SPILLING
ETHYL

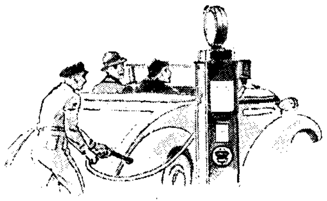
"I knew you'd ask for Ethyl

when I saw your car was new"

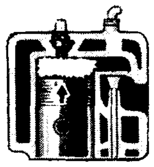
Yessir, the high compression engines of the cars built in the past few years have a lot more power—but they need high compression fuel to bring it out. Read the facts at the right.

WHAT EVERY CAR OWNER SHOULD KNOW

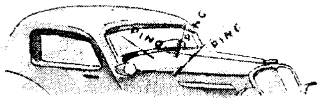
(*Only 37 seconds to read*)



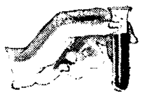
Your car cannot run without gasoline. It develops power only by compressing and "firing" gas.



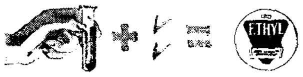
The more gasoline is compressed before it is "fired," the greater the power each cylinder develops.


PINGING
PING

Gasoline which fails under compression causes a "pinging" sound when you accelerate or take a grade. Called "knock," this means *loss* of power and *waste* of gas.



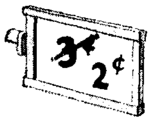
To make gasoline stand higher compression, most oil companies add anti-knock fluids (containing tetraethyl lead) made by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.



Special gasoline for *highest* compression is sold at pumps marked "Ethyl" on the base or the globe. At the "Ethyl" pump you get:

Enough anti-knock fluid to bring out all *the power of the high compression engines of modern cars—and to put new life in older cars.*

✓✓ *All-round quality that is* doubly checked—*by the oil companies and the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation—at the refinery and at the pump.*



Down to 2c a gallon over regular gasoline—far above it in anti-knock (high compression) value.

Get more power from each gallon of gasoline you buy! Make the most of your car-investment! . . .

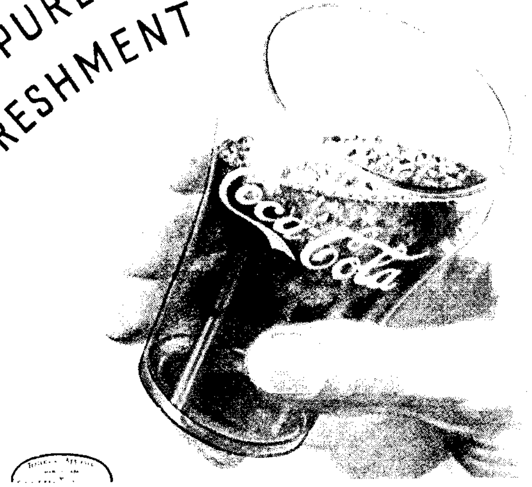
NEXT TIME GET ETHYL

COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Part of the game...*the pause that refreshes*

From sand-lots to the big leagues, no game is the same without ice-cold Coca-Cola. Its tingling good taste is the reason why everybody welcomes it. Its life and sparkle make it refreshing, — so refreshing.

GET THE **FEEL** OF PURE WHOLESOME REFRESHMENT



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